CORONET

EBRUARY

25c

munity for all is the next step—

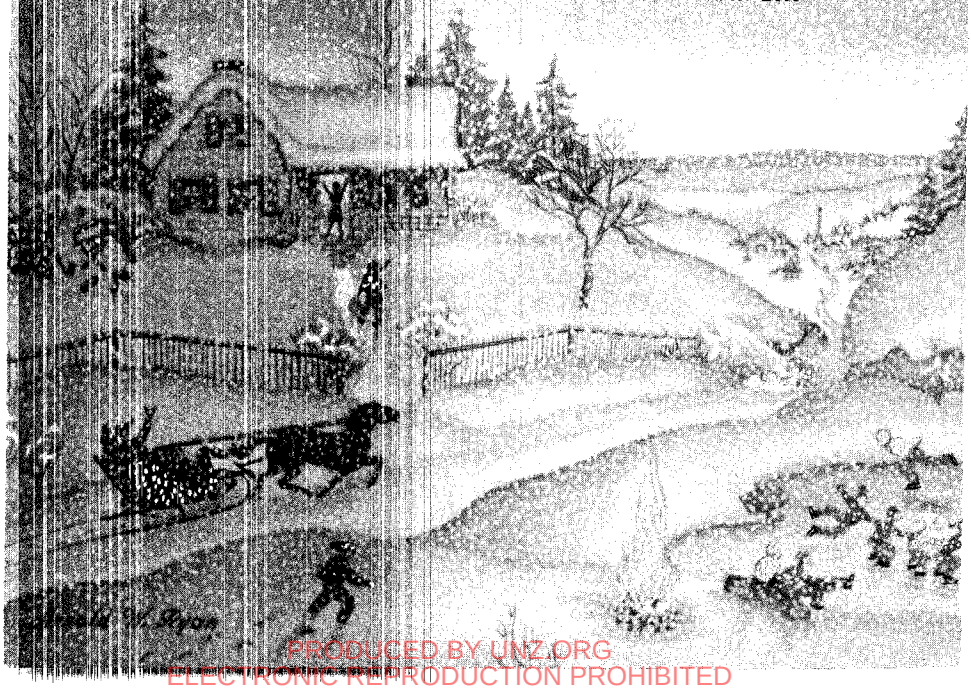
read "A REPORT ON INFLUENZA"

—a colorful, informative picture story

PRODUCED BY ARCHIVE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LET ME live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by —
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban —
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

— Sam Walter Foss



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORONET

Contents for February, 1946

Articles

Be a Perfect Speller in 30 Minutes . . . . . NORMAN LEWIS 4
Science Tames a Jungle Killer . . . . . J. D. RATCLIFF 8
The First Yank Suicide Squad LT. FREDERIC BIRMINGHAM 14
Friendship Was His Career . . . . . PHEBE LEWIS HUBBARD 19
Democracy Is Your Job . . . . . JOHN F. WHARTON 23
My Boy Bill . . . . . DAVID LOUIS 26
Ernest Lawrence: Atom Smasher . . . . . NORMAN CARLISLE 29
Don't Wear a Firetrap . . . . . PAUL W. KEARNEY 35
The World Was Their Back Yard . . . . . J. M. STENBUCK 38
A 7-Day Plan for Winning Friends . . DOUGLAS E. LURTON 42
For Every Town, a Pied Piper . . . . . EULA MC CLARY 45
Meet the Man Who Runs the Senate . . . . . TRIS COFFIN 50
Browning: Genius of Guns . . . . . DEAN JENNINGS 68
Cigarette Paper: A New U. S. Industry . . ROBERT FARR 72
Texas Peacemaker . . . . . MARY CLARKE 76
Mistakes That Paid Dividends . . . . JOSEPHINE M. OPSAHL 84
Barbed Wire College . . . . . LAWRENCE LADER 87
Maple-Sugar Millions . . . . . ALLENE CORLISS 91
She Turns Rags into Riches . . . . . DOUGLAS RIGBY 96
One-Man Health Crusade . . . . . JACK YARMOVE 99
Glamour with a Hard Shell . . . . . GEORGE BUTLER 111
Reflections on Kittens . . . . . WARREN BROWN 118
Builder of U. S. Air Power . . . . . JAMES MOORE 121
Yardstick for Radio . . . . . HORACE COON 122
Utopia for Civilian Fliers
MICKELL NOVAK & WALTER SELTZER 126
The Riddle of the Dead Millionaire . . . . . ALAN HYND 133
How Animals Fight for Survival . . . . . JIM KJELGAARD 137
Fighting Hero of Chile . . . . . S. MARTIN 138
New Wonders with Suds . . . . . NORTH CLAREY 142
Home on the Range . . . . . EDWIN AFFRON 144

Features

Our Human Comedy 12
The American Spectator: *Picture Story* 53
Game Book 78
Grin and Share It 94
Blood on the Moon: *Picture Story* . . . . . CARL SANDBURG 103
A Report on Influenza: *Picture Story* 113
Out of This World 129
We Took to the Woods: *Booklette* . . LOUISE DICKINSON RICH 146
Between These Covers 162
A Gem From the Coronet Story Teller . HOWARD KEGLEY 163
Wanda Hendrix: *Cover Girl* . . . KODACHROME BY MEAD-MADDICK

Publisher: DAVID A. SMART
Editor-in-Chief: OSCAR DYSTEL
Executive Editor: GORDON CARROLL
Managing Editor: HARRIS SHEVELSON
Contributing Editors: SIDNEY CARROLL, CAROL HUGHES
Art Director: ARNOLD RYAN
Production Director: GUS BERKES
Research Director: FRITZ BAMBERGER
European Editor: ARNOLD GINGRICH, *Le Paquis, St. Saphorin, Lavaux, Vaud, Switzerland*

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?
Subscribers changing addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department one month before the change is to take effect. Both *old* and *new* addresses must be given.

CORONET, FEBRUARY, 1946 VOL. 19, No. 4; WHOLE No. 112
Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-President and Circulation Director. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, 919 N. Michigan Av., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions $3.00 per year in advance; no charge for Foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U.S.A. Semi-annual index available on request.

Note of Caution: Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1946, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered United States Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you're willing to memorize a few simple rules your difficulties with words will vanish

Be a Perfect Speller in 30 Minutes

by NORMAN LEWIS

CAN YOU become a perfect speller? Yes — if you are willing to memorize a few intriguing rules and give your memory a stimulating jolt. I have demonstrated again and again in my adult classes at the City College of New York that anyone who possesses normal intelligence and has had an average education should have no trouble in becoming a perfect speller in 30 minutes or even less!

Andrew Jackson Was Versatile!

When Andrew Jackson was twitted on his poor spelling some 100 years ago, he is supposed to have made this characteristic reply: "Well, sir, it's a damned poor mind that can't think of more than one way to spell a word!" Another tale has it that Jackson's spelling gave birth to the expression "O.K." Jackson thought, so goes the story, "all correct" was spelled "orl korrect." Hence he used O.K. as the abbreviation for these words when he approved state papers.

What makes the task so easy and rapid?

1. Investigations have proved that 95 per cent of our spelling mistakes occur in just 100 words. Not only do we all seem to misspell the same words, but we usually misspell them in just about the same way.

2. Correct spelling depends entirely on memory, and the most effective way I know of to train your memory is by means of association—or by *mnemonics* (pronounced *nemonics*).

If you are a poor speller, the chances are that you've developed a complex because you misspell some or all of the 100 words with which this article deals. When you have mastered this list by means of association and memory, 95 per cent of your spelling difficulties will vanish.

So let's start with the 25 words listed in the box on the opposite page. In addition to the correct spelling of each of the words, you will find the simple mnemonic that will enable you to fix that correct spelling indelibly in your memory.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Spelling Can Be Made Easy

Listed below are 25 words which often cause trouble, along with the word associations that will fix their correct spelling indelibly in your memory.

All right
Two words, no matter what it means. Keep in mind that it's the opposite of all wrong.
Repetition
The first four letters are the same as those in repeat.
Irritable, Inimitable
Think of allied forms, irritate and imitate.
Recommend
Commend, which is easy to spell, plus the prefix *re-*.
Ridiculous
Think of the allied form, ridicule, which is usually spelled correctly, thus avoiding rediculous.
Despair
Again think of another form—desperate—and so avoid dispair.
Stationery
The word that means paper; notice the *er* in paper.
Stationary
This means standing, so notice the *a* in stand.
Superintendent
The superintendent in an apartment house collects the rent—thus you avoid superintendant.
Coolly
You can spell cool—simply add the adverbial ending *-ly*.
Separate, Comparative
Look for a rat in both words.
Supersede
The only word in the language ending in *-sede*.
Succeed
Proceed
Exceed
The only three words in the language ending in *-ceed*. In the order given here the initial letters form the first 3 letters in spell.
Cede, Recede,
Precede, etc.
All other words with a final syllable sounding similar end in *cede*.
Procedure
One of the double e's in proceed moves to the end in procedure.
Absence
Think of the allied form absent, and you will not be tempted to misspell it abscence.
Conscience
Science, plus the prefix *con-*.
Anoint
Think of an ointment, hence no double n.
Ecstasy
To *sy* (sigh) with ecstasy.
Analyze, Paralyze
The only two non-technical words in the language ending in *-yze*.

Whether or not you have faith in your ability as a speller, you will need only 30 seconds to overcome your difficulties with each of the 25 words in the list, or 12½ minutes all told. And as you probably misspell only some of the words, not the entire 25, you should be able to eliminate your errors in even less time. Just try spending 30 seconds, now, on each of the words you're doubtful about—then put your new-found learning to the test by filling in the missing letters in the same list of words which appears again on the next page.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do These Words Stump You?

Listed below are the correct and incorrect spellings of 25 words commonly misspelled. Check a or b, whichever you think is correct. Then look at the answers to see how well you did.

1. (a) supprise, (b) surprise
2. (a) inoculate, (b) innoculate
3. (a) definitely, (b) definately
4. (a) priviledge, (b) privilege
5. (a) incidently, (b) incidentally
6. (a) predictible, (b) predictable
7. (a) embarassment, (b) embarrassment
8. (a) descriminate, (b) discriminate
9. (a) description, (b) discription
10. (a) pronounciation, (b) pronunciation
11. (a) occurence, (b) occurrence
12. (a) developement, (b) development
13. (a) arguement, (b) argument
14. (a) assistant, (b) asisstant
15. (a) grammer, (b) grammar
16. (a) parallel, (b) paralell
17. (a) drunkeness, (b) drunkenness
18. (a) suddeness, (b) suddenness
19. (a) dissipate, (b) disippate
20. (a) weird, (b) wierd
21. (a) baloon, (b) balloon
22. (a) noticeable, (b) noticable
23. (a) truely, (b) truly
24. (a) vicious, (b) viscious
25. (a) insistent, (b) insistant

Answers: 1—b, 2—a, 3—a, 4—b, 5—b, 6—b, 7—b, 8—b, 9—a, 10—b, 11—b, 12—b, 13—b, 14—a, 15—b, 16—a, 17—b, 18—b, 19—a, 20—a, 21—b, 22—a, 23—b, 24—a, 25—a.

To your delight, you'll find that it's not at all difficult to make a perfect score. Try it and see for yourself.

A—RIGHT	COO—Y
REP—TITION	SUPER—
IRRIT—BLE	SUC—
INIMIT—BLE	PROC—
RE—O—MEND	EXC—
R—DICULOUS	PREC—
D—SPAIR	PROC—DURE
STATION—RY (paper)	AB—ENCE
STATION—RY (standing)	CON—NCE
	A—OINT
SUPERINTEND—NT	ECSTA—Y
SEP—RATE	ANAL—E
COMPAR—TIVE	PARAL—E

Mere repetitious drill, however, will not teach you to spell correctly. If you drive a car or sew or do any familiar manual work, you know how your hands carry on automatically while your mind is far away. So if you hope to learn how to spell by filling pages with a word, about all you'll get for your trouble will be writer's cramp.

The only way to learn to spell the words that now plague you is to devise a mnemonic for each one.

If you are never sure whether it's *indispensible* or *indispensable*, you can spell it a thousand or a million times—and the next time you have occasion to write it you'll still wonder whether to end with *ible* or *able*. But if you say to yourself just once that *able* men are generally indis-pens*able*, you've conquered another spelling demon.

In the box at the top of this page are another 25 words from the list of 100, each presented in both the correct form and in the popular misspelling. Go through the list quickly, checking what you consider the proper choices. In this way you will discover which of the 25 would stump you in a spelling test. Then devise a personal mne-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monic for each word you failed to get right, writing your result in the margin of the page.

Don't be alarmed if some of your mnemonics turn out to be silly—the sillier they are, the easier to recall them in an emergency. One of my pupils, who could never remember how many *l*'s to put into *tranquillity* (or is it *tranquility?*), came up with this: "In the old days life was more tranquil, and people wrote with *quills* instead of fountain pens. Hence—*tranquillity!*" That is the preferred form, though either is correct.

Another pupil, a girl, who always chewed her nails over *irresistible* before deciding whether to end it with *ible* or *able*, suddenly realized that a certain brand of lipstick was called "*Irresistible*," the point being that the only vowel in *lipstick* is *i*—hence, *ible!* Silly, mnemonics, aren't they? But they work. Now tackle the test and see how clever—or silly—you can be.

By now you're well on the way to developing a definite superiority complex about your spelling. Remember: you want to spell correctly so that in correspondence you will not give your reader the impression your education has been sadly neglected. The conquest of the 100 words most commonly misspelled is not guaranteed to make you top man in a spelling bee, but it's certain to improve your writing and do a lot to bolster your ego.

So far you have worked with 50 of the 100 spelling demons. The remainder of the list appears below. Test yourself, and discover which words are your Waterloo. Study each one you miss, observe how it's put together, then devise whatever association pattern will fix the correct form in your mind.

Once you've mastered this list, you are a good speller. And—if you've truly applied yourself—your goal has been achieved in 30 minutes or less!

How Good Are You Now?

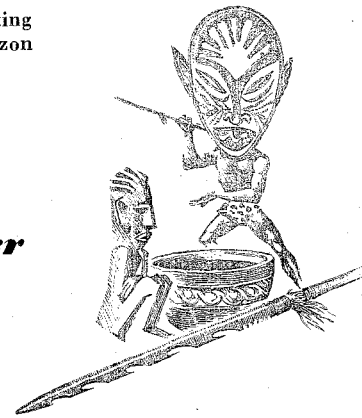
Here are fifty words which also frequently stump the expert speller. See how quickly you can master them by finding a simple association for each.

misspelling
conscious
indispensable
disappear
disappoint
corroborate
sacrilegious
persistent
exhilaration
newsstand
desirable
irresistible
tranquillity
dilemma
perseverance
until
tyrannize
vacillate
oscillate
forty
dilettante
changeable
accessible
accommodate
license
panicky
seize
leisure
receive
achieve
holiday
existence
pursue
pastime
possesses
professor
category
rhythmical
vacuum
benefited
committee
grievous
judgment
plebeian
tariff
sheriff
connoisseur
necessary
sergeant
irrelevant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American ingenuity has removed the deadly sting from a drug brewed by witch doctors of the Amazon

Science Tames a Jungle Killer



by J. D. RATCLIFF

THE BACK muscles of the three-year-old child were contracted so that her body arched on the hospital bed. Only head and feet touched the sheets. Her neck was rigid and her legs painfully stiff. She had acute infantile paralysis in its most devastating form.

The child wept without stopping until a physician slipped a hypodermic syringe into her arm. Then, within minutes, merciful relaxation came. Stiffness went out of arms, and back muscles relaxed. The child went into a quiet sleep, the first in days.

The drug that accomplished this mercy was curare, the arrow poison used by Indians of the Amazon. One of the most promising additions to the medical armamentum to come along in recent years, curare has a romantic past and seems likely to have a brilliant future. It offers a means of saving thousands of elderly people from the melancholy insanity of old age. It is adding a new safety factor to abdominal surgery, and it promises to remove much of the sting from infantile paralysis.

Brewed by witch doctors, curare has been used for centuries by South American Indians. Arrows tipped with the black, tarry stuff are sure death to birds, monkeys and other creatures of the jungle. At a hundred feet Indians can pierce the neck of a bird with a blow-gun dart—better than most men can do with a rifle.

The swift death of the jungle was brought back to civilization in 1595 by Sir Walter Raleigh, after his exploratory trip to the Orinoco. In the 19th century research men got busy with the drug, seeing obvious uses for it in medicine. Their first thought was its value in treating the ghastly convulsions of tetanus —lockjaw. If it could be used to bring on partial paralysis, tensed muscles would relax.

The stumbling block: there was no such thing as standardized curare. The drug would act one way one time, another way another time. The reason was apparent. Every witch doctor in Amazonia had his own recipe. While a brew made of bark of unknown plants was the essential ingredient, some witch

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doctors also seasoned it with snake venom, poisonous ants and other debris.

Thus, hope for using curare all but vanished. Then, in the late '30s, American research men made a fresh start. Their goal: to purify and standardize the drug, after which they could determine its value. Two groups set to work: one at the University of Nebraska under Dr. A. R. McIntyre, a second at the biological laboratories of E. R. Squibb & Sons at New Brunswick, N. J.

When the chemists were through, curare emerged as a straw-colored fluid. Squibb workers devised a novel test of potency. They would strap a rabbit to a table, then drip curare of unknown strength into an ear vein. In a few seconds the rabbit's head would drop, its neck muscles paralyzed. The amount of drug necessary to make a rabbit's head drop was arbitrarily set at one unit.

While these experiments were still under way, other interesting facts turned up. Curare was an alkaloid—it belonged to the family of drugs which also includes quinine, caffeine, morphine, strychnine. Its activity came, not from snake venom, ants and such, but from an alkaloid found in the stem and bark of a plant called *chondodendron tomentosum*.

One use for curare was immediately apparent. This was in conjunction with the metrazol shock, used in treating mental ailments of the manic-depressive group. Metrazol throws patients into a violent and awesome convulsion. Sometimes a dozen or more such shocks are required to brush away the cobwebs from a deranged mind. In many respects, results of this treatment were magic. In some depressive states, cures or social recoveries were recorded ninety per cent of the time.

But metrazol convulsions were so violent that many patients could not stand the treatment. Arm and leg muscles contracted to snap bones, nearly half the cases got spinal fractures. Patients suffered dislocated hips, shoulders, arms. Many institutions dropped the use of metrazol entirely. Then curare appeared.

In 1940, Dr. A. E. Bennett of the University of Nebraska College of Medicine saw a place for it. Why not use curare to take the edge off metrazol convulsions? Wasn't it possible that small amounts could be used, just enough to paralyze patients partially? They then would lie quietly, getting the full benefit of metrazol without any of its damaging effect.

Bennett proceeded to put his ideas to work. With curare, there were no writhing, twisting patients. They lay quietly, no table straps being needed. The first group of 122 turned in astonishing results. There were no broken bones, no dislocations.

Besides saving patients and physicians an enormous amount of grief, curare opened the way for administering shock treatment to a large group of patients who would not have tolerated metrazol alone —cardiac cases whose hearts could not stand such violence and old people whose brittle bones prevented them from taking treatment. For these groups of doomed people,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

curare opened a new road of hope.

When electric shock came along to replace metrazol, curare was similarly valuable. Electric shock produces the same kind of convulsion. After Bennett's pioneer work, hundreds of mental institutions snatched at curare, recognizing it as a godsend.

WHILE THIS work was under way another use for the drug appeared —in abdominal surgery. When a surgeon opens the abdomen, he must have the highest degree of muscle relaxation, otherwise he may find it impossible to close the opening. Before the advent of anesthesia, abdominal surgery was therefore impossible. Tensed muscles would pop organs out through the opening.

Why not use curare to make stiff muscles soft and doughy? If this were done the need for deep-ether narcosis would be eliminated. It might even eliminate the need for ether entirely. Other more desirable anesthetics, formerly ruled out because they wouldn't produce satisfactory abdominal relaxation, might be employed instead. At almost the same time a number of anesthetists decided to see whether this theorizing would work in practice.

One was Dr. Stuart C. Cullen of the University of Iowa. His method would put the patient in light anesthesia. Then he would wait until the surgeon was ready to go through the lining of the abdominal cavity. At this point he would administer curare. Within seconds, the abdomen would be utterly relaxed. The effect would last about twenty minutes. If more time were needed the patient would be given more curare.

The danger of asphyxiation? Some sort of breathing difficulty is encountered about ten per cent of the time. But in such cases the trained anesthetist simply switches on the oxygen in his machine. In one dramatic instance a Toronto baby was accidentally given fifteen times the intended dose of curare. Collapse followed, and three hours of artificial respiration were required to restore normal breathing.

Out of the several hundred thousand doses of curare used so far, there has been but one death. The patient died because proper artificial respiration was not used. But in addition to artificial respiration, there is another protection against curare. The drug prostigmine is a quick-acting antidote.

Curare was next used for infantile paralysis. This disease requires the treating of tensed muscles—by splinting to keep limbs from twisting into grotesque shapes, or by application of soothing hot packs as in Sister Kenny's method.

When polio threatened an epidemic in New Jersey last fall, Dr. Nicholas S. Ransohoff of Monmouth Memorial Hospital in Long Branch decided to use curare on acute cases. In many instances where hot packs failed, curare gave instant results. Muscles made rock-hard by spasm became soft and pliable. Children who hadn't been able to sleep for days dozed off immediately.

Although the war curtailed research into the properties of curare, in a few trials the drug has been valuable in treating tetanus con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vulsions—saving lives that probably could not have been saved by other means. It has stopped sieges of hiccoughing; it relaxes the muscles of the throat, either for purposes of examination or surgery.

One of curare's most promising applications was demonstrated during the war with bad-risk surgical patients. One horribly wounded soldier had broken arms and legs, lacerated face, penetrating wounds of the chest and abdomen. He would have had little chance to survive the shock produced by deep ether anesthesia, but curare pulled him through.

Curare will pull other patients through. The jungle killer's sting has been removed. Once more, American research and experimentation have forged a new weapon in the war against "incurable" diseases.

TWO WOMEN were in a heated argument as to whether the train window should be open or closed, and called the conductor as referee.

"If this window is open," one declared, "I shall catch cold, and will probably die."

"If this window is shut," said the other, "I shall certainly suffocate."

The two women glared at each other. The conductor was at a loss, but welcomed the words of a man who sat near: "Open the window, conductor; that will kill one. Next, shut it; that will kill the other. Then we can have some peace." —*Mack Chips*

SEVERELY jostled in the thundering herd of New York's subway rush hour, a fragile young lady was finally crammed among the standees. Her sense of humor was not impaired, however. She poked her face close to the ear of an adjoining male.

"Look," she demanded tartly, "my rib—is it crushing your elbow?"

—*Pequanoc Pow-wow*

A CERTAIN bank made it a practice to pay out new bills whenever possible. One day when a woman appeared, the paying teller apologized because he had to pay her in old and dirty bills. He asked her if she was afraid of microbes.

"Microbes, no!" exclaimed the woman. "I'm a teacher; you don't think a microbe could live on my salary, do you?" —*Kablegram*

ON A rainy day, a lady in a mink coat boarded a bus. "I don't suppose I've ridden on a bus in two years," she said as she paid her fare. "I usually ride in my own car."

"You don't know how we've missed you," said the bus driver icily.

—*The Welchman*

SIGN IN A Detroit restaurant whose owners obviously were perturbed over their light-fingered customers:

"As our silverware is *not* medicine, it should *not* be taken after meals!"

—PETE SIMER

DURING THE Sunday sermon, a baby began to cry at the top of its voice, and its mother carried it toward the door. "Stop!" said the minister. "Your baby is not disturbing me."

The mother turned toward the pulpit and addressed the preacher: "Oh, he isn't, isn't he? Well, you're disturbing him." —*Egan Echoes*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Human Comedy

Laughter brightens the tedium of life's routine. Herewith assembled for your merriment are lively incidents dealing with humanity's quirks and errors

AN ENTERPRISING young discharged soldier purchased a car of doubtful vintage, lettered it boldly, "I COLLECT BAD DEBTS" and drove to town. He parked in front of a large and successful haberdashery and approached the owner. "I am going to work for you!" he announced.

"You are?" gasped the startled proprietor. "Doing what?"

"Collecting bad debts," was the response. "I'll start at once on a percentage basis."

Success has smiled on the collector. His method of parking quietly for hours in front of delinquent debtors' homes produces results. They pay quietly, quickly, without exception. —DON HUBBARD

HOW TO DISPOSE of long-winded speakers has come to be one of the major problems of society.

A Southern luncheon club gives the speaker a piece of ice and requires him to hold it as long as he is on his feet. Somewhat similar is a South African tribal custom which prescribes that every public speaker must stand on one foot while addressing his audience. When he puts the other foot down, his speech is automatically over!

More elaborate, but just as successful, is the plan of a dinner club in Kent, England. Harassed members devised a large face, with a protruding tongue, connected to an electric clock. The tongue begins moving when the speaker starts. After eight minutes one of the eyes blinks a warning. If the speaker is still going strong two minutes later, the device cuts out all the lights!

—WEBB B. GARRISON

A SMALL-TIME vaudeville couple, according to Katharine Cornell, were standing weary and cold at the curb. They had finished their last turn and were on their way to a cheerless room in a cheap, shoddy theatrical hotel. Before them stretched the prospect of a miserable meal, cooked over the flickering gas jet, a 4 a. m. call, and a long daycoach journey to the next engagement.

As they waited there for a streetcar, a costly limousine turned the corner. The little thespians caught

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

glimpse of richly-attired occupants—furs, jewels, opera hat.

"Looks pretty wonderful," sighed the actress.

"Yeah," asserted her partner. "Yeah, it looks wonderful. But remember, they can't act!"

—*Capper's Weekly*

UPON ONE OCCASION Donald Culross Peattie, the famous naturalist-author, took a healthy swipe at academic snobbery. Having completed an article on pollinization, Peattie sought the criticism of a university professor who was a recognized authority.

The great man read the
with approval and had n
to suggest. "But," he s
you couldn't resist the
to be entertaining."

"That's right," Peattie replied. "You see, nobody *has* to buy my book. I have no students."

—ANNABELLE SCOON

A MAN named Miller warned his sixteen-year-old daughter that she was getting too many telephone calls from boy friends. She instructed her swains that if her father answered, they were to ask for some fictitious person and pretend they had the wrong number.

After a few such calls the father decided to have a bit of fun with the next caller. The conversation went something like this:

Voice on the phone: "Ah . . . Mr. Mitchell?"

Mr. Miller: "That's right."

A silence, then the voice, a little puzzled, inquired: "Is this Mr. A. J. Mitchell?"

Mr. Miller: "That's right."

Another second of silence, then: "Is this the A. J. Mitchell of the law firm?"

Mr. Miller: "That's right."

A full minute of silence, then: "Sorry Mr. Miller, but you're not the Mitchell I wanted to talk to."

—WILLIAM FLEMING

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW was having lunch in a London restaurant one day, when an orchestra struck up a particularly noisy tune. Without any intermission, it followed it with another. Shaw called the head waiter and asked:

"Does the orchestra play anything on request?"

"Yes, sir," the man replied, "Is there something you would like them to play?"

"There is," said Shaw. "Ask them to play dominoes until I have finished eating."—*Modern Humor for Effective Speaking*

COMPOSER Edward MacDowell was inveigled by an adoring mother into listening to her child's rendition of his composition, *To a Wild Rose*. The offspring struggled through it painfully.

"Doesn't she play adorably, Mr. MacDowell?" beamed the proud parent. "And just think, I taught her to play all by myself!"

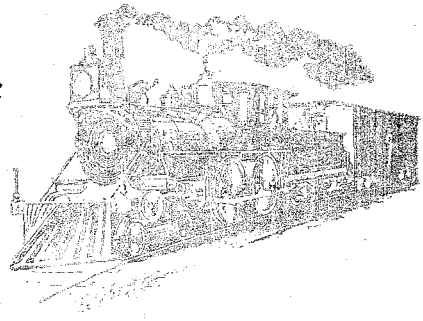
"Fine," *smiled MacDowell.* "But you shouldn't have taught her to pull it up so by the roots."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How the intrepid Andrews Raiders wr
a brilliant page of American history

The First Yank SUICIDE SQUAD



by LT. FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM

ONE OF THE MOST daring exploits in American military annals—that's what historians say about the Andrews Raid. But history wouldn't have a complete record of the feat had it not been for a now-forgotten man who wore the blue in 1862.

His name was William Pittenger, corporal, 2nd Ohio Infantry. His deeds won him a Congressional Medal of Honor with the first group ever to be given the nation's highest award for heroism, in recognition of their desperate adventure that might have ended the Civil War long before Appomattox.

Pittenger, a mild schoolteacher by profession, was army correspondent for the Steubenville *Herald* after enlisting at the age of 22. As he put it: "I was correspondent as well as soldier . . . the letters being intended principally to inform a wide circle at home of the welfare of sons and brothers." The late Ernie Pyle could not have stated his chosen work more simply.

To Pittenger fell the job of telling the nation about the most hair-raising escapade of the Civil War—a Union raid two hundred miles into enemy territory that sent chills along the spines of millions on sides of the Mason and Dixon id the Philadelphia *Times:* of adventures equalled in in history." Even the *Confederacy*, a sheet which flourished in Atlanta during the war, called the raid "the mightiest and most important in its results, if successful, conceived by the Lincoln Government. . . ." Unfortunately for the Union, the mission failed by a hair—but that hair was standing on end.

North and South were locked in a seesaw struggle in the spring of '62. But the Union enjoyed an advantage: the outnumbered Confederates were spread thinly over a wide territory. The key to Union victory might lie in the supply route of the Southern web, now flowing with reinforcements—the single-track Georgia State Railroad, only link between Atlanta and Nashville. Union General O. M. Mitchel pointed to the artery on a map. "Cut it," he ordered.

Today, a bombing squadron

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would roar out to do the job. But Mitchel had his own bolt from the Blue—a flying wedge of combat specialists who were to sneak south to Marietta, steal a train, then ram it through to their own lines, burning bridges, slashing tracks and spreading chaos as they came.

Pittenger volunteered for the suicide squad, led by a fearless civilian, James J. Andrews, who had previously served as a Union spy and knew his way about the South. There were 23 others, all noncommissioned officers or privates; but Pittenger was the oddity in that company of daredevils.

Amateur astronomer, photographer and unwilling schoolteacher, his picture shows him as a professorial character with glasses—a 4F if there ever was one. But when he reported for his physical examination, "the surgeon simply came into the room and looked around for a few moments. I put my spectacles in my pocket, and as there was no officer who did not wish me to go, I was not challenged."

On April 7, 1862, Andrews' Raiders left a Union camp at Shelbyville in civilian garb. They had three days to filter through the Confederate lines to a rendezvous 200 miles away. At the appointed time, nineteen men boarded the fateful train at Marietta, Georgia. Five of the original party were missing. But each survivor had adventures to relate after the hazardous journey down.

The plan was to seize the train at Big Shanty Station—now called Kenesaw—while the train crew and passengers left it unguarded for breakfast—unguarded, that is, except for four thousand Confederate soldiers stationed at the depot. The plan worked. Andrews coolly uncoupled all but three freight cars, and the raiders piled in. He and three skilled engineers and firemen climbed into the cab. All this time, Pittenger reports, "a sentry was standing not a dozen feet from the engine, while a number of other soldiers were idling a short distance away."

The train pulled out without a shot being fired. Andrews had outwitted the enemy within hailing distance of four Confederate regiments, and was on his way north to burn the tracks. He knew that the nearest locomotive available for pursuit was in Atlanta, so his first stop was to cut the telegraph wires. By the time a messenger reached Atlanta on horseback, he planned to have the Georgia State Railroad in a shambles.

Andrews had memorized the schedule of that single-line track all the way to Chattanooga. There were only a few trains to be met at a siding and passed. With the wires down he would outrun the news of his coming and talk his way through.

And so he did. There was a tense delay at Kingston, waiting for two "specials" coming down the line. But Andrews told a story of rushing a powder train through to Confederate General Beauregard, and so convincing was he that a trainman who helped put him through said later: "I would have as soon suspected Jefferson Davis."

Once an open track lay in front of him, Andrews did not dally. On one stretch "a constant stream of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fire ran from the engine's wheels" and the nine-mile run to beat a freight train to the station ahead in a race for right-of-way was clocked in seven and a half minutes!

The raiders made it, and the last obstacle was behind them. Ahead lay twelve bridges spanning Chickamauga Creek. Burn them all, Andrews figured, then by-pass Chattanooga and press on to a juncture with Mitchel, who would force battle on the Confederates with their supply line cut.

But at this high point of adventure, when the raiders had stopped their wood-burning locomotive, the "General," and were ripping up rails, "loud and clear from the South came the whistle of an engine in pursuit! It was nearby and running at lightning speed!" Andrews was incredulous.

The Northerners were daring and skillful, but the Southerners had matched them in courage. When the raiders had pulled out of Big Shanty, among the train crew at breakfast were the conductor, William A. Fuller, Engineer Cain and Anthony Murphy, foreman of the road's machine shops. When the trainmen heard a cry—"The train is stolen!"—they set out on a dead run up the tracks, intending to overtake the robbers on foot.

The troops at the station laughed and cheered, then went back to the more important business of breakfast. But Fuller, Cain and Murphy vanished like demons up the track. After two miles, the three men came on a "pole-car"—you poled it like a flatboat to make it go, pushed it up the hills, then prayed for downgrades long and steep.

Poling like Venetian boatmen gone berserk, they were just enjoying their first long downgrade, the breeze playing on their sweaty faces, when zing!—they hit the first spot where Andrews' men had pulled up a rail, and they flew like acrobats shot from a cannon. They pulled themselves together, put the pole-car back on the rails and flailed along again.

Now came the break that Fuller had prayed for. Near the entrance to an iron mine stood a small locomotive, steam up and ready to go! It was the one engine in the entire South that Andrews had overlooked. Fuller hit the tracks with the little locomotive and made such good time that they could occasionally see the "General's" smoke on the horizon. At the next station they met the freight trains that Andrews had by-passed, and Murphy commandeered another engine in less time than Andrews had taken to pull through, glib story or no.

Five miles out of town the pursuit train was stopped at the point where Andrews had torn up another section of track. But even his foresight wasn't equal to the Confederates' mettle, for they left behind the train and its guards and staggered up the track again, hoping to meet another train that Andrews must surely have passed.

They figured correctly. Fuller and Murphy and Cain, the relay team that passed locomotives instead of batons, ran one train backwards until they met another, then took it over for a hare-and-hounds chase that might decide the outcome of the war. At last, with Andrews flashing up an open

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

track ahead, the Confederate trio gave chase in a larger locomotive, with a trainload of gray-clad soldiers coupled on. The great railroad chase was on—perhaps the strangest life-and-death duel ever fought on this continent.

On one curve Andrews pried up a rail to wreck his pursuers, but Fuller and Murphy did not slow down. Their engine jumped a foot in the air and the cars behind snapped the whip, but somehow they landed back on the rails.

Further along, Andrews checked his train on a grade and loosed a freight car down the track at his pursuers. They matched him again. Backing up, they "rode the punch," then pushed the car ahead to a siding. Andrews had still more tricks. Cagily he left a second boxcar in the shadows of a covered bridge. But Fuller spied it in time to slow down, make a jolting pick-up, and kept coming on.

By now the poor old "General" was puffing and panting, its wood supply nearly gone. They paused at the next fueling pile, but Confederate bullets flew about them as they got under way. On they rushed, gushing redhot embers.

Once they were forced to stop at a switch. Andrews told his Beauregard story again, his calm voice almost drowned out by the frenzied whistling of the enemy close behind. As they picked up speed again, he refused to ambush the Confederate train in a tunnel, as his men counseled. Probably he was not content merely with escaping but had set his heart on doing the job he came to do—burn bridges.

At Chickamauga Creek, Andrews played his ace. He fired his last car and left it flaming in a covered bridge. But Fuller trumped his ace. The Confederate train plunged into the flames, picked up the burning car and pushed it to a siding. Luck was against Andrews here—it was raining and the bridge had burned slowly.

The "General" was wheezing now. Wood and oil were gone. The iron hound behind was closing in for the kill. Once more Andrews' men urged a hand-to-hand fight, but again he put strategy before battle and ordered them to leap from the faltering engine and scatter, fighting their way North as best they could. He himself was the last to jump. As a final gesture he sent the gallant "General" puffing back at his tormentors. But the "General" wasn't up to it. The Confederates caught her coming on like a punch-drunk fighter, and the steam went out. The Great Railroad Chase was over.

The Yanks, however, were still the quarry. Pittenger swam the swollen Chickamauga, took to stream beds to shake off his pursuers. But they caught him, and when he was flung into prison all his mates were there.

Feeling in the South ran high against the "train robbers". They were moved from jail to jail as verbal battles raged over them. Andrews wore iron fetters riveted around his hands and feet. There was no lock or key—he was never to take them off. And when the Confederates hanged him, the fetters went with him to the grave.

Seven others—all those that the Confederates had found time to bring to trial—were also hanged.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Witnesses said that men never died more bravely. In prison gloom, Pittenger wrote their epitaph: "A monument should mark this spot where heroism in death shone so brightly."

Eight were gone. The others broke jail and eight succeeded in getting free. One pair took 47 days to reach the Union lines. Another pair made it in a month. But the epic was the fantastic voyage of two Yankees who fashioned a raft and sailed grandly through the heart of the Southland. A Yankee gunboat picked them up, two ragged men delirious with joy. They had navigated four hundred miles within sight of the enemy.

Pittenger was one of those nabbed in the jailbreak and thrust back into prison. But time had softened Confederate pride. In March he and his comrades were exchanged for Southern captives.

On March 19, 1863, they arrived in Washington and were feted. Secretary of War Stanton presented each with a medal, casually remarking that "Congress has by a recent law ordered medals to be prepared and your party shall have the first." Thus the name of William Pittenger is written on the list of those who have won the nation's highest award, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Next, the dazzled raiders met President Lincoln, who "greeted us warmly," says Pittenger, "and told us how much he had been interested in hearing of our adventures . . . I remember telling him that we were very glad to see him, though we had been hearing many things not complimentary to him for the past year. He smiled, saying: 'Indeed there are a great many people up here that say about as bad things of me.' "

The other raiders returned to service but Pittenger's health was ruined. He was mustered out to take up a life in the ministry.

In 1891 the State of Ohio erected a monument in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga to the Andrews Raiders, eight of whom are buried there. On the marble shaft were placed the names of those forgotten men, and with the others that of "William Pittenger, Co. G. 2nd Ohio Vol. Inf."

Over them all, atop the shaft, stood a bronze miniature of a wood-burning locomotive. The "General" was still with the Andrews Raiders, the living and the dead.

Self-Portrait

SARGENT, the celebrated artist, was walking in the park one afternoon when he encountered a beautiful young lady who exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Sargent, I have just seen that portrait which you recently painted of yourself, and the likeness is so wonderful that I simply had to kiss it."

"Did it kiss back?" asked the artist.

"N-no," was the puzzled reply. "Why?"

"Then," smiled Sargent, "it's not a true likeness."—DON HUBBARD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's a lesson for today in the story of Avery, a simple man who used his talents for those around him

FRIENDSHIP *Was His Career*

by PHEBE LEWIS HUBBARD

IN OUR FAMILY, no one of my time and age will ever forget Avery, a lovable character who found success and happiness in using his talents for his fellow men. Truly he was a charming person: we loved him. Always I recollect him with nostalgic affection, for he taught me much. Today his story is especially timely, for never in our history have so many young people, returning from a victorious war, been confronted with the problem of choosing careers. For them, Avery might well serve as a teacher —and a model.

"My mother died when I was a kid," Avery used to tell me when I, too, was a child, "and your Great-Gramma Lewis was the nearest to a mother I had. Every day I'd run a quarter mile down to her farm (your father's today), and she always seemed real glad to see me. She was a widder-woman with a big place to run. I vow, she was smart! But as I grew older she sorta depended on me for odd jobs. It was, 'Avery, will you drive a nail here?' or 'Avery, will you tack a shingle there?' Things went on that way till I was fourteen.

"One day when Gramma and I was settin' at the kitchen table, she turned and sez, 'Avery, it's time you decided what you're goin' to make your life's work. Have you thought about it?'

"I 'lowed I had a little.

" 'Well,' sez Gramma, 'in choosin' your life's work, there are three p'ints to cover. Now I'll give you a test.' She leaned across the table earnest-like.

" 'P'int 1: What work can you do best?'

"I 'lowed 'twas carpenterin'.

" 'P'int 2: Would carpenter work be a service to your community?'

"I 'lowed as how it seemed that way.

" 'P'int 3: What work are you happiest doin'?'

"And I hung my head sheepish-like for the answer still was 'Carpenterin'.'

" 'There,' sez Gramma, 'you've finished your test. Avery, you should be a carpenter!' And that's how I chose my life's work."

When I was eight and Avery was "sixty-odd year," he was the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indispensable man of the countryside. If a farmer wished to build a new barn, he sent for Avery. If a pig persisted in getting out, Avery came with hammer and nails and made the pen "pig tight." If a young couple married and wanted a new house, Avery was architect, contractor and builder.

The housewives, too, tested his abilities. Mrs. Wells' hobby was china. As her dishes increased in number her pride swelled proportionately, till the dishes outgrew the closet shelves. Immediately she sent for Avery, and around the sitting-room lamp they designed a cupboard which, when built by Avery's skillful hands, was a community show piece.

ESTEEMED as he was by adults, we children felt that Avery was our property too. If one were to count the juvenile hearts he won by repairing dolls or tinkering with toys, the number would equal precisely the number of children in our neighborhood. We adored him! For with magical facility he shed all interest in the problems of our elders and became our age.

In stature Avery was a little man; but his nature embraced the world as he knew it. His book schooling was negligible and he had never been farther from home than a horse could carry him in a day. Yet he was keenly interested in our postcard albums, then in vogue, and always exclaimed gratifyingly about our favorite scenes. "I vow! Ain't that tall?" For "tall" was Avery's superlative. An interesting project was "a tall job," a good meal was "tall grub." "Tall" denoted the acme of quality to him.

Avery always allotted rainy afternoons to doing odd jobs for "the women-folks and kids." Some of these jobs had curious origins. We had no movies in those days and people initiated their own fun. Every Friday evening our house served as a community center, for father was a marvelous story-teller and the neighborhood children congregated for entertainment. As he spun a yarn, dramatically working up to the climax, his youthful audience would first shout with glee, then rock their chairs with gusto, then finally, at the snappy ending, a few would even climb on the seats of their chairs and jump up and down as they applauded.

Now all this was flattering to father's art, but very hard on the chairs. So mother would eventually send for Avery to rebuild the ruins. I remember one rainy afternoon in particular. Just before milking time father came into the kitchen to watch Avery. Soon they were discussing Great-Grandmother Lewis with mutual admiration.

"I vow, she was a dreadful smart woman, Horace," Avery declared. "Nearest a mother to me that I ever knew."

"Yes, sir, I can remember her well, although I was only seven when she died," father agreed. Then he lifted his voice as he always did when warming to a subject: "She was blind the last ten years of her life, but she was the most cheerful woman in the neighborhood."

"I vow she was, Horace. Never heard her complain about nothin'."

"She lived to be ninety-nine years and nine months," said father. "She used to sit in that little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old slat-back chair in the parlor."

"I've glued it up many a time," Avery announced.

"She wore a little lace cap, and would tap her foot and sing by the hour."

"Yes, siree, I can see her settin' there plain as life," added Avery eagerly. "Blind as a bat too!"

"And she always loved reading," father continued. "Why, right up in our attic is a bookcase that was the first library in town. My father bought it, and two of the shelves are filled with Grandmother's books—Shakespeare's plays, Milton's poems and Hume's *History of England*."

"Do tell!" Avery was all interest, even though he, like us, had heard the story many times. "She picked out her epitaph, too, as pretty a one as ever I read on a headstone."

"Yes," said father. "She read that verse in the New York *Tribune* twenty years before she died. Even then she felt her blindness coming on. Now, gal," and he turned to me, "you recite that verse for us."

When father reached that part of the story, it was always an honor to be chosen the one to quote Great-Grandmother's epitaph. Standing before the kitchen stove I recited it:

"*Pale gleaner on life's wintry lea,*
Long have I felt thy coming blast."

"I vow, you got it right!" Avery averred, and he and father exchanged appreciative nods before work was continued.

At last the grown-ups' jobs were finished and Avery was free to devote his time to us children. When every doll and toy was "shipshape," bedlam broke loose, for Avery proceeded to animate each toy and put it through "monkey tricks." Careening cars, mad wagon races and crazy dances by our most decorous dolls set us into gales of laughter.

The frolic ended when mother called us to supper. Busily we made our way through platters of cold meat, hot biscuits, potato salad, pickles and jelly, and in quick time were ready for mother's thick pumpkin pies. She bore them to the table with care and cut them with pride, modestly aware of her reputation for being the best pie-maker in the countryside.

Avery, radiating satisfaction, turned to mother admiringly: "Your punkin pies sure are tall, Mis' Lewis. Lots of guts in 'em!"

"Guts!" We children gasped, then looked at each other. "Guts!" A word mother had forbidden us to utter. How shocking!—and how delightful!

Father's face turned red with restrained laughter, but mother seemed unperturbed. Graciously she responded, "Thank you, Avery. It's a pleasure to have you enjoy the pie." And then she quickly changed the subject to sunsets.

SUPPER OVER, the men pushed back from the table to discuss neighborhood matters.

"Now it isn't any of my business, Avery, but I knew her father before her, and I don't believe—"

"Well, I'll tell you, Horace, I know her family wasn't nothin', but the other applicant ain't practical, so I'm in favor—"

We gathered that by the process of elimination the new teacher for our district school was being selected, for Avery was chairman of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

school board. Then Avery told just whose barns were "saggin' at the beams" and crying for repair, and gave a list of his carpenter-work lined up for weeks ahead.

When father had smoked his pipeful of tobacco, Avery announced, "Well, Horace, it's time for me to be makin' tracks."

That was our cue to form a personal escort as far as the family burying ground, halfway to Avery's house. What fun we had playing "touch tag" as we went along. At the graveyard we stopped, for night was settling fast. But we stood there and watched him all the rest of the way up the road, and called after him again and again: "Goodnight, Avery! See you soon!" till his figure became so dim that we could hardly see the answering wave of his hand. But the shrill barking of "Old Roscoe," his dog, always assured us that Avery was welcomed home.

As I look back upon Avery, I wonder if we accord enough dignity to the plain man of ability and integrity. Avery built his own house—got out the foundation stones, set them up and completed the structure. He raised a family of fine citizens.

Great-Grandmother's "life work test" was really an aptitude test. Avery was an excellent workman, an invaluable neighbor and a radiant personality. Surely Great-Grandmother's test had its "p'ints." After a hundred years it is worthy of being dusted off and applied to veterans of World War II, as well as to all of our rising generation, as a guidepost to the pinnacle of successful living.

Rooseveltiana

ONCE WHEN a member who had a lesser post in the administration was making some big promises to the press about the solution of an urgent problem, Franklin D. Roosevelt was reminded of a story of a little boy who was selling picture postcards at ten cents each. "What are you going to do with the money?" he was asked.

"I'm raising a million dollars for the Red Cross," he answered gravely.

"A million dollars! All by yourself?"

"No sir," the tot replied. "There's another little boy helping me."

WHEREVER Roosevelt sojourned in later years he took his own bottled water with him.

At the Teheran Conference one day, George Dixon revealed, Winston Churchill wasn't feeling well and Roosevelt suggested it might be the water. He offered some of his supply, but the Prime Minister declined abruptly.

"You know very well," Churchill said in hurt and reproving tones, "that I never drink water."

BECAUSE SO MANY of his visitors carried off White House matchbooks as souvenirs, President Roosevelt puckishly had them imprinted "Stolen from the White House."

A WHITE HOUSE visitor asked Roosevelt, "Mr. President, how in the world did you acquire such patience—with all the bores you meet in a day?"

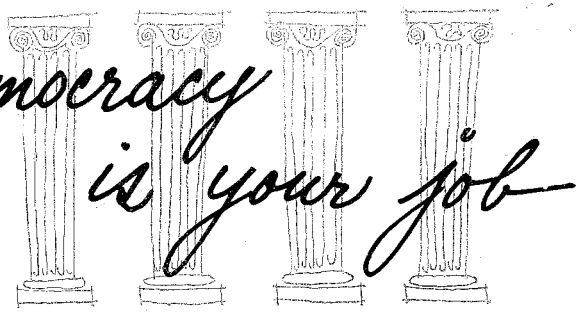
The President replied: "You acquire patience after you've spent two years learning to wiggle your big toe again."

—"*The Real F. D. R.*" *Citadel Press*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our system of government is still man's best method for reconciling selfish individual desires with the long-term community good

Democracy is your job



by JOHN F. WHARTON

AMERICAN INGENUITY is usually able to solve any problem if enough people really want a solution to be found and have sufficient education to understand the facts which go to make up the problem. Perhaps the easiest test to apply to find out whether people really want something is to ascertain how much time and individual effort they will give to the problem.

It is easy to sit and complain about the shortcomings of the present American system; it is easy to encourage other people to do something about it. But that is not the way people act when they really want something.

To take the most easily understood of all illustrations, when a man is seized with a violent desire to persuade a woman to marry him, he does not sit idly by, lamenting that she lives far away, that he can't spare time from his work to court her, and that therefore the best he can do is to get some other people to tell her what a fine fellow he is.

On the contrary, he makes the trip to her home as often as she permits him to see her; he finds that he can spare whatever time is necessary from his business; he is pleased if other people praise him to her, but basically he gets up and does the job himself. He takes the time and trouble to learn what will please her and what will displease her, and he strives to do the former and to avoid the latter.

When enough Americans want to solve the problem of unemployment, for example, with that type of intensity, the plans for solution will begin to appear.

There grew up in the 1920s a lamentable tendency among many people to fix their eyes chiefly on the failures of American democracy and to deplore them as inevitable. It became popular to expose the corruptness of our politicians, the greed of business and labor leaders, to demonstrate that national heroes had personal failings, to dwell upon the stupidities and ignorance of the masses.

Insofar as this presented facts which the citizens should know, it was extremely desirable. But it was accompanied by a cynical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acceptance rather than an exhortation to do anything about it. For this reason, at the risk of leaning too far in the other direction, it may be well to point out some other aspects of our history.

Our forefathers founded not only a new nation but a new concept of a way of living. They tried to apply the Judean-Christian ethic literally: they insisted that while men might differ in industry and ability, they were all entitled to certain basic rights, which could not be taken away by the whim either of a powerful minority or even of a bare majority.

They imposed the moral and legal restrictions of the Ten Commandments, but they added the affirmative ideal of man's duty to produce and distribute useful wealth. They insisted, as a principle, that no one man, no group of men, could be trusted with too much power, and they tried to set up a system whereby any power-seeking group can be opposed by an opposite group of equal power.

They did not, of course, always live up to their ideals, but on the whole they developed a system of "fair play" and respect for the rights of others which produced some amazing results.

OUR FIRST great leader, George Washington, at the end of the Revolution, commanded an army which desired to make him a king. Almost alone in history, he is an example of a man with immense power in his grasp who insisted on the institution of a democratic system.

At the end of our Civil War another great leader, Lincoln, insisted on applying to the conquered South the doctrine of "malice toward none, charity to all." Although Lincoln's untimely death brought about one of the blackest eras in our history, eventually his principles made headway, and less than forty years later men of the North and South fought side by side in the Spanish-American War.

Almost alone in history, when we wanted land, we bought it. The Mexican War is, perhaps, one exception to the record. The Louisiana Purchase, Florida, the Gadsden Purchase, Alaska, the Virgin Islands all were purchases, not conquests.

At the end of the Spanish-American war we, the victors, paid the vanquished for the territory taken, and then set Cuba free and promised the Philippines their independence. What is more, unlike any other ruling nation in the Orient, we gave the Filipinos the educational, political, and economic system we thought best calculated to make them capable of self-government. As a result, in the

---

John F. Wharton, a practicing attorney for 25 years, has helped many clients, large and small, to organize new enterprises or to expand existing ones. In the course of his work he has had exceptional opportunities to analyze the reasons for economic success and failure and to observe their effect on the individual. He has also made an exhaustive study of the causes of national prosperity and national depression. Recently, as a consultant to the Board of Economic Warfare, he had occasion to study the same problems from an international viewpoint. This timely and significant article is taken from his book, "The Theory and Practice of Earning a Living," published at $2.50 by Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1230 Sixth Ave., New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Far East only the Filipino fought against the Japanese side by side with his erstwhile conqueror.

We are called "dollar mad," but as a nation we exhibit a generosity unequaled anywhere. Not only do our wealthy citizens bestow huge sums on charities, but millions of people contribute nickels, dimes and dollars to all sorts of organizations from which they can derive no personal gain.

We are the only people who will contribute enormous sums to the victims of disaster, not merely at home, but abroad. How often have other nations contributed to relief funds for victims of American disasters?

Perhaps the easiest criticism is to say that the wealthiest nation on earth can well afford to be generous. This brings us to the final proposition.

Everyone is born with, or soon acquires, the qualities of love and hate, courage and fear, generosity and acquisitiveness, kindness and cruelty. All these have their proper places in human equipment. We *should* hate poverty and disease; a child must fear some dangers in order to survive; the man with *no* acquisitive instinct cannot earn his living; the surgeon must often be cruel in order to cure. But when hate, fear and cruelty are directed at other people, when acquisitiveness becomes greed, these qualities, if uncontrolled, invariably unleash destructive tendencies. The creative qualities are love, courage, generosity, and kindness.

These creative qualities are in everyone, in childhood at least. The system best calculated to promote them, and to hold the destructive qualities in their proper place, is the system best calculated to promote an approximation of the unattainable utopia we all desire. One important part of any such system is the opportunity for all to earn a living; until that opportunity is assured no man can give full expression to his generosity, kindness, courage, and love.

To the extent that the American system can provide greater opportunities for *all*, to just that extent will it be easier to develop the qualities in men and women which will produce improvement rather than retrogression in the system. In the large, this is the problem which the generation now about to embark on their own careers will have to solve.

Coronet Offers Reprints of This Article

Because we consider it significant and important, particularly to young people considering their future, to servicemen returning to civilian life, and to employers and employees everywhere, Coronet has arranged to furnish reprints of this article. Quantities are large enough to supply schools and businesses for distribution to students and employees. The following prices apply:

NO. OF REPRINTS	PRICE POSTPAID
100 — 500	$1.50 per 100 reprints
500—1000	$1.25 per 100 reprints
over 1000	$1.00 per 100 reprints

Full remittance must accompany all orders, which should be addressed to: Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The hills, the deer and the rabbits are all part of a small child's private world

My Boy Bill

by DAVID LOUIS

I GOT UP kind of early this morning and stood at the window looking over the nice expanse of forty acres that makes the world I live in. I was watching the play of green and brown and gold the sun was making on the hills. And just then my boy Bill came walking across the field and towards the house. I watched him come clear across the field.

He'd just come down from the hill, I knew that. I knew he'd had important business with a rabbit. Bill is up on the hill almost every morning. If it isn't the rabbit, it's a deer he says he knows and talks to. The hill is his, it belongs to my boy Bill. That's his private world—the rabbit, the deer, the hill—and we respect his private thoughts about it, and the things he finds to do up there.

Another in a series of words and pictures portraying familiar scenes in American life. The painting on the opposite page is by James Chapin.

I watched him coming towards me. I saw his stripling muscles ripple along his thighs, across his chest. I saw his strong bare toes dig into the earth with assurance, with zest, with dignity.

Closer he came, almost to my window, before he saw me. He stopped, and his hand reached for the young tree I planted a short time ago. His head was a heart-shaped cameo against the sky, and he looked at me out of his mother's eyes.

"Pop," he said, "I got up with the sun this morning. I had to feed my deer and my rabbit."

"Good boy. Now come in and have *your* breakfast."

He turned and was gone around the side of the house. But the white sapling still held the touch of his vanished hand. It swayed slightly in the still morning air.

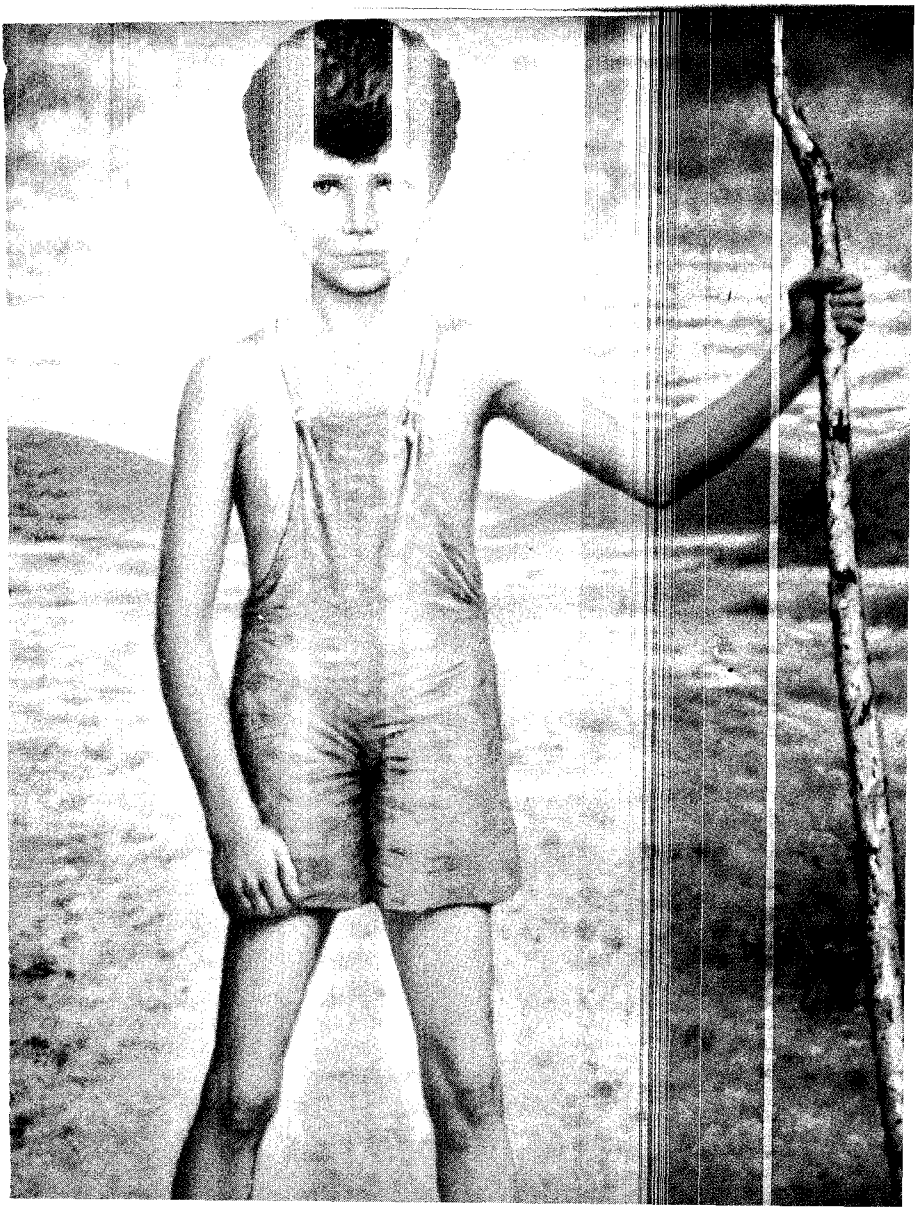
I watched it swaying, and I thought: he is growing like the tree. His first green thought is like the first spring leaf—reaching upward, reaching for the sun. "I had to feed my deer and my rabbit."

Let him continue to commune with the wild things of the hill. From them he learns independence. Let him continue to grow straight and strong. Each year a new layer around the young torso, a new crust to the bark, a new protection against the prevailing winds.

Let the green thoughts multiply as the leaves on the tree will multiply . . . so that one day he will drop an abundant shade wherever he stands, a shade for his own strong straight body, a shade for the striplings who will grow up around him.

Let him grow as a tree grows.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Birth of a
NEW ERA

A lucky amateur photographer who snapped his shutter at just the right moment got this remarkable color picture of the atom bomb explosion in New Mexico. The photographer, Jack Aeby, a laboratory technician on the atom bomb project at Los Alamos, was twenty miles from the scene of the explosion, but he wore arcwelder's goggles to protect his eyes against the blinding flash. He used no special attachments on his camera. A cloud which rose to forty thousand feet from the blast routed the storm clouds seen in the picture.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meet the genius who built the cyclotron, the fantastic machine that has ushered in a new era

Ernest Lawrence

ATOM SMASHER

by NORMAN CARLISLE

"READY?" Young Ernest Lawrence squared his broad shoulders and took one last look through the heavy glass windows of the control room. Looming above him was the massive bulk of the cyclotron, one of the most fantastic machines ever devised by man. The other scientists in the tiny glassed-in room looked at each other, their faces taut as they waited for Lawrence to push the high-voltage switch. Slowly his hand moved.

There was no sound, but suddenly this California laboratory was lit by a weird green-blue light. As the light died away the watchers sat silently, tense with emotion. They knew that this moment of flaming brilliance had been one of the great turning points in science. It was proof positive that electrical particles, charged with the giant energy of ten million volts, had gone blasting into the very heart of the atom!

Thus, in a scene curiously like one that would occur in a watch tower on the New Mexican desert thirteen years later, the youthful scientist, Ernest Lawrence, hurled his challenge at the secret of atomic power. For Lawrence this was the moment of supreme triumph. He had created a great siege gun that science could use with such savage fury that the mighty forces of energy holding the atom together would have to give way. Here, in the Radiation Laboratory of the University of California, the bright age of atomic power had begun.

The creation of the cyclotron took inventive genius, plus the courage to tackle the impossible. These are qualities that Ernest Orlando Lawrence possessed when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was an obscure instructor at the University of California. He possesses them today. Loaded with honors, including a Nobel Prize and a place on the scientists' committee advising the government on the future of atomic power, he is still the big, good-natured, friendly individual that he was in the days when his great invention was taking shape at Berkeley. Yet when he tackles a tough scientific problem he goes at it with an energy that keeps his fellow workers gasping.

LAWRENCE was only a student when he began to translate his boundless drive into mental accomplishment. Born in South Dakota, he received degrees from various universities, including South Dakota, Minnesota and Yale. He reached the University of California as an instructor, his mind filled with one problem—how to smash the atom. He was ready to rush into an arena already occupied by the world's leading scientists. Lawrence knew well enough what was going on. And he knew that failure was the rule in this baffling game.

There was the Soviet scientist, Peter Kapitza, who in a special laboratory at Cambridge was trying to rip the atom apart by powerful currents. With Rockefeller money he had assembled a fantastic array of electrical apparatus to produce voltages like minor earthquakes. But they did not pull the atom apart. Then there was the Dane, C. C. Lauritsen, who at Cal Tech was using a million-volt X-ray tube. At Princeton, Robert Van de Graaff from Alabama was employing vast charges of static electricity. Other great men, like Compton and Millikan, were experimenting too, for science now recognized that the battle with the atom was the payoff.

As anyone who has recently read the newspapers knows, an atom consists mostly of space. At its center is the nucleus, around which electrons revolve. Inside the nucleus are neutrons and protons, and the mighty force which binds them together is the real power of the atom.

This was the power that science, back in the '30s, was trying to release. To do so, it would have to tear apart the nucleus. But the researchers faced two terrific problems. First was the sheer physical difficulty of hitting the nucleus with anything. Einstein had said that attempting to hit a nucleus was like going out with a shotgun on a pitch-black night and trying to shoot ducks in a part of the country where ducks were scarce. Even assuming that some kind of projectile could be brought close to the nucleus and aimed at it, it would find itself driven away by repellent forces so powerful that they would send particles hurtling back in the direction whence they had come.

In one way or another the world's scientists had all sought to utilize the one force powerful enough to shatter the atom's hard and impenetrable core: high-voltage electricity. Lawrence, however, saw that the massive devices in use were falling wide of the mark. The charges were not strong enough, nor could they be controlled. With the confidence of youth, he plunged into the fray, determined to find a way to produce a tremendously powerful, *controllable* charge.

One night he was in the Uni-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versity of California library, plowing through a mass of scientific reports. He was tired and tempted to quit, but he decided to read one more, a paper by a German researcher, R. Wideroe. Now, others had read that paper, but what Lawrence saw made him sit bolt upright, his hand grabbing for a pencil. He never did finish reading the paper, for he was too busy sketching diagrams and jotting down complicated mathematical formulas.

When the library closed Lawrence rushed home and worked far into the night. By the time he went to bed there was no doubt in his mind. He had hit on the secret of creating a new weapon in the battle of man against the atom. The next day he told a friend, "I've got something big."

The forgotten German, Wideroe, had lined up two metal cylinders in a vacuum tube, then discovered that potassium atoms in jumping from one cylinder to the other developed energies twice as great as the primary voltage used. Lawrence's quick mind caught the significance. Up to then, everyone had tried to get particles up to high speeds by giving them one big push. Lawrence now saw the possibility of giving them a series of repeated kicks, building up momentum. His cyclotron, as it took shape in his mind, would follow the principle of the sling shot that David used against Goliath.

By using magnets he would whirl electrical particles in ever-increasing spirals inside a chamber, finally permitting them to escape through a "muzzle" aimed at a target chamber containing atoms. The enormous energy of the particles should be great enough to get them past the defensive barriers of the nuclei, and by shooting enough of them he would stand a good chance of hitting at least one nucleus.

The first crude cyclotron was built of glass and sealing wax, but it contained all the basic ideas. When Lawrence set electricity coursing along a tungsten filament, he and his associates knew the idea was sound. The faint blue stream of rays emerging from the "muzzle" indicated that the particles were stepped up as Lawrence had believed they would be. Not that this first cyclotron smashed the atom; it simply proved that Lawrence had a device which he believed *could* smash it.

The next job was to build a small metal model. It produced startling results. A voltage of only two thousand volts speeded up hydrogen ions to energies equalling eighty thousand volts! Immediately Lawrence and his fellow workers pitched in to produce a bigger cyclotron, this one costing five thousand dollars, a lot of money for a limited laboratory budget although in a short time that cyclotron would be dwarfed by others costing a million. This new 11-inch scientific slingshot, by pro-

Norman Carlisle's chief interest is centered on the men behind the machines in our scientific laboratories, and he has found them to be human enough to admit that they sometimes arrive at their conclusions by sheer luck. Carlisle has written and edited many books, most of them on scientific subjects, and is consulting editor of the Aviation Research Associates. This absorbing article reflects his appreciation of the obstacles America's scientists have overcome in performing their "miracles."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ducing an energy of 1,200,000 volts, succeeded in disintegrating the atom of lithium. At last Lawrence and the scientific world were convinced that here was the device to smash the atom.

Lawrence's ambitions soared. If these small cyclotrons could do so much, what about a really big one? But a big cyclotron called for a magnet weighing not pounds but tons. It would cost a small fortune; and no funds were available. Yet money or no money, Lawrence refused to be stopped.

LYING USELESS since World War I had been a giant magnet casting built by the Federal Telegraph Company for the Chinese Government but never delivered. Lawrence went to the company. Yes, science could have the big casting.

A radiation laboratory was set up at the university, the 75-ton casting brought in. Lawrence rolled up his sleeves, gathered his youngsters and went to work. Wiring the huge magnet with eight tons of copper was a big job in itself. Then there were complicated controls and parts for the great machine. But the scientists were so eager that they worked night and day.

"We've got to be careful this time," Lawrence warned. The thin blue light they had seen shooting from the muzzle of the small cyclotrons would become a death ray when the particles rushed from this new giant. To guard against it, they installed yard-thick tanks of water, for they had found that water would stop the rays. But what would stop the furious onslaught of the beam itself? They experimented and found that ordinary paraffin would turn the trick.

So they built a special backstop tank filled with paraffin. The control panel was installed in a glassed-in chamber where, with the aid of a maze of meters, the scientists could "see" what was happening inside the cyclotron. Automatic cameras were rigged up to take pictures of the emerging rays; no human eyes could look directly at them if their owner wanted to live.

The experimental models had worked. Theoretically the new giant should perform in the same manner. But would it? Had they missed some vital point? Tension mounted. And then came the answer. Lawrence pushed a switch. A blue flame-like jet streamed from the metal monster, blasting its way into the element lithium, changing it to helium.

The scientists who hurried to Berkeley were astonished by the magnificent simplicity of Lawrence's invention. At the heart of the cyclotron they saw a vacuum chamber, shaped like a big frying pan. Inside were two D-shaped electrodes which came to be known as "Dees." Down the center ran a tungsten filament.

When hydrogen atoms, obtained from decomposed heavy water, were injected into the pan they were ionized by the hot filament, giving them a positive charge. These particles were then drawn into the cyclotron's magnetic field and started spinning. As they got halfway around the circle a powerful short wave transmitter delivered a "kick" across the Dees and speeded up the racing particles still more. Exactly-timed kicks sent them whirling faster and faster,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each time moving closer to the outside of the chamber. At the outer rim they were drawn through a thin metallic window by a deflector plate and emerged as a beam driving towards their target, a chamber outside the cyclotron containing substance to be bombarded.

Lawrence had his big cyclotron. Now with a characteristic grin he told his fellow workers: "Let's see what this thing can really do." While scientists of the world looked on and cheered, the Berkeley staff put one element after another into the target chamber. To hammer away at these elements they used all kinds of projectiles, all invisible.

Anybody thinking that science is a cold-blooded affair would have learned differently if he had stepped into that busy laboratory. There was nothing staid or dignified about these men who manipulated their Gargantuan new machine with all the eagerness of boys playing with a new toy train.

The results justified the excitement. Strange things were happening to the formerly impregnable atom. Sometimes Lawrence and his men were shooting part of it away, sometimes peppering it full of alien particles that upset its balance and suddenly caused it to start radiating rays far more powerful than those of radium. Here was a dramatic start toward solving the secret of atomic energy.

All over the world there was a rush to build cyclotrons. In New York, London, Copenhagen, Moscow, Berlin and Tokyo—at great universities everywhere—the cyclotron was recognized as the long-sought key. Hurry calls for Lawrence's help poured in, for he was the only man who knew all the answers to the cyclotron. His young assistants swarmed over the country, putting to work the knowledge they had gained in their faithful pioneering with Lawrence. Within a few years the world had at least 35 completed cyclotrons. By 1942 they had piled up a record of creating 223 new radioactive substances. Lawrence's hard-working cyclotrons at Berkeley accounted for 120 of these!

The Coming Age of Rocket Power

the exciting book by G. Edward Pendray will be condensed for you in the March issue of Coronet

At Yale, Lawrence's brother John, head of the Department of Internal Medicine, found a startling medical use for the new radio-active substances. They served as "tracers" to reveal new information about the human organism. Radio-active sodium, mixed with ordinary table salt, was fed to a patient. As the sodium entered the patient's system, the radioactivity released tiny atomic explosions. Not felt in any way by the patient, they could be recorded with a Geiger Counter. By holding this sensitive electronic device near a patient's teeth, for instance, a doctor could determine how much salt was used by the teeth.

Other medical men saw the radioactive substances as a new weapon in the fight against cancer, for they believed that radioactivity could thus be safely introduced directly into the body. Medicine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adopted the cyclotron as an important instrument of research.

But this seemed minor in the face of an event that now shattered the remaining calm of the scientific world. In Europe, Lise Meitner discovered that she could split the uranium atom. The instant the news was cabled to America, Dr. Niels Bohr, Danish scientist, and Dr. Enrico Fermi, Italian scientist, rushed to Columbia University where a big cyclotron was available. Feverishly they hammered away at uranium, checking and rechecking. The cyclotron proved that Lise Meitner was right. You could split the uranium atom.

When a group of top U. S. scientists met in Washington a few days later, Dr. Bohr calmly announced what had happened. The scientists listened in stunned silence, then feverishly rushed back to their cyclotrons. All over the nation on that night of January 27, 1939, laboratories blazed with green-blue light as science made a mighty assault on the uranium atom.

"Thank God for the cyclotron," said one famous scientist. "With it we've been able to do in hours what might have taken years."

Though cyclotrons were getting bigger, Lawrence hadn't stopped dreaming. In a few years he had jumped from a tiny four-inch model to one of 27½ inches, then to one of 60 inches. Now he drew up plans for a super-giant with a 120-inch chamber, firing atomic bullets at incredible energies of one hundred million volts.

In a world suddenly aflame with war, Lawrence found no trouble in getting money to build his new heavy gun. The monster, with its 186-ton core buried deep in the earth, had already begun to take shape in a strange 24-sided building when the thick curtain of censorship dropped over it. The magic words "Manhattan Project" had come into being, and American and British science was embarked on its race to beat the Axis to the atomic bomb.

The cyclotron was the weapon that enabled our researchers to progress so swiftly toward the epic blasting of Hiroshima. Ernest Orlando Lawrence truly fired a shot heard round the world when he pushed that electric switch in Berkeley. Today, and for countless generations to come, all humanity will benefit from the genius and fortitude of a young American who owned the courage to tackle a problem that had checkmated the wisest men of twentieth-century science.

Attention: Ladies

WATCH HOSIERY COUNTERS for stainless steel stockings, but don't strain your eyes. They're a year or so away. Wire for knitting has been developed, finer than human hair. Advantages: No runs, no wear-out, no absorption of perspiration. And the stockings can be wiped clean with a damp cloth.

—HAROLD STEVENS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Be careful about the materials you buy if you don't want to go up in smoke

Don't Wear a FIRETRAP

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

A YOUNG NEW YORK woman recently won a 75 thousand-dollar verdict for a three-month spell in the hospital where 18 blood transfusions were required to save her life. The cause of her hospitalization was unique—five button-like ornaments on her evening dress ignited with explosive fury while she was leaning over a chafing dish.

A fire marshal in Ontario reports six cases of fire caused by sparks from matches or cigarettes igniting brushed rayon sweaters. In Washington, D. C., eleven children were burned, three fatally, after their cowboy suits caught fire. A California woman, strolling on a beach with an ornamented pocketbook in her hand, was astonished when the bag suddenly burst into flames.

These are just a few of the many strange accidents caused by inflammable materials. In the case of the exploding pocketbook, the cause proved to be a wartime lacquer made of pyroxylin plastic. Tests showed that the sun's rays, concentrated through lacquer balls on the handle of the bag, generated enough heat to set off the pyroxylin finish in thirty seconds.

Pyroxylin plastic is an ill-conceived finish for fabrics and leathers. A woman who attended a wedding in a gown covered with spangles made of pyroxylin plastic got too close to a candle on a buffet table; the spangles exploded and she died of burns. A somewhat similar occurrence at a costume ball in Alabama resulted in six deaths when flames from the first victim's flimsy garment flashed to the costumes of other girls nearby.

In order to guard against unnecessary accidents like these, the average consumer must be better informed about inflammable materials. Although some manufacturers label inflammable garments just as they label inflammable fluids, it is impossible to identify dangerous properties in all articles. Nevertheless, it pays to be cautious about such plastic items as ash trays, candlesticks, infants' toys and hair combs.

Mrs. Booth Tarkington can testify to the need for being careful, for she was badly burned when celluloid combs in her hair ignited under a drier in a beauty parlor. Ironically, they were her own combs; she had refused to use the hairdresser's.

One popular conception about fabrics is that "synthetic yarns" burn faster than other materials. This is not true. The rule is simply this: any lightweight combustible material will burn faster than the same material in a heavier grade. Cotton and rayon fabrics with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fuzzy surface will burn more rapidly than the same fabric with a tightly woven finish. Perhaps the best analogy is to consider a pine plank, a piece of lath and a heap of excelsior. All are wood; all are combustible; but the first two won't burn with the fury and speed of excelsior.

Since soft fluffy fabrics of the inflammable type are widely used for pajamas and lounging robes, it is especially important to keep these garments at a safe distance from gas ranges, ovens, portable heaters and, above all, matches. A classic example of carelessness is that of the housewife who came home drenched after shopping on a rainy afternoon. She put on a dressing gown and sat in front of an electric heater. In less than a minute her flimsy gown had flashed into flame and disappeared.

Light combustible materials are also used, sometimes with disastrous results, for children's garments and "cuddly" toys—as witness the young mother carrying a baby who was holding a fluffy doll. With one hand the mother attempted to light a cigarette. Instead she succeeded in lighting the doll, the baby's jacket and her own hat.

ARE THE new textiles used for household drapes also a fire hazard? Not necessarily. A filmy curtain will naturally ignite more quickly than a heavy drape, but people are far less likely to bring an open flame in contact with house furnishings than with clothing. Moreover, furnishings can be flameproofed more easily than fabrics. In most cities, drapes and decorations in places of public assembly—even exhibitions which are scheduled to last only one or two days—are required by law to be flameproofed.

Clothing can be flameproofed too, but if the treatment is permanent it increases the weight—up to forty per cent—and radically alters the feel of the goods. Temporary treatments are likely to vanish after the first washing or dry cleaning. The problem may be solved when the Army releases a new flame-proofing process that promises to be permanent and waterproof, and which will not alter textures. Meanwhile, many laundries can give garments a temporary flameproofing each time they are washed. Thousands of industrial plants did this with work clothing during the war.

No amount of flameproofing, however, will protect people who are flagrantly careless. It is silly to smoke in bed; silly to drag a droopy sleeve across a gas burner; silly to be heedless of cigarettes and matches. Anybody old enough to have children should be wise enough to keep matches out of their reach; yet the number of youngsters burned to death every year from playing with matches is appalling.

Another trouble maker—as old as gingham house dresses—is the housewife's fatal mistake of getting too close to a bonfire while burning leaves or trash. Always keep the wind at your side. If it's behind you it may blow your skirt into the fire; if it's in front, it may blow the flame into your skirt.

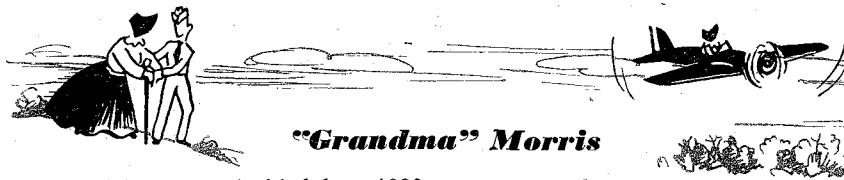
Beware, too, of celluloid toys which children may innocently

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

touch against a stove or heater. One little girl in Chicago touched a rattle against a stove. When it burst into flames she frantically threw it away, only to have it land in the carriage of her baby brother, who was burned to death.

Fortunately the dangerous pyroxylin plastic in these toys is giving way to an acetate or safety type of finish. All X-ray film, as well as amateur photographic film, is acetate now, while more and more articles of celluloid employ material slow to ignite. Yet the market will never be free of inflammable products until we have laws restricting their manufacture.

Several states are working on legislation, and the American Association of Textile Chemists and Colorists has developed techniques for determining the degree of inflammability in textiles and plastics. Meanwhile, the consumer should protect himself by displaying intelligence and common sense in the purchase and use of those materials that he already knows to be dangerously combustible.



"Grandma" Morris

On Washington's birthday, 1923, people from miles around flocked to Fort Bliss to watch the Army's annual celebration. The high spot of the show was a demonstration by the 12th Observation Squadron. When the squadron lined up for inspection it was announced that an aged lady named Grandma Morris had asked the Army for permission to go up in one of "them there flyin' machines."

Grandma's appearance on the airfield created a sensation. Old and frail, in a black silk dress and poke bonnet, she hobbled out to the ship and was helped into the cockpit. The pilot solicitously strapped her in, then went around to the nose of the plane and began swinging the propeller vigorously. On the first two swings the motor just coughed, on the third it caught, but the pilot slipped and fell flat on his face.

With a roar and rattle the plane leaped down the field with poor old Granny bouncing forlornly in the cockpit. The crowd gasped in horror as the runaway plane swung around in a ground loop and headed straight for a row of trees. By this time the wheels were off the ground. Women screamed and hid their eyes.

Somehow the ship cleared the trees and rolled drunkenly in the air, finally pulled away in an agonized climb. Granny Morris was certainly putting up a fight with her runaway plane. Eventually the craft miraculously righted itself just above the ground, careened across the field and made an abrupt landing.

Soldiers ran to the machine to help the old lady out, but with a roguish wave of her hand she cocked a leg over the side, vaulted to the ground and ran to cover.

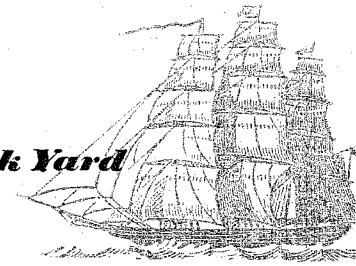
There were two things the crowd didn't know about Granny. One was that Grandma Morris was a lieutenant in the Air Force, the other was that she was better known as Claire Lee Chennault, the same Chennault who later won fame as Commander of the deadly Flying Tigers in China.

—Adapted from *Old Leatherface*. Copyright, 1945, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joanna and Lincoln Colcord dream with nostalgia of the days when they sailed the seven seas

The WORLD Was Their Back Yard



by J. M. STENBUCK

ONLY THE WEATHERED skeletons of seven shipyards remain today on the wooded banks of Penobscot Bay as reminders of the romantic days of sail that once glorified Searsport, Maine. But for Joanna Colcord and her brother, Lincoln, both born before the mast, no magic carpet could ever surpass the gallant clipper ships which slid down those ways and gave them, as youngsters, the whole world for an enchanting playground.

Theirs was the kind of old-time American youth now gone forever. Today, when steamships make swift crossings to Europe and planes can circle the world in less than a week, the Colcords—Joanna, nearly 64, and Lincoln, 62—dream with nostalgia of year-long voyages in wooden ships around the Horn, and relive the days when geography was something seen, not studied, when each port was a rich adventure, and when jungles were more familiar than the tree-lined streams of Maine.

Their youth, too, was a rightful heritage, springing from ten generations of adventurous Colcords, beginning with Edward Colcord of Devon in England, who first set foot in this country in 1635. Five generations of the family made their home, on those rare occasions when they came back from the sea, in the same dwelling where Joanna and Lincoln now live, its back yard the shores of beautiful Penobscot Bay, its front windows looking toward the Atlantic, thirty miles away.

Searsport, now a peaceful little community of some thirteen hundred souls, bustled with activity in the '80s. It thrilled to the constant coming and going of its seafaring sons, while its shipyards rang with hammers as sleek new clippers took shape on the stocks. It knew its youngsters by such odd names as Fastnet, Iona, Mindoro, for no fewer than sixty of them had been born in cabins at sea, with nothing more than longitude and latitude to mark their place of birth. How better to name them than after the lights, rocks, islands and straits in the vicinity of the spot where they first opened their eyes?

Father of Joanna and Lincoln

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was Capt. Lincoln Alden Colcord, at 21 the master of his sailing vessel and veteran of his first command to the distant Orient. Their mother was Jane Sweetser, daughter of a shipmaster too, who herself had spent much of her girlhood on the decks of graceful clipper ships. Married in Searsport on Captain Colcord's return from Japan, they left that very day in the bark *Charlotte A. Littlefield* on a three-year honeymoon voyage that took them round the Horn to Australia, the East Indies, China, Japan, Chile and other ports. By the time they returned, Joanna was two years old, her brother Lincoln an infant of two months.

In anticipation of Joanna's birth, Captain Colcord had taken aboard at New South Wales a native midwife, and when the ship was sixty miles off New Caledonia the midwife hurriedly summoned the captain to his cabin and shortly afterward Joanna was born.

But Lincoln's birth was attended by far more dramatic circumstances. The midwife had been dropped at Kobe and the *Littlefield*, now homeward bound in midwinter gales, was attempting on August 14, 1883, to negotiate the Horn. Tossed by giant waves, the thousand-ton craft had sprung a leak, and while his young wife lay in her cabin, the captain, drenched by icy waves, fought with skill but with a sense of despair to save his ship.

Then, at the moment when all seemed lost, the Chinese steward struggled to the captain's side, shouting above the roar of wind: "Cappen, Cappen, missee wan-chee!" A prayer on his lips, the captain went below, the fate of his vessel left in the hands of the first mate and God.

Miraculously, just as the Colcords' son was born, the storm subsided. Thirty-three years later, after Captain Colcord had died in Bremerhaven, there came to Searsport, with the rest of his effects, a small box addressed to the son. Inside was a bit of shell-encrusted seaweed with this notation in the captain's hand: "A bit of weed from Lincoln's birthplace, washed on board the *American* (a subsequent command) in 44 degrees south latitude, South Atlantic Ocean, in the same kind of southwest gale in which he was born; picked up and salted down by his father, this being the first that any of the family ever has seen of that country."

ALMOST CONTINUOUSLY from this first voyage until Lincoln was fifteen and his sister seventeen, the Colcord children were away at sea —trips to the River Plate, to the Orient, to Peru, to Puget Sound. Except for brief interludes between voyages, the only schoolroom they knew was the ship's cabin—that and, for Lincoln, the royal yard where, even at the age of seven the youngster was permitted to climb without restriction. It was there, while crossing the Indian Ocean, that he first read *Pickwick Papers*, and there, too, that he became acquainted with Mark Twain and James Fenimore Cooper.

Simple mathematics they learned at their father's knee. At ten, Lincoln already was making practical use of this knowledge, taking sights and soundings like a veteran hand. Later, when it came time for algebra, his father dug out a college

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

textbook and handed it to him, saying: "Now son, go off and figure this thing out." Lying in his bunk, with trade winds gently rocking the ship, Lincoln taught himself the intricacies of algebra.

English they learned from their mother—a stilted, formal English which they used in long letters home, detailing their glorious voyages. There were books too on board, and more to get by trading with ships in foreign ports, but rarely did they lay eyes on a purely children's book.

Life in foreign lands they knew firsthand, often visiting the homes of wealthy Chinese merchants while their father bargained for a cargo. In Hongkong, while their ship was docked, they rented sampans and explored the harbor with Chinese youngsters. On shore, they rode in rickshaws through strange narrow streets or, in other parts of the world, visited the ostrich-feather market at Port Elizabeth, picked wild lilies in roadside ditches at Port Natal, viewed like children at a circus the llamas in Peru.

In port and out, there were always things to see and do. What geography they didn't learn from visits to far-off places they picked up readily from games they invented. With dominoes for ships, Lincoln and his sister would lay sailing charts on the cabin floor, then pretend to pick up cargo and steer their vessels from port to port.

At sea, the mere sighting of another sail was as exciting as a ball game is for a youngster today. This was an event in which the children could participate, for theirs was the job of searching out the code signals, breaking out the flags, then hurriedly consulting the code book again to translate the flagged reply. What was her name? Where was she bound? Who was her master? These were exciting questions that had to be answered.

More exciting still was the sighting of another clipper bound in the same direction as their vessel. Always a race developed, sometimes lasting for weeks, with the youngsters up at dawn to check progress or, when excitement was too great, to pop out on deck at night to learn from the officer on watch how the race was going. The racing ships might lose each other for days, only to resume the contest as their paths again crossed.

IN PORT at night, there were endless visits back and forth between the anchored ships, the women in a quiet group, the men—Dutch masters, Norwegian, British, frequently even neighbors from Searsport—sending up dense clouds of smoke, drinking wine and telling such marvelous tales of the sea that the children would squirm with excitement.

Almost from the moment of leaving home, there was the thrill of anticipating mail that would be waiting three months later when they reached Sunda Strait. There, at the crossroads of the world, they would drop anchor while a Javanese *compradore* rowed out with his singing crew through waters thick with pumice from nearby Krakatoa volcano. A large canister held mail from around the world for all who passed that way, and you learned what ships were due by reading the masters' names on letters.

As the years slipped by, Lin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coln, barely knowing how it came to pass, acquired a knowledge of seamanship to match his father's. As they would pass under the lee of Princess Island, at the entrance to Sunda Strait, with a land breeze blowing as though to take them into treacherous currents, Captain Colcord might quietly say: "Take the helm, my boy, and see what you can do."

At fifteen, Lincoln returned from his last voyage in sail and entered high school, graduating a year later when it became apparent to his teachers that life at sea had given him a knowledge far beyond his years. Joanna, however, joined her parents in another voyage to the Orient. In Hongkong harbor she took her final examination for Searsport high school, the questions having been mailed ahead and her mother acting as proctor. When she returned months later, her diploma was waiting.

But the romantic days were rapidly coming to an end. Sail was on the way out. The shipyards which had made Searsport famous were lying idle. Captain Colcord returned from Hongkong to sign up as a master in steam. Lincoln, then attending the University of Maine, and Joanna, who joined him there, knew that the old times were gone forever.

Today, Lincoln Colcord writes sea fiction while serving as secretary of the Penobscot Marine Museum and compiling a history of Searsport's early sailing days. His son, now fourteen, has never been to sea, apparently the first in many Colcord generations who will miss ocean adventure. All around him are reminders of what he and the new generation of American boys are missing—a library filled with fascinating tales of strange lands, some of which his father has written; Chinese paintings, models of clippers, brass-mounted sea chests, Cloisonné vases and Satsuma dishes, each recalling volumes to Lincoln and his sister.

Joanna, after an adult career in social welfare work, returned to Searsport where, like her brother, she found time to write of the sea. Today, in failing health, she likes to sit at her window, watching Liberty ships with their homeward-bound cargoes from Europe. Her gaze, however, often wanders past the ships to the horizon. Then she is thinking of her glorious childhood—a childhood that she regrets cannot be shared by millions of growing young Americans today.

They Wanted Out

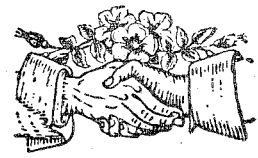
SOME YEARS AGO two convicts, weary of their environment, picked the locks of their cell doors, extinguished the lights, then crept along the tier, covering the floor with flypaper as they went. When the guards attempted pursuit the sticky paper clung to their shoes, retarding them sufficiently to give the fugitives time to escape through the previously-sawed bars of a window.

—HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life can be a rich and happy experience if we think of others as well as ourselves

A 7-DAY PLAN for Winning Friends



by DOUGLAS E. LURTON

EACH OF US has a personality. Whether it is good, bad, indifferent, or a combination of all three, that personality is made up largely of intellectual and emotional habits, traits, likes, dislikes, desires, and reactions.

You may have a large number of the most desirable traits and habits, and yet cancel or reduce their effectiveness by clinging carelessly to some disagreeable habit—perhaps one acquired in childhood or during a bitter period in your life.

If after taking careful inventory of your own personality you find you are not satisfied with it, you—and you alone—can change it by honest self-analysis and a determination to improve. Here is a program that will help you.

Decide what kind of personality you want, one that really expresses how you feel in your heart. Visualize, within reason, the kind of person you want to be. Decide that you are going to reveal the fineness that is in you and that you are going to do so sincerely, simply because you want to be friendly and to have the friends that enrich life. For just four weeks adopt and follow this program, and you will probably continue it for the rest of your life.

But don't use these suggestions merely to get a raise in pay or to sell an insurance policy. You may succeed in that, but you will be a counterfeiter and even the most stupid will recognize the false nature of what you have to offer.

Friendship is *sharing*. It is impossible just to *wish* friendship into your life. You must *earn* it.

If you are really determined to improve your personality and banish loneliness and doubts, here is a constructive seven-day program to follow meticulously. Repeat it for four weeks or more, but bear in mind that the suggestions are all subject to expansion to fit your own personality problems and your own determination.

First Day

1. Write a letter to some old acquaintance—a teacher, a doctor, an old neighbor. Tell him you think of him and remember him with pleasure; that you have never

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forgotten something he did for you.

2. Write a brief note, perhaps enclosing a clipping of a poem or a news item that might interest a not very intimate acquaintance.

3. Telephone some person you have met only recently. Give him some information you think will be of interest to him or ask him for advice on some subject with which he is familiar.

Second Day

4. Smile—really smile—at every acquaintance or friend you greet on the street or at your work.

5. Write and mail a letter, a note, or a clipping with a notation, to someone you feel is more important than you.

6. Watch for or create the opportunity to praise at least one person outside your family.

Third Day

7. Shop for a trinket or a flower (sometimes one well-selected posy expresses more thoughtfulness than a dozen) to give pleasure to someone outside your family.

8. Write a letter to another old acquaintance.

9. Send a note or clipping to a newer acquaintance.

10. Say something really kind, something that shows appreciation, to *every* member of your family and *every* close associate you meet during the day.

Fourth Day

11. Call up someone you have just met and would like to know better. Extend an invitation to lunch, to a movie, to a concert.

12. Organize the names, addresses, telephone numbers, and special anniversary dates of all the people with whom you want to keep in touch. Keep this record up to date.

13. List as completely as possible all the anniversary dates of friends and acquaintances. Send a note or a gift, or just make a telephone call today in recognition of one of these dates. If no such occasion is available for today, make a notation on a calendar and act at the proper time.

Fifth Day

14. Select someone who is lonely and perhaps not very popular. Invite him to lunch or to a movie, or otherwise go out of your way for a visit with him.

15. Make as accurate a list as possible of those who have entertained you during the last year. Then make sure you have reciprocated in every instance. If you have any social obligations, start to re-establish your social solvency today.

16. Reach out with a note, a telephone call, or in person, to become better acquainted with someone you have recently met.

Sixth Day

17. Initiate and carry on a few

Douglas E. Lurton, editor, publisher, and writer, has to his credit scores of newspaper and magazine articles and several books which he wrote or edited. A practical man who for many years has made a study of personality in action, he is convinced that nearly all the elements that have gone into the success of great men and women are within the grasp of the ordinary individual. He tells how to make those elements a part of yourself in this article, taken from his book, "Make the Most of Your Life," published at $2.00 by Whittlesey House.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minutes' conversation with the waiter or waitress who serves you, the bus driver, the grocery boy, or some other casual contact. If at all possible, praise some little thing each has done.

18. Smile at every acquaintance you greet, and find an opportunity to praise at least five persons in your home and about your duties.

19. Refrain from uttering or writing a single bit of sarcasm or criticism. If you fail even once today, try again tomorrow.

Seventh Day

20. Encourage someone you meet today to talk for at least twenty minutes about his own problems, his own thoughts, his own interests. Be sure you say very little about your affairs.

21. Join at least one club or class or activity that will bring you in contact with new people.

22. On the basis of this program, draw up your own schedule for the next seven days, repeating all the suggestions offered here and adding a few steps that suit your individual needs.

23. Check all the foregoing suggestions. If for any reason you have missed a perfect record, make up for it today.

SCHEDULES like the one I have outlined may seem a little cold and calculating, but we who have devoted our lives to the study of human relations know that they are necessary if we are to overcome bad habits.

If you find it difficult to carry out any of the suggestions offered, that in itself is proof that you need this very kind of program. But if you follow this course of action in detail for one month, you soon will find that you like yourself better, and you like others better, too. And they will like you.

You may encounter surprise—you may even be rebuffed—but if you have the courage to override doubts and repressions, you can make friend-making habitual.

Decorations for the Homecoming

IT WAS the young woman's tense expression that first attracted my attention. Then the moment the announcer called the train, the face registered a strange combination of fear and joy. "I—I wonder if he'll be the same after so many years of war?" it seemed to say.

"There he is!" exclaimed her companion.

The soldier, a boy with a careworn look, detached himself from the crowd. On the left breast of his tunic was a record of his battles and decorations.

His eyes sought the young woman and silently he held out his arms.

She buried her face against his shoulder. Then she drew back, dabbed at the corners of her eyes with a handkerchief, glanced at his decorated blouse and wailed:

"Oh, darling! I've gotten lipstick all over your tunic."

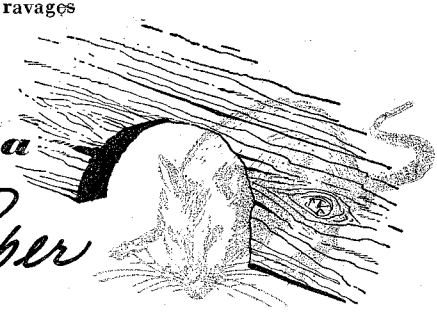
For the first time the soldier smiled. A broad, gay, boyish grin. He glanced down and chuckled:

"And that's the finest decoration of 'em all!" —DON HUBBARD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The rat is America's Public Enemy No. 1; only an aroused populace can control his ravages

For Every Town, a Pied Piper



by EULA MCCLARY

THIS YEAR, as every year, there will be minor but dangerous outbreaks of bubonic plague, typhus and tularemia in various American localities. Health officials will act swiftly to isolate the cases and prevent epidemics. News of the danger will not be broadcast too widely for fear of alarming the public. Yet all the while the likely carrier of the disease will continue to roam the community, free to spread germs to other homes and families.

You have seen this fleet carrier in every State of the Union. He is sleek of body, gray in color, predatory as a tiger, as adaptable to conditions as a chameleon is to colors. His name is *rattus norvegicus*, and he came to this country centuries ago.

The countless generations he has bred since his arrival have caused more economic loss than all the wars fought on American soil. The amount of disease he has spread is incalculable. Yet he is still with us, and so menacing to health that the United States Public Health Service calls him Public Enemy No. 1 among animals.

The rat, being a parasite of man, follows man everywhere. Infesting homes, buildings and parks, scurrying about restaurants, hospitals and sewers, he gnaws from dusk to dawn. Wherever he goes he leaves a trail of bacteria. When he is not scavenging for food or drink he frolics and propagates, unafraid of interruption from superior human beings who can't be worried about rats because, as yet, there has been no outbreak of rat-transmitted disease in their communities.

Before the white man discovered America no domestic rat had dragged tail on our soil. In Europe, the black and the roof rat arrived from Africa via ships in the 13th century, bringing the Black Death, now recognized as the bubonic plague. Those agile climbers, nesting in attics or trees, reached America with the first explorers. Smaller than their mortal enemy, the Norway rat, they still survive, mostly in the southern states where they spread typhus.

Early in the 18th century, the Norway rat (named erroneously by the English who thought Norwegian ships imported the pests) made a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dramatic entrance into Europe from Asia. Driven by famine, the large gray rodents swam the Volga in hordes. They quickly subdued the established African migrants and spread everywhere, arriving in America about the time of the Revolutionary War. Here, as in Europe, the Norway rat conquered its weaker relatives and, like a camp follower, went with the pioneers into the West. It avoided the mountainous states, however, until recent times, appearing in Wyoming in 1919 and in Montana about four years later.

Prolific, the gray rat propagates at an explosive rate. When three or four months old, the female produces her first litter of six to twenty-two blind infants that suckle their bacteria-laden mother until old enough to gnaw their own way through life. The mother continues to bear from five to twelve litters yearly. The reproduction potential of one pair of rats in a three-year period is some 350 million progeny; fortunately for mankind, however, nature and disease break the line long before the potential is reached.

Besides being destructive, the rat transmits, either directly or by the insects he carries, four diseases deadly to humans: bubonic plague, endemic typhus, spirochetal jaundice, and rat-bite fever. Other rat-borne diseases include diarrhea, dysentery, food poisoning—often miscalled ptomaine—trichinosis, septic-pneumonia, tularemia, rabies and tapeworm.

The rat transports germs as it scurries from sewer to warehouse, from garbage can to home and store. Some of its foraging feats are remarkable. A Washington commission merchant who had stored 100 dozen eggs in a covered tub found the container almost empty two weeks later. Rats had gnawed through the side and removed more than seventy dozen eggs without leaving trace of shell or stain. But wherever they ate their loot they left bacteria-laden fragments behind them.

The rat, however, does not confine himself to a diet of "edible" foods alone. On his menu are such strange items as book covers and bindings, soap, bones, lead pipes and historic documents.

Although omnivorous, the rat seems to fancy certain foods—eggs, hamburger, bacon, catsup and peanut butter, to mention a few. Not long ago rats added a cote of Army Signal Corps homing pigeons to their menu, and at an Alaska Air Force base they ate, or used for nesting, a sizeable shipment of nylon parachutes.

Rattus norvegicus does not restrict his depredations to food and property. No day passes that some child or adult is not bitten. Farmers know

A Matter of Morale

During the war in the South Pacific, before a rat-control unit was organized for combat areas, Admiral Halsey sent an SOS to Washington for an expert. When a staff member of the Division of Predator and Rodent Control (lend-leased) arrived by plane, he asked the Admiral if the problem was property damage. "Hell, no" said the bluff Halsey. "It's a matter of morale. The rats are in the foxholes and the boys don't like 'em."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that pigs' sides can be ripped open by a rat's murderous teeth, that horses' hoofs and legs can be gnawed. Three circus elephants had to be destroyed because of rat bites.

As for barnyard fowl, rats kill them wantonly—sometimes apparently just for the thrill. On a Georgia farm in one night, rats removed fifteen hundred chicks from an incubator, leaving four hundred alive under the floor boards. In New Hampshire, after a thousand laying hens had been killed by rats, the farm manager shut six cats in the hen houses. Next morning only two were alive—the others had been killed and eaten.

WHEN THE rat is not foraging for food or marauding, he is engaged in home-making. In most communities, he finds fine winter and summer harborage in parks, gardens and open spaces, plus old-fashioned buildings and homes with boxed-in closets, wooden stairways and double floors. Neglected repair spots, such as openings around pipes and foundations, unscreened drains, and broken cellar windows are invitations to "come and get it."

One who has watched rats at work (or "at play") might assume that they gnaw only to obtain food or gain passage. Of course these activities are important to the rat, but most of its gnawing is done for the sake of tooth occlusion; the rat is its own dentist and must keep its priceless kit of biting tools in shape. So the rat gnaws and gnaws, using building timbers, furniture, pipes, wires—anything resistant—as honing strops.

So vital are the incisors that the loss of one is usually a death sentence. With no chisel to help grind the opposite incisor, the tooth lengthens and may twist until it looks like an ivory corkscrew as it forces the rat's jaws farther and farther apart. Sometimes it grows straight until the sharp end is embedded in the gum opposite, locking the jaw.

Although lockjaw is sure death for rats, they have ways of escaping other serious difficulties. In St. Louis, a rat-hunting house-owner set traps in the attic. One night, awakened by a noise, he went to the bottom of the stairway and watched a rat, one foot caught in a trap, descend two flights accompanied by a companion. Every few steps they halted and gnawed at the imprisoned foot. Finally, at the first floor, minus a foot, the captive scampered away.

The farmers of America are chief among the rat's long-suffering victims. Not long ago seventeen thousand of the insatiable pests were killed within six months on a Georgia plantation; thirty thousand on another plantation in the Carolinas. Near Boston, thirteen hundred rat holes were counted on a 150-acre farm. And in Texas, where an agricultural county decided to do something about rats, 153,720 tails were turned in during a six-week extermination contest.

But unfortunately for America at large, our methods of extermination are still chiefly those used in Grandfather's days—trapping, poisoning, fumigating and shooting—plus a good rat dog or two. Government authorities say that poisoning is the best method for amateurs, trapping next best. But gullible folk are warned against the old tale that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How To Keep Out Rats

Poisoning rats and fumigating infested buildings are only temporary expedients unless steps are taken to keep rats from re-entering. Here are the principal ways of making a building rat-proof:

1. Repair cracks or breaks in foundation or basement walls, in sidewalks and openings around wires, pipes and other installations with cement, masonry or metal collars.

2. Put metal grills over large vents in foundation or basement walls.

3. Build a "curtain" wall of galvanized metal or wire cloth around a house if the first floor is less than eighteen inches above ground. The wall should extend at least two to three feet below the ground and should be L-shaped underground to run rats away from the building.

4. Replace wood floors in basements with cement or remove them entirely, as they are worse than no floors at all.

5. Cover basement windows with heavy mosquito screening or sixteen-gauge, half-inch mesh wire cloth.

6. Cover open drain pipes in basement floors with metal caps.

7. Nail a metal strip across the bottom of outside doors that do not fit well or are in bad repair.

8. Cover roof ventilators and chimneys with wire cloth or screening.

dipping a rat in kerosene and setting it afire will scare its brethren away. Experts say this trick, no matter how intriguing, just doesn't work.

In using rat poison, however, the amateur must remember that it has to be artfully prepared. Too much arsenic won't do, because its flavor warns the rat; he leaves the bait untouched after a preliminary nibble. In fact, professional exterminators seriously assert that there are "guinea-pig" rats whose job is to sample lures. If the "guinea pig" dies, his companions avoid the poison. Such sly tricks, coupled with the fact that rats are able to build up resistance against certain toxics, makes it impossible to use any one poison effectively over a long period of time.

For years chemists sought to discover a poison fatal to rodents but not to other animals. Finally they hit upon red squill, a Mediterranean bulb which, when powdered, is lethal. Red squill can be used by householders; other poisons should be used only by experts.

Such experts, working for the United States Public Health Service and the Division of Predator and Rodent Control, stage periodic campaigns of extermination. In the past ten years they have laid siege to thousands of homes and buildings, armed with poison and traps.

They have destroyed millions of rats, which might be hailed as an incipient sign of victory were it not for the fact that rats breed faster than exterminators can kill. With a current national rat population of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some 135 million, it will require more experts and more poison than ever before to cut down the rodent tribe to the point where man can say he is holding his own.

Although many communities in the South, the North, the Midwest and the West conduct permanent extermination drives, inaugurated with the assistance of the Health Service, as yet there is no concerted nationwide drive.

The Health Department of Washington, D.C., has a practical program ready to enact as soon as a torpid Congress wakes up to the fact that the Capital is badly in need of it. This program, based on the success of the Health Service in exterminating rats from areas where plague or typhus has occurred, calls first for anti-rat legislation with teeth; second, for a revolving fund to clean out infested premises and to rat-proof others; third, the insertion of rat-proof clauses in building codes governing new construction. But before the killing begins, the rat must be "repaired out" or "built out" of nests in which it rears its young.

With limited harborage and the collective hand of the community raised against it, the rat can be brought under control. But the program is a responsibility of the people. Until rat-tolerant communities overcome their complacency, politicians will continue to dodge the costs of scientific extermination.

Does your community have to wait for the threat of an epidemic before demanding—and getting—action?

Last Will And . . . .

A DEATH eventually raises the question of the deceased's last will and testament. Some such testaments hold incredible surprises. Others are ridiculous, comical and fantastic.

A young girl once asked, as her last wish, that tobacco be planted over her grave in order that her broken-hearted lovers might pick up the leaves and smoke them while thinking of her.

An aviator in the RAF left his widow twenty thousand dollars payable only when bread was selling at fifty cents.

A Scotchman left his fortune to two surviving daughters, to be divided according to their weight. One daughter got thirty thousand dollars more than her sister.

THEN THERE IS the case of Hans Mueller of Munich. A clause in his will requested all his heirs "en masse" to pay him last homage at his bier. The clause was simply and promptly fulfilled. As stipulated, the heirs gathered round the bier. Suddenly the whole floor caved in under their weight. Mueller had hated his relatives, and before dying he had contrived the death-trap. Thus this final homage was literally their last.

All were killed but one. He was left to tell the tale and enjoy the full legacy as the sole survivor.

—CHARLES DENYS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presidents, Cabinet members and Congressmen seek the advice of Leslie Biffle, the man behind the scenes on Capitol Hill

Meet the Man Who Runs the SENATE

by TRIS COFFIN

A SLIM, curly-haired man with the fascinating name of Leslie Biffle runs the United States Senate. He does it in such a patient, ingratiating way that no one objects to his benevolent tyranny, even if aware of it.

This alert Arkansan, at 56, is proof of the Washington adage that if you want to know what is happening in Congress, don't ask a Congressman. Congressmen may make speeches, but the non-elected personnel behind the scenes sees that the jobs get done.

The man who runs the Senate is known variously as "Les," "Bif," or "Mr. Biffle," depending on how well you know him. He has never run for office. He doesn't have to, for his job as Secretary of the Senate is an appointive one.

Biffle is a small man who goes in for bow ties, tailored suits and two-tone shoes. He has keen eyes and slim, nervous hands. He never appears completely relaxed. Even when he is sitting down and chatting, you have the feeling that he is coiled and ready to spring into action at the snap of a finger.

Bif is a constant source of wonder to his Senate colleagues. According to that veteran chronicler of Congress, John Crockett, the Senate's chief clerk: "He is the most marvelous fellow I've ever seen. I've never known his like for energy and tact. He's never done a dirty trick. I'm glad to be able to serve with him." To appreciate Crockett's comment, you have to know that John is a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, while Les is a Southern Democrat.

Biffle came up from Arkansas to be a page boy, and the first taste of Capitol Hill whetted the youth's appetite. After going back South to attend business school, Bif returned to Washington as a Congressman's secretary in 1909. He has been on Capitol Hill ever since.

Early in his career, Biffle was given some sound advice by the late Senator Joe Robinson, Democratic leader in the Upper House. Senator Joe told Les: "Keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut." Les has never forgotten those realistic words, for he has developed an unusual talent for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

observation and for keeping secrets. Presidents, Cabinet members and Senators come to him for advice, but Les has the reputation of never violating a confidence. The press gallery is unable to pry anything out of him, and he's as publicity shy as his charges are the reverse.

The White House has long recognized Biffle's peculiar talents. Franklin Roosevelt used to call Bif to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, put on his famous smile and say, "All right, I want to hear about it. What is really happening in Congress?"

Les never offered advice unless asked for it, but once requested, he would talk straight from the shoulder. Sometimes Roosevelt would not like it and would frown impatiently, yet the President always knew that Biffle could not be far wrong.

BIF HAS A benign influence on the Senate. Without his soothing spirit and his gift for subtle compromise, the Senate might battle for weeks in a deadlock. Les knows the measure of each Senator, how far he will go. He also knows each Senator intimately—his middle name, his favorite drink and how he is likely to vote.

The story is told that on one important ballot Senator Tydings of Maryland was absent. Les knew that Tydings wanted his vote recorded, so he did not hesitate to "pair" Tydings with another absent Senator, which meant that the votes canceled each other.

When Tydings returned he was miffed. He hunted up Bif and inquired, "How did you know where I wanted to stand on that bill?" Les replied calmly, "I have known you for a long time, Senator, and I know your electorate. That's my job." As usual, Bif was right. In his next campaign Tydings emphasized that he was paired on the bill.

Bif has the kind of political detachment that permits all factions to come to him and, in the words of one Senator, "pick his brains." Biffle gives his advice freely, humbly and impartially. If the liberals want to know how to get a bill through, they talk to Les. The next day the conservatives may ask him how to stop their opponents' program. Les will discuss that too.

The late Senator McNary of Oregon, Republican floor leader, used to come regularly to Bif for counsel. At the time, Biffle was secretary to the Democratic majority. When Les was nominated for the job of Senate Secretary, the two top Republicans, Vandenburg of Michigan and White of Maine, delivered orations in his behalf. There was not a single vote cast against him.

When Jimmy Byrnes was Roosevelt's "assistant president," a direct phone line ran from his office to Biffle's. Today that phone has been switched to President Truman's desk. Harry Truman has a warm spot for Les Biffle, who gave him sound advice in the Senate. He knows today that Bif will never voice a soft answer just because the former Missouri Senator happens to be President.

Biffle is the most successful host in Washington. Invitations to his lunches in the Senate's famous "Gods' Room" are always sought after. "Gods' Room" is really Les'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

office, right off the Senate floor, but it enjoys the name because of the great who wander in—Truman, General Marshall, Secretary of State Byrnes, and other Cabinet members and Congressmen.

In the first confused days after the death of Roosevelt, the new President was lonely in the White House. So one morning he picked up the phone. "Bif," he said in his fresh, Midwestern twang, "get some of the boys together. I'm coming up for lunch." This has happened regularly since Truman moved downtown.

Biffle has been holding these lunches ever since the early days of the New Deal, primarily because he has a great faith in people. He believes that if you can get the executives in downtown Washington together with the men on the Hill in a friendly atmosphere, they can either reach agreement or come away respecting one another. Whether it is a tribute to Bif's soothing personality or his philosophy, his lunches usually work out that way.

As you may gather, there is quite a trick to being a Congressional employee. You don't earn much money. Les Biffle makes eight thousand dollars a year, which is less—when you count overtime—than the pay received by publicity men for the big agencies in downtown Washington. And Bif is the top salaried employee on Capitol Hill.

Leslie Biffle, however, doesn't seem to be much interested in money. What counts with him is his job, and that he does superbly, while at the same time occupying a grandstand seat at the greatest show in history. He knows that with Harry Truman in the White House his own quiet influence will carry as much weight as that of Cabinet members. He also knows that in this Administration the bills to safeguard our national welfare are going to be written on the Hill, not downtown.

Great Minds

A NOTORIOUS rabble-rouser once complained to Benjamin Franklin that the Constitution of the United States was a mockery. "Where is all the happiness it's supposed to guarantee for us?" he demanded. Franklin smiled benignly. "All the Constitution guarantees, my friend, is the pursuit of happiness," he said. "You have to catch up with it yourself."

AFTER ENCOUNTERING numerous failures in business and politics, Abraham Lincon kept right on reading books. "What good is all that education?" scoffed a critic. "It has never earned you a decent living yet!" Lincoln smiled. "I'm afraid you've got it all wrong there, friend," he said. "Education is not given for the purpose of earning a living; it's learning what to do with a living after you earn it."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture Story

THE AMERICA SPECTAT

IN AMERICA we have t
dollar, the leisure time
lack of snobbishness whic
men together in commo
ment of something to be
heard. We are an unrestra
ple quick to sense the exci
athletic perfection, the joy
entertainment, and the w
rivalry of sport; quick ever
our sorrows communal. C
the spirit of America. Co
chosen the best photograp
a file of thousands and h
them into the thrilling sto
American Spectator . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ball Game today! And the lathes and the wheels and the desk chairs are empty, for here is something to see . . .

something to inspire your neck at to catch your breath over to stand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You are looking for something out there under the lights, something that makes your blood run faster . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something that means a storming, bubbling, rushing, joyous victory over anything else in life;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here there is a youthful togetherness,

a purity of joy,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

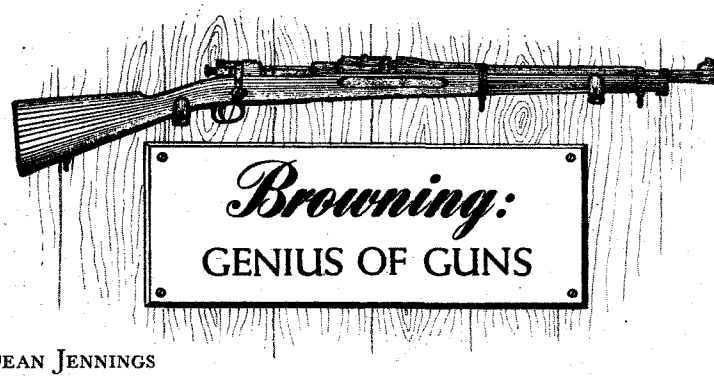
We are watchers and workers united in freedom of expression. We listen for the words,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For we are the people united, the judges of America's cavalcade, the actors and the audience in the drama of democracy—the American Spectator.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A shy and peaceful man helped make a better world with his astonishing weapons



Browning: GENIUS OF GUNS

by DEAN JENNINGS

THERE ARE NO streets or towns named after him. There are no bronze statues of him, nor public memorials in his name, even in his home town. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* gives him only twelve lines.

Yet this man, indirectly, probably saved more lives, protected more families and, ironically, killed more people than any other individual since time began.

When the bombers attacked or the pursuits swooped, his spirit was in every burst from their powerful guns. He walked beside every soldier who carried a gun, he flew with every fighter pilot.

With the world at peace, his genius is a boon to sportsmen everywhere. He was the father of modern guns: John Moses Browning.

This shy and peaceful Mormon helped remake the world with his prodigious talent. But even today he remains a rather obscure figure who shunned society and had little use for the millions he made. Indeed, few men know that a gun under many another name is still likely to be a Browning.

You like the hefty .45 Colt Army automatic? John Browning perfected it in 1905. Have you ever owned a sleek Stevens hammerless repeating shotgun or a Winchester lever-action rifle? Browning invented them. You're partial to a Savage or a Remington, or one of those fabulous Belgian Overunder shotguns? They were all blueprinted in Browning's amazing mind.

How about those .303 guns on the Spitfires that surprised the Germans in the Battle of Britain? Or the rugged 37 mm. cannon, or the .50 caliber messengers of death in the P-38's nose? John Browning worked them out long ago in his little shop in Ogden, Utah, and they're only a few of the two hundred patents in his name.

Teddy Roosevelt never went hunting without his special Winchester .405 rifle, a Browning gun. Admiral Peary carried Winchester carbines to the North Pole, and early Browning machine guns settled the Boxer rebellion in China.

As long as he lived, men came to Browning for guns and advice. On one occasion, an eastern concern assigned experts to duplicate one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his guns in a smaller caliber. After a year's work, the company confessed failure and offered Browning ten thousand dollars to solve the problem. Several days later the officials received the specifications.

"How on earth did you do that?" they asked.

" 'Twasn't hard," Browning said simply. "I worked it out on the train going to Ogden."

One of the most famous light rifles in the world evolved in the same modest manner. Browning had been asked by the Winchester Arms Company to make a .22 repeating rifle. He made working drawings in which, among other things, he suggested two steel fingers that would infallibly draw one shell from the magazine and place it ahead of the breech bolt while at the same time ejecting an empty cartridge. The Winchester experts insisted the gun wouldn't work.

Browning ignored the rebuff and emerged with a revolutionary new rifle, which he had made entirely by hand. The new gun was put into production as the Model '90, and for years it outsold all other makes of .22s combined.

JOHN BROWNING'S genius with guns was inherited.

His father, Jonathan Browning, came west from Kanesville, Iowa, in 1851, and opened a smithy and gun shop in Ogden. In those frontier days, a good gun was the settler's choice possession. The elder Browning, an artist at his trade, had already perfected two new rifles before John was born in 1855.

The boy grew up in his father's shop, and before he was fourteen he had whittled out wooden breech mechanisms. Soon after, he put together his first crude rifle from scrap metal. Before long John was spending all his time in the shop, where he completed a fine rifle as a gift for his brother Matthew.

"Well done, lad," his father said. "That's a better gun than any I'll ever make."

As a reward, the boy was allowed to use his father's foot-power lathe. On it John developed his first invention, a single-shot rifle with a lever that opened the breech and tossed out the spent cartridge. The gun was patented when he was 24 years old.

That first rifle was so successful in the Ogden area that John and Matthew built a two-story shop and store on Kiesel Avenue. There, with the help of their two half brothers, Ed and Sam Browning, they built up a stockpile of six hundred guns. A Winchester agent bought the entire stock and paid John three thousand dollars for the patent rights.

The partnership established then by the Browning brothers continued until their deaths.

For all his brilliance and imagination, John Browning was bashful and retiring. In his early years he labored day and night in the solitude of his modest shop, his six-foot-three frame hunched over the benches and his mild blue eyes narrowing into a squint from peering into gun barrels and sights.

In 1884, Browning created the lever-action repeating rifle. This gun, known as the '86 Model, carried its cartridges in a tubular magazine under the barrel and allowed the marksman to shoot, eject the shell, reload and shoot again,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in one swift second. Browning later used the same mechanism in the .22 model and various other rifles, and finally applied it to a repeating shotgun.

One crisp morning in the fall of 1892 John and his brother Ed were target shooting along the banks of the Weber river near Ogden. After they had fired a few rounds John looked up thoughtfully.

"Ed," he said, "have you noticed how the marsh willows bend away from us every time we shoot?"

"Yes," Ed replied. "There's a lot of force in those powder gasses."

Browning grinned. "That's right. And it gives me an idea."

The two men hurried back to the shop, found a heavy metal block, and bored a hole through it slightly larger than a bullet. When John fired a test shot through the hole, the big block jumped from the expanding air. Then he made a small metal flap and attached it to the gun mouth with hinges. When the gun was fired the flap flew back with great force.

Now Browning connected the flap to long metal rods which in turn were fastened to the breech repeating mechanism. In the next test shot the hinged flap jerked the rod forward with enough force to operate the repeater, and the gun was automatically ready for another shot. Thus was born the machine gun.

John Browning soon found he could eliminate the cumbersome rod-and-flap arrangement by drilling a microscopic hole in the barrel through which the gasses could escape and operate a small piston.

At last he perfected the model and placed it in his shop window. "This gun," he wrote proudly on a display card, "shoots sixteen shots a second."

Years later Ed Browning remarked that no one believed their claims. But after a demonstration, the new gun went to war. It was used with devastating effect by Teddy Roosevelt's men at Santiago, and by the United States Marines in the Boxer uprisings at Peking. It became the official machine gun for the American forces in the first World War.

BUT JOHN BROWNING had little interest in the instruments of war. He devoted most of his time to the problems of sportsmen and hunters. For them he designed and made the amazing automatic shotgun, which did everything but think: loading, ejecting shells and reloading automatically merely with a pull of the trigger.

Paradoxically, Browning at first ran into a jinx with his new gun. Discouraged by one maker, he went to see another in New York. When he kept an appointment, Browning learned the second manufacturer had died during the night. Depressed, Browning impetuously boarded a steamer sailing for Belgium. In Liége three weeks later, he called at the Fabrique Nationale D'Arms de Guerre and offered the Belgian gun makers the world rights for his gun.

Browning spent considerable time in Liége during the remaining years of his life. It was there that he witnessed the debut of another famous gun—the automatic pistol.

Utilizing the same recoil principle he had discovered on the salt marshes, Browning perfected a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

compact little pocket gun which operated automatically with each pull of the trigger. This type of gun is generally referred to as an "automatic," but it is still a Browning regardless of the caliber or make.

Just before the first World War Browning took part in competitive tests for a standard Army, Navy and National Guard gun. The .45 automatic pistol he submitted was fired more than six thousand times with different loads, rusted with acids, corroded with dust and sand, without a single failure. It was adopted by the government under the Colt name.

Browning accepted only two honors for his work during his lifetime. He was awarded the John Scott Legacy Medal by the city of Philadelphia for perfecting the automatic pistol, and King Albert of Belgium made him a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. On the latter occasion the lanky inventor surprised a sophisticated gathering by waving interpreters aside and responding in perfect French.

Despite wealth and honors, John Browning remained a humble and unpretentious man all his life. Perhaps his closest friend was Gus Becker, a target champion who was always invited to test the new Browning guns, often on hunting trips with John and Matt. The inventor once even dropped an important French government assignment to make a special chime target for his friend.

In his late years Browning spent much of his time on defense weapons, saying prophetically: "There will come another war, and the skies will swarm with warriors." He had already perfected the airplane machine gun and an anti-aircraft gun. He developed the 37 mm. cannon, and a special 9 mm. high power pistol for the Belgian Army.

He was busy in the Liége factory, supervising the first production of his new Overunder shotgun, when he died of a heart attack one fall day in 1926, at the age of 71.

Today the Browning dynasty is unbroken. The family fortunes and destinies are in the hands of the third generation—Val Browning, John's son, and Marriner Browning, Matt's son. Val still works in the old workshop built by his father, carrying on the tradition of fine workmanship which has made the name of Browning a magic one in the world of arms.

The Customer Was Wrong

A MAN ON THE coast of Florida wrote to a New York store and ordered a barometer. When it arrived he unpacked it, discovered that the instrument was set at "Hurricane."

He tapped it several times and it did not budge. Then he hung it on the wall and tapped it again. The needle still did not move. Very angry, he wrote the store a scathing letter about the inefficiency of the instrument.

After he had mailed it, the hurricane came. It blew away both his house and the new barometer. —DAN BENNETT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How the ingenuity and determination of one man helped you to keep smoking during the war

CIGARETTE PAPER

A New U.S. Industry

by ROBERT N. FARR

MOST AMERICANS have never heard of Ecusta, or of Harry H. Straus, its founder. But every hour millions of Americans, as they light their cigarettes, are handling Ecusta's product—cigarette paper.

A little more than six short years ago Ecusta made its first paper, fulfilling Harry Straus' dream of producing American cigarette paper from American raw materials with American labor, thus making us independent of one more foreign source of supply.

Straus, a six-foot one-inch mountain of physical and mental energy, came to the United States from Germany when he was eighteen years old. As his contribution to his adopted country he has played a leading part in the development of a new U. S. industry which has created jobs in a region where there were few before and which has given farmers a new cash crop that turns waste into wealth.

Before the first World War, France monopolized the production of featherweight paper for cigarettes, Bibles, carbon paper, and many other items. At that time, Harry Straus was an importer of cigarette papers. He went abroad to manufacture cigarette-paper in France, bringing modern, scientific methods to the industry for the first time.

Until 1939 approximately ninety per cent of the cigarette paper used in the United States was imported from France. Much of it was manufactured at Straus' plant, the Société Nouvelle des Papeteries Champagne. However, as far back as 1933 Straus foresaw a new war in Europe. If that war materialized, he knew France could not be counted on to supply the paper needed for the 257 billion cigarettes smoked by Americans each year.

Therefore, he made plans to produce these fine papers in the United States, with U. S. materials and labor. How he overcame serious obstacles to start and establish the Ecusta Paper Corporation is a fascinating story of research and ingenuity.

In Europe, cigarette papers have always been made from old linen cloth. The linen was first spun into textiles, which were used un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

til they were cast off as rags; then they were gathered up by rag-pickers of Poland, Russia, and the Balkans, and processed into paper. New linen cloth won't do; by the time it has been reduced to rags, however, it has been washed and dried a thousand times, at no cost to the paper maker.

Thus for years the American cigarette industry and the Government, which annually collects more than five hundred million dollars in taxes on cigarettes, were at the mercy of the French mills and the rag-pickers who, as events proved, were at the mercy of Hitler.

The European process for making cigarette papers was long and slow, and the quantity of rags available for processing was always uncertain. To overcome this uncertainty and delay, Straus posed a revolutionary question: "Why not make the papers direct from flax fiber?"

Perhaps if he had had a degree in chemistry he would have known that it couldn't be done; but he had never been to college, so he hired chemists and mechanical engineers and told them to get busy. Government scientists, university researchers, and experts in the Forest Products laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin, shook their heads and declared: "It can't be done!"

But Straus set out to prove they were wrong. For several years he financed research in this country and hunted through Europe for the right flax seeds which might produce plants that could be grown in the United States. He was unsuccessful.

Next he turned to hemp. Almost immediately his researchers began to make progress in their experiments. But they had forgotten that hemp is also a source of marijuana, the drug, and that Uncle Sam, armed with a stiff Federal penalty, had given the plant a black eye.

Now desperate and willing to try anything, Straus ordered his scientists to try boosting the yield of seed flax straw, always considered useless by farmers. This straw consists of long, strong fibers around a woody core. Linen manufacture has remained in Europe chiefly because separating fibers from the core has been a tedious hand process, done on peasant farms—a process too slow and costly when wages have to be paid.

THIS TIME the highly trained technicians turned the trick! Harry Straus took some seed flax straw to Europe and with machinery available there proved that he could produce cigarette paper. Leaders in America's great tobacco industry were enthusiastic. They advanced him two million dollars, with which he started producing his paper in the United States.

But his research problems were not over. First he had to find the proper water with which to make his paper. Water is important in the manufacture of cigarette paper; enough of it is used each day by Ecusta to serve the needs of well over 150 thousand people. The water must be odorless and tasteless, for if it is flavored by nature the flavor is retained in the paper.

The wrapper of a cigarette is about the hardest paper to make. It must be thinner than the diameter of a human hair—less than one thousandth of an inch—yet it must

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be elastic and strong enough to withstand the pull of the cigarette machines. In a strip the width of an unrolled cigarette it must carry a weight of eight pounds. It must be sufficiently resistant to moisture so that the cigarette will not stick to the lips or become soggy after contact with them. It must burn at the same rate as tobacco (this is regulated by the amount of chalk included); it must be opaque, pure white, and above all tasteless.

After testing many samples, Straus' researchers uncovered a river whose waters were completely tasteless—the Davidson River in the Pisgah National Park in North Carolina. Straus named the spot Ecusta, after the Cherokee word meaning "rippling water." When he set up shop in North Carolina there were virtually no industrial workers, let alone trained paper makers, available in the locality. Yet, in an industry where adequate training has been measured in decades, Straus managed to do the training-job in a matter of months.

On the Ecusta plateau, a half mile high, Straus in 1939 opened one of the most novel industrial schools America has ever seen. The teachers were Frenchmen, the pupils mountaineers. The Frenchmen made the paper; the mountaineers watched.

Swiftly they all learned together, applying American factory methods to the French art handed down for generations from family to family. Just as Hitler was moving his iron juggernaut across Poland, Straus delivered his first commercial order of the new cigarette paper.

Today, in Ecusta's 25 warehouses, there are thousands of tons of fiber for cigarette paper. More than fifteen hundred employees manufacture and market the flimsy paper to almost every tobacco company. They turn out enough in one day to make more than a billion cigarettes. And it takes a sheet of paper about the size of one page of a novel to wrap twenty cigarettes.

Not all of Straus' paper is consumed in the United States, however. Great quantities are shipped to England and other countries.

In World War I, the price of cigarette paper went up six hundred per cent. Straus boasts that the price did not advance during World War II and that the American public today is getting better cigarette paper than it ever had.

Flax farmers in such places as Minnesota and California are being paid at least two dollars an acre for straw, where formerly they had paid $1.50 an acre to have the straw separated from the seed and thrown away. Thus American farmers show a net gain of $3.50 an acre and have a new cash crop which is increasing their income.

Not content with a profitable business in cigarette papers, Straus has already produced air-mail paper, high quality stationery, and paper for books made from the same fiber as cigarette paper.

In trying to find industrial users for the wood stock from which the flax fibers are removed, Straus is now conducting experiments to see whether plastics, wallboard, linoleum, fertilizer, and face powder can be made from these "shives." The problem is to produce these items economically. If anyone solves

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the shives problem, farmers can expect six to ten dollars a ton for flax straw.

The modern industrial oasis in the farmlands of North Carolina has also done much to benefit the families who live there. Workers at the Ecusta plant get hospital and surgical benefits at low cost, as well as 500 dollars to 15 hundred dollars in life insurance, depending on their length of service, without any cost to them.

There is music, too, at Ecusta, provided by a band which Straus had outfitted and trained. He has also had a library built for employees only, has started a tabloid newspaper, and has inaugurated a complete sports and recreational program.

The nearby town of Brevard, North Carolina, has also benefited. It has a new post office, a supermarket, and many business houses. A junior college provides advanced educational facilities for the young folk. Community enterprise and spirit run high in Brevard.

And that is the story of a new American industry. Without Ecusta, cigarette paper would not have been available during the war in quantities large enough to supply even our armed forces, let alone the ever-expanding civilian needs. An important source of Federal and State tax income has been extended: Internal Revenue taxes on cigarettes in 1943 were 835,260,343.54 dollars! The quality of Ecusta cigarette paper being made in America today is superior to any formerly available to the American public. Farmers have a new cash crop. And finally, the industry has given employment to thousands of Americans and has raised living standards in the communities in which they live.

14 million *yearly enjoy* Coronet's *Picture Story Slidefilms* . . .
. in schools . in churches . in civic groups . in the Armed Forces

. . . and the 1945-46 series of Coronet Picture Story slidefilms is still available to you, in its entirety, at a price of only 50c per slidefilm or $4.00 for the series! By ordering now you'll receive such outstanding Coronet Picture Stories as . . .

We Are the Liberated—32 photos of newly-freed humanity
The Storm—studying transitory phases of weather
The German—revealing the inner heart of Germany today
Homecoming—of soldier boys as they first land in America

. . . plus the remaining four in the series, monthly through May, as they are released! For this unique and economical series offers *eight* of Coronet's timeliest and most informative Picture Stories, prepared on 35 mm. single frame slidefilm by the Society for Visual Education. If you don't own a slidefilm projector . . . or if you'd like individual copies of these Picture Stories . . . you can receive actual-size reprints of the same eight Picture Stories (25 copies of each) for $2.00. (Additional copies are available at 1c apiece.)

Orders should be sent, with remittance or official purchase order, to the: Society for Visual Education, Inc., 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the second time, Senator Tom Connally is a leader in the fight to outlaw war

TEXAS PEACEMAKER

by MARY CLARKE

AS CHAIRMAN of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Tom Connally of Texas holds a position in foreign affairs second only to the Secretary of State. A leader in the fight for repeal of the Neutrality Act, for Lend-Lease, for Selective Service, it will be his job to steer through the Senate the treaties and agreements for enduring peace.

Because of all this, what "Tawm" Connally says carries weight. But that's not the only reason the visitors' gallery is packed when he speaks. Many people come to hear *how* he says it. For Big Tom is a magnificent orator of the Old School. A master of mimicry, he is lavish of gesture, contemptuous of dignity. His silvered mane curling over his collar, his stiff white shirt and studiously careless black bow tie, his long-coated black suit, give him the air of an old-time Shakespearian showman.

But his booming voice is pure Texas-American: it says what Tom Connally thinks in a deliberately ungrammatical vernacular calculated to create the picture of a shrewd but simple country boy. In fact, he *is* a country boy. Thomas Terry Connally was born in 1877 in McLennan County, where his ready tongue and thin legs earned him the nicknames of "Talking Tom" and "Double-Barrel Shotgun." His father often said: "Tom, if I'da had your education, I'da gone to Congress."

So in 1916 Connally ran for Congress. His opponent, posing as a simple man, stumped the country in a ramshackle jalopy. When Tom was unable to find a worse vehicle, he bought a red-wheeled limousine. "If my opponent hasn't been successful enough to buy himself a respectable automobile," he told his constituents, "he ain't good enough to represent you in Congress." The voters agreed.

Connally has been in Washington ever since—in the Senate since 1928. But he has brought a bit of Texas with him to the Capital, where the Senator and his wife are famous for their Sunday breakfasts of sausage, pink grapefruit, peach preserves and smoked hams—all from Texas.

After World War I, Connally supported the League and the World Court. Washingtonians remember that when Senator Nye charged President Wilson with duping the country into war, Connally challenged Nye to a fist fight.

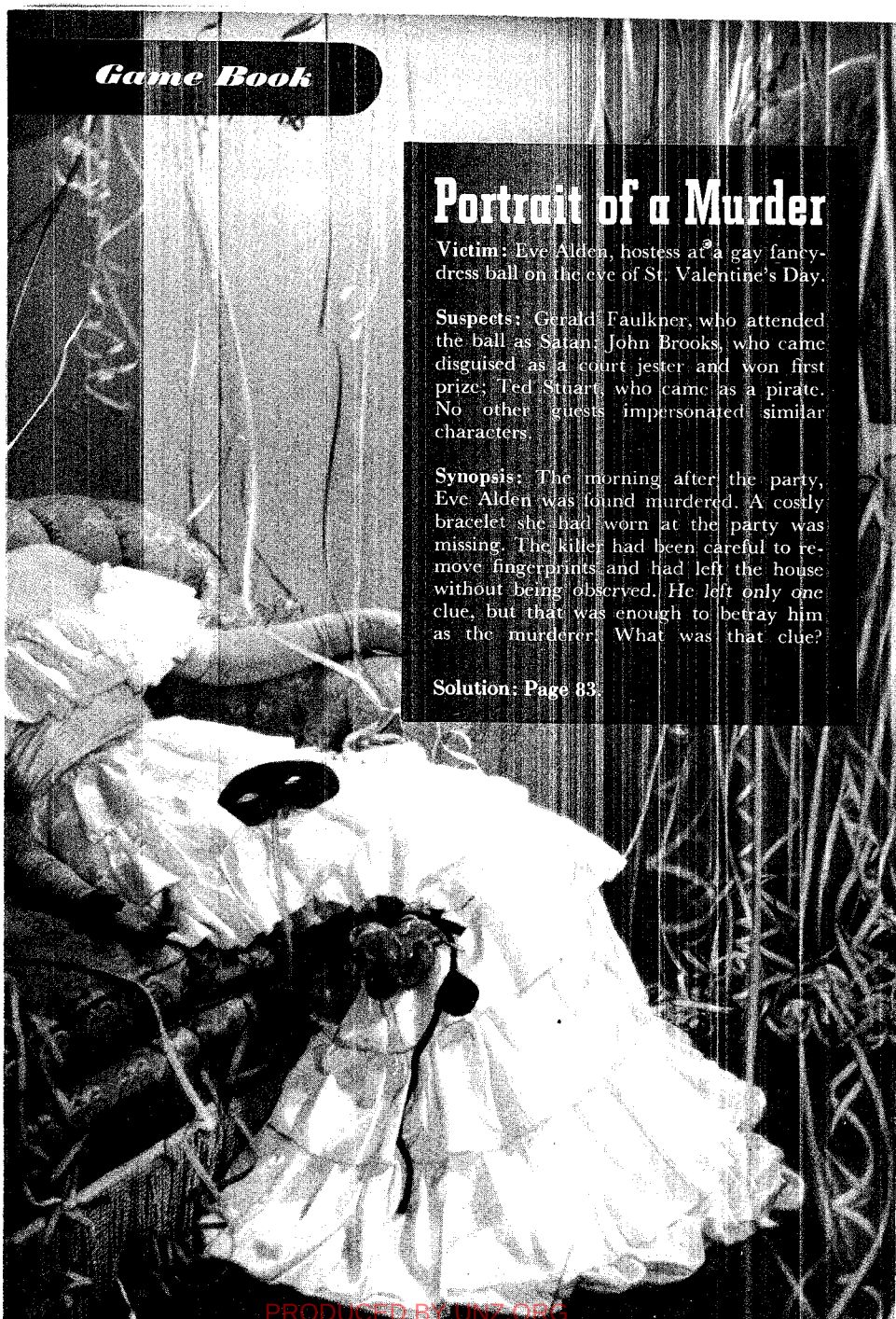
The years haven't banked those fires, and the galleries soon will be crowded again to hear Big Tom orate for a new world organization to keep the peace. It's not every man—nor every country—that gets such a second chance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator Tom Connally of Texas

Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Portrait of a Murder

Victim: Eve Alden, hostess at a gay fancy-dress ball on the eve of St. Valentine's Day.

Suspects: Gerald Faulkner, who attended the ball as Satan; John Brooks, who came disguised as a court jester and won first prize; Ted Stuart, who came as a pirate. No other guests impersonated similar characters.

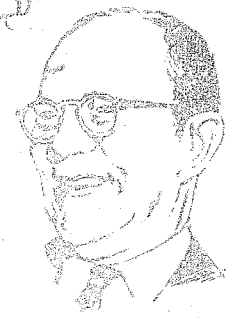
Synopsis: The morning after the party, Eve Alden was found murdered. A costly bracelet she had worn at the party was missing. The killer had been careful to remove fingerprints and had left the house without being observed. He left only one clue, but that was enough to betray him as the murderer. What was that clue?

Solution: Page 83

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GAME OF THE MONTH

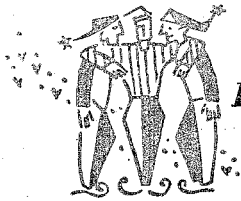
with LEWIS VALENTINE
as Coronet's Game Book Guest Editor



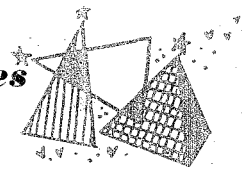
To head your Game Book bill of fare Lewis Valentine, former New York Police Commissioner, radio's Gang Buster and your quizmaster for February, has selected a timely quiz about February's big names—Washington, Lincoln and St. Valentine. One of these names answers every question except No. 5—and even that one comes close. You're just average if you get eight questions right. Ten is a superior score, twelve or more is excellent. Answers on page 83.

1. Washington, Lincoln, St. Valentine—two of these men were martyrs. Which one was not?
2. Which of the three has a state capital named for him?
3. Whose profile is on the penny?
4. And on a one-dollar bill?
5. We knew Rudolf Guglielmi, famous lover of the silent screen, by what name?
6. Which one had children—Washington, Lincoln or St. Valentine?
7. Adventure-readers haven't forgotten *Alias Jimmy* . . . .
8. Chicago's biggest gang killing came to be known as the . . . . Day massacre.
9. Carl Sandburg's major opus is his biography of whom?
10. Booker T. . . . . founded Tuskegee Institute.
11. Whose picture is most often seen on greeting cards—Washington's, Lincoln's or St. Valentine's?
12. And whose name fills the blank in . . . . cream pie?
13. Famous Cape Cod novels were written by Joseph C . . . .
14. Which of the three names was *not* borne by any Shakespearean character — Washington, Lincoln or Valentine?
15. Who called the United States "the last best hope on earth"?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Familiar Triangles



You'll recognize nearly all the famous triumvirates in this quiz, including the old game-going friend you'll find in numbers 40, 41 and 42. But the point is to make each word in a group match one of the three hints given in jumbled order at the right. To pass, you need 24 correctly matched; 30 to 36 is superior; more than 36 is superlative. Answers are on page 83.

1. Wine	(*a*) *Barcarolle*
2. Women	(*b*) Sauterne
3. Song	(*c*) Gorgons
4. Friends	(*a*) Tarquins
5. Romans	(*b*) Quakers
6. Countrymen	(*c*) Kulaks
7. Signed	(*a*) L. S.
8. Sealed	(*b*) X
9. Delivered	(*c*) C. O. D.
10. Short	(*a*) Snorters
11. Sweet	(*b*) Simon
12. Simple	(*c*) Sue
13. Past	(*a*) Proximo
14. Present	(*b*) Ultimo
15. Future	(*c*) Instant
16. Hook	(*a*) Doughnut
17. Line	(*b*) Golf shot
18. Sinker	(*c*) Glib story
19. Tom	(*a*) Sleuth
20. Dick	(*b*) Turkey
21. Harry	(*c*) Devil
22. Morning	(*a*) New York
23. Noon	(*b*) London
24. Night	(*c*) San Francisco
25. Tinker	(*a*) First base
26. Evers	(*b*) Second base
27. Chance	(*c*) Shortstop
28. Faith	(*a*) Begins at home
29. Hope	(*b*) Moves mountains
30. Charity	(*c*) Springs eternal
31. Lock	(*a*) Beer . . . polka
32. Stock	(*b*) Gatun
33. Barrel	(*c*) Chicago . . . yards
34. Love	(*a*) Father & mother
35. Honor	(*b*) Neighbor
36. Obey	(*c*) Commandments
37. High	(*a*) Latitude
38. Wide	(*b*) Pulchritude
39. Handsome	(*c*) Altitude
40. Animal	(*a*) Saccharin
41. Vegetable	(*b*) Insulin
42. Mineral	(*c*) Penicillin

Do You Recognize Her?

The "vital statistics" below are disguised by being furnished in initials or numeral form. Can you identify this subject? The answer is listed on page 83.

1. NAME ..... E. W.	7. FATHER ..... G. R. I.
2. ADDRESS ... B. P.	8. MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME .. E. B.-L.
3. CITY ..... L.	9. BROTHERS 0
4. AGE 19	10. SISTER ..... M. R. W.
5. SEX ..... F.	11. UNCLES ..... D. of W., D. of G.
6. TITLE ..... P.	12. MARITAL STATUS ..... S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do These Words Confuse You?

Nine out of ten get confused by words that sound alike but aren't alike. And practically ten out of ten have trouble with some of these words. Each question below presents three words and each word fits one of the three sentences that follow. Fit in 24 words correctly for an excellent score; 18 is average; 15 or less is below par. Answers are listed on page 83.

1. ALLUSIVE, ELUSIVE, ILLUSIVE
   (*a*) Dillinger was very . . . .
   (*b*) What . . . camouflage!
   (*c*) Milton's poems are very . . .

2. EPITHET, EPITAPH, EPIGRAM
   (*a*) "Slim" is a thin man's . . .
   (*b*) He quoted an apt . . .
   (*c*) R. I. P. is used as an . . .

3. BRETON, BRITAIN, BRITON
   (*a*) A . . . shan't be a slave.
   (*b*) A . . . lives in France.
   (*c*) . . . is short for Great . . .

4. DESSERT, DESERT, DESERTS
   (*a*) The . . . follows the meal.
   (*b*) Death awaits one who . . .
   (*c*) The . . . is a sandy place.

5. CONSUL, COUNCIL, COUNSEL
   (*a*) He is a member of the . . .
   (*b*) When sued, we retained . . .
   (*c*) The American . . . in Paris.

6. EXTANT, EXTENT, EXTINCT
   (*a*) This is true to some . . .
   (*b*) The dodo is now . . .
   (*c*) But the buffalo is still . . .

7. EMINENT, IMMINENT, IMMANENT
   (*a*) He is an . . . man.
   (*b*) Some change is . . .
   (*c*) Is nobility . . . in man?

8. PALATE, PALETTE, PALLIATE
   (*a*) Pepper tickles the . . .
   (*b*) He mixed colors on his . . .
   (*c*) They . . . their faults.

9. CENSURE, CENSOR, CENSER
   (*a*) Get a . . . for the incense.
   (*b*) Don't . . . me for my error.
   (*c*) Letters are read by the . . .

10. BALLAD, BALLOT, BALLET
    (*a*) He sang a sad . . .
    (*b*) The secret . . . is our right.
    (*c*) Nijinsky was in the . . .

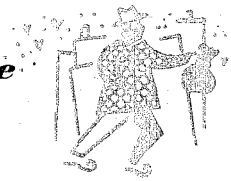
The King's English

J	N	E	T	K
D	O	B	I	G
I	P	A	W	U
V	U	F	E	X
M	S	O	R	H

How many common English words of four or more letters can you make from this diagram? Start anywhere and move to any *adjoining* letter, in any direction. Thus, from the K in the top right-hand corner you may move so as to spell KITE. Don't use the same letter twice in one word; don't use proper names or foreign words. Average score is 20 words in 30 minutes. Guest editor Lewis Valentine got a total of 30 words; can you do better? See Mr. Valentine's list on page 83.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let's Turn Detective



How do you become a detective? You *are* one—every time you trace down a rumor, check up on a suspected story, or figure out where Young Lochinvar picked up that smudge of lipstick. Your answers to the questions below will show how good a detective you are. They count 20 points each (and worth it). You're better than average with 60, excellent with 80; practically no one scores 100. Answers are on the opposite page.

1. ***Investigation:*** "My brother John married his widow's sister, Jane," your client explains. "Can you find out where Jane is now? No, my brother was never divorced." Where would you look for Jane?

2. ***Cherchez la femme:*** You're waiting in a railroad station to catch an escaped woman convict. You know she's disguised as a man and is wearing a blue double-breasted overcoat. Suddenly two "men" appear, running to catch different trains. The clothing of each answers the description. But you know which one to chase because of a slight difference in the way they're dressed. What is it?

3. ***Observation:*** A search of a suspicious character reveals a nickel with an Indian head on one side. If the coin is genuine, what should be portrayed on the other side?

4. ***Analysis:*** You overhear an underworld character's statement: "Me and Joe we make a snatch but Joe cops it so I'm hot, see?" Would you arrest the speaker?

5. ***Judgment:*** "That man swindled me!" shouts the tie peddler. "His name is Mr. Schrood. Every day I buy thirty ties for ten dollars and sell them for fifty cents each, making five dollars profit. Mr. Schrood buys twenty ties for fifteen dollars and gets a dollar each for them, also making five dollars. This morning I was sick so Mr. Schrood took out all the ties, selling them at two for $1.50. We were to split the profits, but he only gave me my usual five dollars. I've been gypped!" Would you arrest Mr. Schrood?

Lewis Valentine's Favorite Trick with Words: **You can usually get people to argue if you tell them you can use the phrase "and and and and and" in a sensible sentence (and without punctuation marks between them). But you can do it. If it's a mystery to you, see solution on opposite page.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANSWERS

Portrait of a Murder

Ted Stuart killed Eve Alden. He accidentally dropped the eye patch which was part of his costume as a pirate. It caught on the flowers of the victim's dress. No other costume worn by guests at the party included an eye patch.

Favorite Trick

Write down these words: MAN AND BOY Your sentence: "There is the same amount of space between *man* and *and* and *and* and *boy*."

The King's English

abet	fore	pone
aero	gibe	reap
apod	heap	rhea
bait	hero	sofa
bend	kite	sore
bite	obit	soup
bond	opus	upon
bone	podium	wafer
done	poet	wait
ebon	pond	weapon

Familiar Triangles

1. (*b*)	15. (*a*)	29. (*c*)
2. (*c*)	16. (*b*)	30. (*a*)
3. (*a*)	17. (*c*)	31. (*b*)
4. (*b*)	18. (*a*)	32. (*c*)
5. (*a*)	19. (*b*)	33. (*a*)
6. (*c*)	20. (*a*)	34. (*b*)
7. (*b*)	21. (*c*)	35. (*a*)
8. (*a*)	22. (*c*)	36. (*c*)
9. (*c*)	23. (*a*)	37. (*c*)
10. (*a*)	24. (*b*)	38. (*a*)
11. (*c*)	25. (*c*)	39. (*b*)
12. (*b*)	26. (*b*)	40. (*b*)
13. (*b*)	27. (*a*)	41. (*c*)
14. (*c*)	28. (*b*)	42. (*a*)

Do These Words Confuse You?

1. (*a*) elusive
   (*b*) illusive
   (*c*) allusive
2. (*a*) epithet
   (*b*) epigram
   (*c*) epitaph
3. (*a*) Briton
   (*b*) Breton
   (*c*) Britain
4. (*a*) dessert
   (*b*) deserts
   (*c*) desert
5. (*a*) council
   (*b*) counsel
   (*c*) consul
6. (*a*) extent
   (*b*) extinct
   (*c*) extant
7. (*a*) eminent
   (*b*) imminent
   (*c*) immanent
8. (*a*) palate
   (*b*) palette
   (*c*) palliate
9. (*a*) censer
   (*b*) censure
   (*c*) censor
10. (*a*) ballad
    (*b*) ballot
    (*c*) ballet

Do You Recognize Her?

Elizabeth Windsor; Buckingham Palace; London; female; Princess; George R. I. (king-emperor); Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon; none; Margaret Rose Windsor; Duke of Windsor, Duke of Gloucester; single.

Let's Turn Detective answers

1. In a graveyard. Once a man has a widow he's dead. John married Jane *before* he married his widow.
2. The woman buttons a double-breasted coat on her left, the man on his right.
3. A buffalo.
4. Yes; "snatch" is kidnaping, "cop it" is to turn informer, "hot" means wanted by the police.
5. Yes; the total profits were $12.50, or $6.25 each.

Game of the Month

1. Washington
2. Lincoln (Nebraska)
3. Lincoln's
4. Washington's
5. Rudolph Valentino
6. Lincoln. Washington was childless, St. Valentine was a priest.
7. Valentine
8. Valentine's
9. Lincoln
10. Washington
11. Washington's, as a boy, with a hatchet.
12. Washington
13. Lincoln
14. Washington
15. Lincoln

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your life is safer and happier because of many great discoveries that were made by accident

MiSTAKeS
That Paid Dividends

by JOSEPHINE M. OPSAHL

SOME OF THE world's greatest discoveries—discoveries that permit you to get more pleasure and value out of modern life—were really mistakes or accidents. They were made by men who realized that while they had failed to attain a sought-for goal, they had nevertheless produced something worthwhile.

Scientists give the name "serendipity" to such mistakes. The word dates back to fairy-tale days when the Three Wise Princes of Serendip "always made discoveries, by accident or sagacity, of things they were not in quest of."

If an eighteen-year-old boy in 1856 had not failed in his ambitious task of making synthetic quinine and had not analyzed the black crystals which formed in his test tube, the coal-tar dye industry would not have been born. But William Henry Perkin was curious. He found that the crystals, dissolved in boiling water, produced a beautiful purple liquid. He dipped strips of silk into his purple liquid and they sopped it up. When the color did not wash out and did not bleach when exposed to sun, Perkin knew he had produced the world's first aniline dye, forerunner of the colors that make our clothes beautiful today.

While printing and photography owe much to the research of a French painter and physicist, Louis Daguerre, they owe considerably more to his carelessness. In the 19th century, there was no photography as we know it today: plates had to be exposed for hours in order to secure a picture. One day Daguerre stored an under-exposed plate in a closet where he had absent-mindedly left an uncovered saucer of mercury. The mercury vaporized, becoming a reagent. It brought out the image on the discarded plate. Daguerre's accidental discovery resulted in the first commercially successful form of photography. Today it is known as the Daguerreotype.

Similarly, we owe the colored advertising plates in our magazines to the accidental observance one day by a Swedish apothecary, Karl Scheele, of the action of light on silver chloride.

Charles Goodyear conducted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rubber experiments for years, yet not until he accidentally spilled a rubber and sulphur mixture onto a hot stove did he get the result he was seeking. While the inside of this patch of rubber was seared by too much heat, the outer edges were firm, soft and pliable.

Further tests showed that Goodyear's process, which he called "vulcanizing" in honor of Vulcan, Roman god of fire, produced sheet rubber which had lost its stickiness. As a result, the sap of the hevia rubber tree today yields overshoes, raincoats, hot-water bottles, tires, insulation materials and thousands of other useful articles which do not crack in winter or melt in summer.

THE DISCOVERY—or rather the rediscovery—of blotting paper was also an accident. While blotting paper was known as early as 1460, it was virtually unused until the early 19th century when an Englishman in a Berkshire mill forgot to add sizing materials to a vat of paper. The entire run was unsalable. The frugal mill proprietor tried to salvage some of the soft paper for his own use, but the ink from his pen spread so rapidly through the fibers that he gave up trying to write.

As he surveyed the messy sheets, it flashed through his mind that this paper would absorb ink, thus replacing the dry sand then in use. He advertised his discovery as "blotting paper," and not only sold the entire lot but continued to receive orders for more.

Although the beautiful colors of marble seen in modern buildings are natural, more than six hundred different hues are permanently imparted to the stone by dyes. The idea of coloring marble was accidentally discovered in an experiment to make barrel staves impervious to petroleum. The experimenter used a piece of marble to hold in place the barrel he was working on. When through, he pulled out the marble wedge and, although he noticed it was stained a beautiful color, he threw it in a scrap heap. A month later he picked up the wedge again. Upon breaking it into pieces he found that the color had penetrated. That accident was the beginning of experiments which have given us the beautifully tinted stones we know today.

In our own time there is the wonder of shatterproof glass, discovered accidentally when a French scientist, Edouard Benedictus, dropped a bottle on the floor. The glass broke into fragments, but did not scatter. M. Benedictus wondered why. He found that the bottle had contained collodion, which when evaporating had left on the inside a thin skin strong enough to hold the broken pieces together. From this accident he conceived the idea of making a "sandwich" of two pieces of glass with a sheet of nitro-cellulose between.

Our American planes owe much of their superiority to another accident. George W. Lee of Binghamton, New York, a collar-button manufacturer, decided to make aluminum snap buttons. In adjusting his machinery to the new device Lee made the punch longer than he had intended. To his surprise his machine produced a long aluminum tube instead of a flat button, for the soft metal was forced by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressure through the narrow opening between the punch and the die. By accident, Lee thus invented the process of fashioning seamless tubes from thin metal, one of the most important discoveries in metal working.

When Lee could find no immediate practical application for his invention, he sold it to a bicycle manufacturer, Leslie Hooker, who used it to make such things as guards for women's hat pins, cases for physicians' thermometers, and automatic pencils. Then one day he was asked to make a radiator with a maximum of cooling surface and a minimum of air resistance for a racing car.

Hooker borrowed an idea from the bees. He laid hundreds of small seamless copper tubes horizontally into a brass shell. The tubes had six-sided ends so that they fitted together closely and could be soldered into a single unit. The open ends of the tubes faced the onrushing air. In contrast to the ordinary radiator, the water did not flow through the tubes but around them, and Hooker's invention made automobile history.

Penicillin was discovered by accident. So were many of our new lightweight metals and our plastics. Hundreds of similar mistakes are contributing to greater safety and comfort in our lives.

Industry, realizing the value of such accidental discoveries, is spending 200 million dollars annually to unearth more of them. Chemists and research workers are not given a definite problem: instead they are told to find out everything they can about a particular material. Usually when they have finished their work they have also found new uses for the basic product.

That is why American industry is "serendipity"-minded today, searching constantly for the secret of making bigger and better things at a price low enough to put them within reach of millions.

Your Milkman Is a Hero

YOU NEVER can be sure . . . the chap who deposits a quart or two of milk on your back porch during a predawn blizzard may be a bona fide 100 per cent hero. It is not improbable, despite his prosaic duties.

In Los Angeles David Chandler, ten, and his sister, Dorothy, nine, had dug two eight-foot holes in the sand of a yard. In attempting to tunnel through to each other they were trapped in a cave-in. Cornelius Kernon Oker, a milkman, heard their screams. He grabbed a shovel and dug three feet into the sand, being careful to avoid injuring the cave-in victims. The children's mouths were full of sand when Oker pulled them out. While members of a hastily summoned fire department truck worked over the boy with a pulmotor, Oker applied his own lips to the little girl's mouth and by forcing vigorous agitation of air into her lungs finally succeeded in restoring her breathing action.

—GEORGE SMEDAL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German prisoners of war are learning the principles of democracy in America's strangest school

Barbed Wire College

by LAWRENCE LADER

IN A LARGE Rhode Island auditorium recently, members of a graduating class filed by the rostrum to receive diplomas. They might have been any class at any college: they shook hands as their diplomas were handed to them, smiling nervously like all graduates. But there was one big difference. Each man wore on his shirt two large letters—PW. And only fifty feet away, guards stood at the barbed wire fence.

For this was not the ivied halls of Yale or Harvard. This was a new kind of college, an Army college where hundreds of German prisoners of war are taking part in one of the great educational experiments of modern times.

The campus is the windswept hills of Conanicut Island, across Narragansett Bay from Newport. The classrooms are wooden buildings at Fort Getty and Fort Wetherill, the dormitories are barracks. Until a few months ago the school did not even have a name. Today, in War Department lingo, it is called the School for German Prisoners of War operated by the Provost Marshal General's office. But to most people it is simply "Barbed Wire College."

Behind the barbed wire, German prisoners are studying a subject on which the future of Germany depends—democracy. As far back as the summer of 1944 the War Department realized that, with all Germans of Nazi affiliation removed from office, the very foundation of German society — its judges, burgomasters, policemen—had disappeared.

A new group of men had to be trained immediately to take their place. If they could be taught the great mistakes of Germany's past, then the catastrophe of another Hitler might be averted. That was the mission given to Barbed Wire College. Today it is turning out more than a thousand Germans who will go back to their country to work with U. S. officials as military government assistants and policemen.

The prisoners at Barbed Wire College are the cream of the German army. In the first graduating class was a captain who had been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manager of a bank, a corporal who had been district attorney in Munich, a major who had been a professor at the University of Frankfurt.

Of 171 members of the class, 25 were teachers, 25 business executives, 20 clerks, 18 lawyers, 14 engineers, 10 accountants, 9 students, 8 actors and 6 bankers.

They come from all parts of Germany within the U. S. zone and from every walk of life. But they have one thing in common. Most of them hated Hitler long before most Americans thought of him as anything more than a half-wit house painter.

Take the case of Hans Schmidt. Schmidt is not his real name since the identity of every student is secret. He was a private in the German Army in 1939 when he was pulled out of ranks along with a score of friends and taken to a concentration camp. In his official statement, checked by the U. S. Army, Hans wrote:

"Neither a reason for our arrest was given nor was any warrant issued. We were thrown into a cell. We yelled to the street through the window, trying desperately to explain to passers-by that German soldiers had been locked up without being tried or sentenced.

"Suddenly four policemen entered with clubs. I was struck across my back and face till my skin was ruptured. Then one of the SS men told us: 'You are all objectors to military service. Here you will all become human beings or perish'."

Hans managed to live. Later, when the Nazis needed men, he was put in a special division, the 999th, whose rank-and-file were mainly political prisoners while the officers were fanatical Nazis. When Rommel was retreating through North Africa in 1943, the 999th was thrown into the lines for cannon-fodder. Schmidt and thousands like him hid in the woods and waited for the Americans.

TODAY, the Hans Schmidts at Barbed Wire College are trying desperately to catch up with years of lost freedom. They are studying nights in the library, even giving up free time on Sundays when they could be playing sports.

In class, their enthusiasm is sometimes frightening. "At the end of my first lecture," said a lieutenant, "the class began to stamp on the floor like a herd of buffalo. I was so scared I almost called the MP's. Then I found that stamping on the floor is the German student's way of applauding."

Packing a whole education into eight weeks, their progress astounds even veteran educators. In a few days, men who never spoke English before are standing up in class and acting little scenes from life in which they go into a restaurant and order dinner or tell the barber how to cut their hair. Some advanced students, with broad "a's" that give them away as Oxford or Cambridge men, debate fine points of the language that would make Noah Webster cringe.

In subjects like American history where the instructor talks for an hour in English, it is customary for the classroom monitor to summarize the lecture in German. "I stayed once to hear the summary," said Major August Behrendt, "but it worried me to death. The moni-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tor had taken my lecture and made it twice as good."

Although Barbed Wire College is a revolution in education, the idea behind it was not born overnight. Since the start of the war, far-sighted journalists like Walter Lippmann have campaigned for a program of re-education in PW camps. In 1943 Maj. Gen. Archer L. Lerch, the Provost Marshal General, tackled the job in earnest by putting Col. Edward Davison, poet and educator, in charge. Immediately officers were assigned to every PW camp to supervise distribution of democratic books, newspapers and motion pictures.

Then, in the summer of 1944, when military government men were having their first taste of running captured German cities and towns, the War Department asked General Eisenhower if he wanted specially trained PW's to assist him. Eisenhower snapped at the idea. Lieut. Col. Alpheus Smith, former professor at Northwestern University, was called in to set up the school. In July, 1945, its doors were opened to the first class.

To find the most promising prisoners, Army Intelligence teams combed every PW camp in the country. Only volunteers were considered. If a man had ever been a Nazi, he was excluded automatically. Applicants were "screened" over and over. Even the lie detector was used. Finally, Barbed Wire College opened its doors to the first class. Now they are being admitted as fast as possible, but thousands of PW's are clamoring to get in.

The day the prisoners arrive, they are tested for their comprehension of English. In a written quiz, they answer true or false to such statements as: "Every bad man has a good wife" or "There is always a bed in the bathroom."

While English is the basic course, it is supplemented at Fort Getty by German history and lectures on military government the first month, then by American history the second. The police branch at Fort Wetherill also teaches history and government, but its main emphasis is on the law and practical instruction in maintaining it.

THE FACULTY at Barbed Wire College soon found they had to do more than teach democracy; they had to implant it right in the classroom. The Germans, reared in Prussian tradition, stood at attention when the instructor came in, clicked their heels when they got up to recite, bowed from the waist when they finished. Lieut. Col. T. V. Smith, who has been a Congressman from Illinois and a professor at the University of Chicago, decided to break the ice. The next day as the Germans entered they stopped short and gaped. The dignified Herr Professor had his feet on the desk.

In his course on American history, Smith brings many prisoners face to face for the first time with the workings of democracy. "T. V." presents the facts, good and bad: the students draw their own conclusions. One day, in discussing the Civil War he criticized it as a failure of democracy. The Germans protested. In Prussian ideology, any victorious war is a good war. But they have learned fast. Today, open forums and barracks "bull sessions" are as common as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the soap boxes in Union Square.

The Germans have learned how to live as well as think democracy. When they came to Barbed Wire College, they gave up all privileges of rank except pay, which must continue under the Geneva Convention. Whether a man is a colonel or a private, he wears the same second-grade Army clothes with "PW" on them, draws the same "details," obeys the same orders.

Whether the things learned by the prisoners will stay with them, no one knows. Neither Lieut. Col. Smith nor his faculty is ready yet to claim success.

The first graduates have already returned to Germany where the real test will come. As each succeeding class follows, their records will be forwarded to Frankfurt, headquarters of the U. S. zone. Prisoners will be returned to those parts of the zone from which they came. Then they will be discharged as prisoners and begin rebuilding Germany either as policemen or military government assistants.

Summing up the feelings of his class at the first graduation, one of the Germans said: "If up to now we liked America and Americans, then our appreciation will deepen during our stay here. But if there were things we did not quite understand till this day, then we will keep saying to ourselves: 'What kind of a country is this? What sincere and deep faith in man must live in a people who conceived a school like this and made it a reality!' "

Courtesy After Dark

YOUR INSTINCTS tell you that you should treat people with kindness and consideration when you meet them face to face—but how's your courtesy after dark?

You may be coming home late after a party. It's two a.m., but you forget that. A car door slamming on the street at six in the evening goes unnoticed. But the slam of a car door at two in the morning invariably wakes someone up. Someone who is nervous, someone to whom sleep has just come.

You can't see whom you are annoying, nor does he see you. But he has a right to a good night's sleep. Awakened by your noise, his mind is a jumble of bitter thoughts. He considers shouting out the window and telling you to be quiet. Instead, he tosses for hours and gets up the next day to pass his irritability on to those he meets at home and at work. A torrent of touchiness, abuse and bad humor all spring from the noise you thoughtlessly made as you came home at two a.m.

When radio first came in, there was an unwritten agreement that people would turn off their sets by eleven p.m. It was a tribute to the principle of "courtesy after dark." For eleven is the hour that marks universal retirement, and music has no power to soothe after a person has gone to bed. Blaring radios, piano playing, singing and loud conversations are inexcusable after eleven.

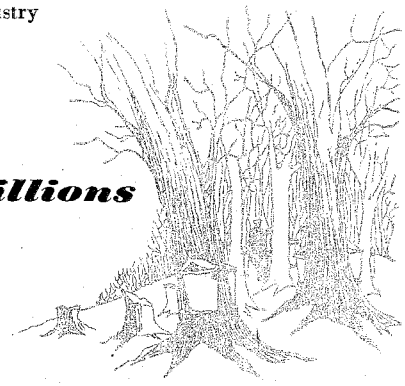
Your conduct toward others may be impeccable during the daylight hours, but check carefully to see if you are needlessly hurting and annoying your neighbors after dark. The real courtesy is courtesy around the clock.

—JAMES T. MANGAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A quiet little village in Vermont is the world center of a prosperous and unusual industry

Maple-Sugar Millions



by ALLENE CORLISS

A FEW MONTHS ago an Arizona housewife wanted some genuine maple syrup—not a blend of cane and maple but the real thing. But she couldn't remember who made it, so she simply addressed her order to "100% Pure Maple Syrup, Vermont." The post office in Vermont where the letter eventually landed promptly wrote on it "St. Johnsbury."

They knew that St. Johnsbury, an ancient and unspoiled village nestled in the foothills of the Green Mountains, was the home of Vermont's million-dollar industry, the Cary Maple Sugar Company. But if it hadn't been for George C. Cary and the happy accident of a deal he made with a tobacco salesman in 1886, it is quite likely that St. Johnsbury would never have become known around the globe as "The Maple Sugar Center of the World."

In the spring of '86 George Cary, a young New Englander whose mundane job was to call on Vermont country stores for a wholesale grocery firm in Portland, Maine, ran into a storekeeper who was short of cash, and proposed that George take fifteen hundred pounds of maple sugar in exchange for groceries. Young Cary, eager for an order, agreed. But when he got back to Portland he was told that, having loaded himself with fifteen hundred pounds of maple sugar, he could proceed to get rid of it.

A week later, the disconsolate George met a tobacco salesman from Richmond, Virginia, who was promoting cut-plug tobacco. When George discovered that tobacco leaves were dipped in West Indian sugar to flavor them and to make them stick together, he suggested that maple sugar would give the tobacco a better flavor. He offered his fifteen hundred pounds for less than the company was paying for the Indies variety.

But the tobacco man was skeptical. Not until George guaranteed to sell a hundred boxes of cut-plug on his next Vermont trip would the Virginian agree to take two hundred pounds of maple sugar.

The first experiments with the Vermont product turned out so well that the tobacco people

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promptly took the remaining thirteen hundred pounds, and a million-dollar industry was on its way to being born. Two years later, George Cary was selling so much maple sugar to tobacco, confectionery and blending companies that he abandoned his job as grocery salesman. And in 1904 he organized, at St. Johnsbury, the Cary Maple Sugar Company.

ST. JOHNSBURY had already attained world prominence. Back in 1831 one of its citizens, Thaddeus Fairbanks, weary of weighing bundles of flax by a steelyard, had invented something called the platform scale—a device which revolutionized the scale industry. Twenty-five years after the founding of the St. Johnsbury plant, the Cary company, in the same tradition as the Fairbanks Scale Company, was trading with nearly every country in the world, and Cary was rapidly becoming known as "The Maple Sugar King."

Then, in 1929, Cary suddenly found himself in the candy business. Twenty years before, a Mrs. Grey and her daughter Helen, who lived on a nearby Vermont farm, had decided to boil down some maple syrup, pack a few boxes of homemade maple candy, and sell them to free-spending tourists who were beginning to invade the state. Almost overnight Mrs. Grey found herself with a profitable business. She was selling not only direct to the consumer, over the counter and by mail, but she had built up a huge wholesale trade as well.

In 1925 she moved into St. Johnsbury, bought a colonial mansion, opened a tea room and incorporated her candy business as Maple Grove, Inc. At this point Mrs. Grey became a thorn in Cary's side.

Vermont was tapping more than 4½ million trees—as against some 700 thousand tapped by Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts combined—which meant an annual production of well over a million gallons of syrup. Some of this was kept by the farmer for home use, some he sold directly to the consumer, but the bulk was handled by the Cary company.

This meant that George Cary could, and did, control the price of maple syrup. But now Mrs. Grey had appeared with her Maple Grove, Inc., requiring thousands of gallons of syrup from the same sources Cary used. For the first time he faced real competition. Cary solved the problem by buying out Mrs. Grey.

Shortly after this, George Cary died and his company was reorganized, but it continued to thrive under its new management. In fact, since Pearl Harbor demand for its product has increased four hundred per cent. However, the management is under no illusions as to the future of the business. It realizes that the demand for pure maple candy will continue only as long as sugar shortages limit the manufacture of other kinds. After that the Maple Grove business will drop back to what it was in 1941; but that is all right, too, because in 1941 it was a very nice business indeed.

The making of maple syrup dates back to the time of the American Indian. Today it is often called Vermont's "liquid

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sunshine." This may sound whimsical but actually it isn't. The chemical action of sunlight on maple leaves during the summer gives the syrup its flavor. Scientists say that Vermont's product is superior because the maple roots go deep down to the granite and marble of the Green Mountains, which somehow conditions the flavor of sap.

A maple tree should be at least forty years old before it is tapped, but it continues to "run" for the next hundred years. The "sugaring season" usually lasts from about the middle of March to the middle of April. Take a crisp cold morning when the air sparkles, followed by a day unusually warm, and you have what the farmers call a "good sap day."

The first thing a farmer does at the beginning of the season is to "tap" his trees by boring a small hole into the trunk, about three feet above ground. A spout is then driven into this hole and the bucket suspended from it.

When the buckets are full, a horse-drawn "gathering sled" is driven through the sugar orchard, usually deep in snow, and the buckets are emptied into a tub on the sled. Back at the sugar house the sap is poured into large storage tanks. From these, pipes carry it to the evaporator, where it is boiled down into the pure syrup you use on pancakes and waffles.

Considering that it requires 38 quarts of sap to make one quart of syrup, the Cary company has to draw on a tremendous number of trees for an annual supply. In fact, more than eight thousand Vermont farmers and a great many more from other states send all or part of their syrup to St. Johnsbury. The sugar orchards, however, do not constitute a year-round business for the farmers as the season is too short. But syrup is their one big "cash crop," and the check they get each spring is the money they count on to take care of taxes and insurance.

Even so, a great many maples are being cut down each year for commercial lumber purposes. The Cary company is doing its best to combat this destruction of sugar orchards. Yet the company is not overly concerned about the future, for it has survived depression, two world wars and the freak season of 1945 when, for the first time in fifty years, because of an unseasonably warm March, the sap practically refused to run.

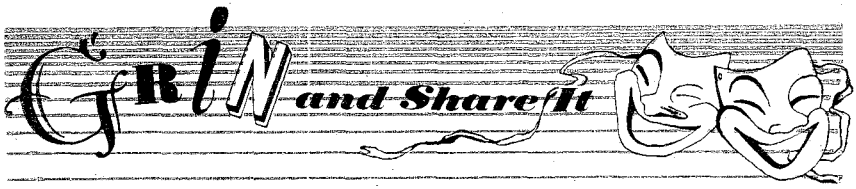
Another reason for optimism is this simple fact: the company continues to operate with the faith of its founder—a faith in the enduring energy and imagination of Yankee enterprise.

Requested A Place to Sleep

Want ad in L. A. paper: Refined gentleman 5 years old wishes to rent bungalow for Mommy, Daddy and small sister. Excellent references.

—JOHN F. CONNORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



These tested favorites prove that "the good die young" was never said of a joke

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

A YOUNG BOY asked his father: "Hey, Pop, how does electricity go through wires?"

"Don't know, son. Electricity's always been a puzzle to me."

"Then, pop, can you tell me what makes thunder and lightning?"

"Tell the truth, son, I never did exactly understand the thing myself."

"Hey, pop," said the son after a little thought . . . "Oh well, never mind."

"Go ahead, son," cried the father. "Ask questions. Ask lots of questions. How else are you going to learn?"

—*The Communique*

LATE ONE NIGHT a fellow who was alcoholically over-subscribed was feeling his way around a lamp-post muttering: "'S'no use: I'm walled in!"

—*Telephone Topics*

SHE WAS one of those women who always worry, so her husband was not alarmed when she exclaimed suddenly at the movies:

"Oh, John, I think I forgot to turn off the electric iron!"

"Don't worry, m'dear," he replied cheerfully, "I forgot to turn off the bath tap, so it will be quite all right!"

—*Wingab*

A WOMAN churchgoer stopped outside to chat with a friend after services. Suddenly she remembered she had left her purse on the seat. When she returned it was gone. She sought out the minister and found that he had picked it up.

"I felt that I had better hold it," he explained. "You know, there are some in the congregation of such simple faith as to believe it might be an answer to a prayer." —*Esar's Joke Dictionary*

"REMEMBER what I told you last Sunday, children, that you should all try to make someone happy during the week?" asked the Sunday school teacher. "Well, how many of you did so this week?"

"I did, teacher," volunteered one child brightly.

"That's fine," approved teacher. "What did you do?"

"I went to see Aunt May," replied the boy, "and she's always happy when I go home." —*Esar's Joke Dictionary*

ADMIRAL SIMS, at a luncheon in London, spoke of the difference between English and American carriage of deportment. "An Englishman," said the witty admiral, "walks into a restaurant as if he owned it. An American walks in as if he didn't care who owned it." —*The Guidon*

TWO MEN who hadn't seen each other for fifteen years met and began reminiscing.

"Is your wife as pretty as she used to be?" asked one.

"Oh, yes," replied the other, "but it takes her quite a bit longer."

—*Pequanoc Pow-wow*

JOANNE had been a rather naughty girl nearly all day. When her mother was putting the little girl to bed, she patiently reminded her of her nightly prayer . . . "and Joanne," she contin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ued, "ask God to make you a good girl tomorrow."

Joanne looked inquiringly up at her mother and then asked brightly, "Why? What's on for tomorrow?"

—*The Colonel Says*

A NEW ENGLANDER was enjoying the wonders of California, as pointed out by a native.

"What beautiful grapefruit!" exclaimed the Easterner as he passed a citrus orchard.

"Grapefruit!" came the answer "Those are just small lemons."

"And what are those enormous blossoms in that field?"

"Oh just dandelions . . ." Then they passed the Los Angeles river.

"Ah," noted the Yankee, "I see someone's radiator is leaking."

—*The Terminal Beacon*

STERN FATHER (sarcastically): "Say, young man, it's past midnight. Do you think you can stay here all night?"

"Gosh!" exclaimed the innocent young man, "I'll have to telephone mother first." —COL. ROGER WOOD

THE TEACHER asked: "Can any of you tell me the name of an immense place where huge golden pillars rise high above you—where the air is perfumed and there is soft music? The place where we all go if we are good?"

The class chorused: "Radio City Music Hall!" —*The Hollywood Reporter*

"IS THERE anything you fancy to eat before the execution?" asked the warden of his prisoner.

"Yes, mushrooms," confessed the condemned man. "I've always been scared to eat them, for fear I'd be poisoned."

—*Flight Time*

WITH A grinding of brakes, an Army officer pulled up at the side of the road.

"Say, sonny," he called to a small boy standing nearby, "have you seen an airplane come down near here?"

"No, sir," declared the boy defensively, hiding his slingshot behind his back. "I've just been shooting at a bottle."

—*The Communique*

A DILAPIDATED CAR wheezed up to the toll gate of the Golden Gate bridge in San Francisco. Its last drop of gas was gone and its wornout tires were almost flapping in the breeze.

"Four-bits," demanded the bridge attendant briskly.

"Sold!" exclaimed the two weary GIs. —*Golden Gate Guardian*

TWO HUSBANDS were discussing the question of women when one asked: "What do you do when a woman asks you to guess her age?"

"I guess my guess to myself," the other replied, "knock off thirty per cent, and generally come near making myself adored." —LOUIS E. SHIMON

"CHILDREN," said the teacher, "be diligent and steadfast, and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?"

"Yes, ma'am," said a little boy. "He couldn't tell a lie."

—*Michigan Educational Journal*

A TEXAN arrived at the gates of heaven and asked for admission.

"Where are you from?" inquired the genial saint.

"Texas."

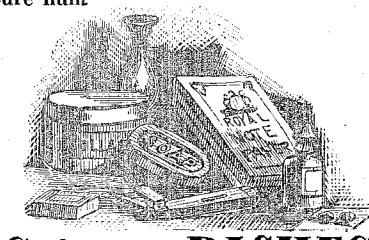
"Well, you can come in, but you won't like it." —*Fort Sheridan Tower*

SHOPPER: "I want to buy an alarm clock. One that will wake up my husband without arousing the whole family."

"Sorry, Madam," replied the clerk courteously, "we haven't that kind. All we have is the ordinary kind that will wake up the whole family without disturbing father." —*The Colonel Says*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How a woman with imagination is helping record history in a new kind of treasure hunt



She Turns RAGS into RICHES

by DOUGLAS RIGBY

FROM RAGS TO RICHES is an old American theme, but it remained for an imaginative New York woman to give it a fresh twist. Mrs. Bella C. Landauer has proved that "rags" can actually produce riches, both in money and in human interest. Her career, filled with unusual incident, offers an invitation to others to find pleasure and profit in a new kind of treasure hunt that can be pursued in communities everywhere.

Mrs. Landauer is America's most important collector of what a lot of people would call trash. For 35 years she has been putting together collections composed chiefly of "ephemera" or stuff ordinarily thrown away.

For the past two years her specialty has been bags. Not handbags, which are accepted collectors' items, but potato bags, flour bags, cement bags and similar containers made of homely material, bearing labels and slogans.

If it seems strange that such "worthless" items should be welcomed by museums, Mrs. Landauer can dispel the mystery with ease.

Her collection of various items runs into the hundreds of thousands, including everything from old store bills to chewing-gum wrappers. There are also fifteen hundred music sheets—many old and rare—dime novels, picture puzzles, children's books and prints of all nations. Yet unlike many collectors' homes, Mrs. Landauer's is uncluttered. She believes that collections useful to the public should be turned over to the community when "completed."

That's why the Metropolitan Museum owns her French and English trade cards—bits of paper on which old-time tradesmen, using picturesque illustrations, told of their daily existence and preserved for history many details of life that would otherwise have been lost. And that's why the Institute of Aeronautical Science has her aviation collection, one of the most complete stories in print of man's conquest of the air.

"I have so many 'children,' as I call them, that I can't remember where they are all deposited," confesses this unique collector. But she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recalls that her collection of programs of Shakespearian plays is at Dartmouth College, plus her Daniel Webster material, plus some of her occupational prints from all over the world. Meanwhile the Landauer book frontispieces and 24 volumes of printers' marks remain prized possessions of the New York Public Library.

Many of her "children" dwell at the New-York Historical Society. Her bookplates are there, her American trade cards, her collection of wine labels, her lotteries material, her circusiana, her ephemera of various professions, and her collection relating to World War II "E" awards. Not all this material is trivia. Yet odds and ends have made up many distinctive contributions, for masses of ephemera have a way of becoming steel arches in the house of history.

Consider the writer, stage designer, interior decorator, designer of clothing, historian or advertising man. Perhaps he needs to know what kind of stoves or beds or hearses were in use a century ago, what prices were being charged for various commodities, what fads, foibles or slogans were current at some period in the past. The Landauer "scrap-of-paper" collections often supply the answers.

Not long ago a high school student stood in one of the Landauer rooms at the New-York Historical Society, his glance roving from a case of Revolutionary trade cards to some broadsides of the Nineties, from a display of "E" award posters to ration books. "Gosh!" he whispered. "It's like history being put together right before your eyes!"

Mrs. Landauer's love of scrap began with a phone call 35 years ago from a picture framer. "Mrs. Landauer," he said, "there's a man in my shop who needs a hundred dollars quickly. His wife has just had a baby. There's no money to pay rent. But he has a lot of bookplates, and I thought you might be interested."

To Mrs. Landauer bookplates meant no more than they would to other non-collecting housewives. "But I fell for the story," she recalls today, "and I'm glad I did, because it changed my life. When I got around to examining the prints I was sunk!" She had caught the virulent germ of collectionitis.

Determined to find out about her pig-in-a-poke purchase, she consulted the owner of a famous print shop. Quietly he told her that the bookplates had been stolen from his shop by a former employee. Mrs. Landauer was frightened by a vision of jail. But the dealer insisted that she keep the plates.

FROM THAT DAY to this Mrs. Landauer has never stopped collecting. Everything commonplace is grist to her mill, providing it recreates a picture from history. Take the bag collection. These are of interest because of the patterns printed on them: pictures of famous lighthouses, of the Battle of the Alamo, and of Lindbergh's trans-Atlantic flight. Stencilled slogans, like "England Delivers the Goods," some day will be mute but eloquent evidence of an era.

While traveling in France after the original bookplate incident, Mrs. Landauer first realized how trash may become treasure. With her interest and energy turned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toward collecting, she soon became a member of the learned *Vieux Papiers* or "old papers" society. She thinks that Europeans still have more of the "feel" of true collecting than Americans, and adds that we should lay more stress on the interest and less on the monetary value of our items.

Not all her own collections, however, have been inexpensive. The bookplates, for example, finally numbered fifty thousand. In 1926 she offered the entire lot to the New-York Historical Society. It was promptly accepted, and "I just seemed to go along with the collection." She has served the museum as curator of this and her other collections ever since.

To Mrs. Landauer, collecting has come to mean more than just fun. When her hobby some years ago dispelled a nervous breakdown, she developed added respect for collecting. Would-be collectors often come to her for advice. But when one asks, "What should I collect?" she has a candid reply. "Imagination is necessary. Use it and you will always find something new to collect, something that perhaps no one else has thought of."

When you discover your own specialty, you earn distinction—and save money, for the early bird often collects on a shoestring. But sooner or later the hunt narrows down. That is when competition becomes costly.

One of her antique woolen bills (valuable for its quotations of 1769 prices on materials) cost several hundred dollars, not only because it bears the signature of the clothier, Francis Hopkinson, who happened also to have been a signer of the Declaration of Independence, but because she had to bid for it at auction against a famous dealer.

So far as bags are concerned, however, Mrs. Landauer's have cost her from nothing flat to forty cents apiece. "When I see a delivery man going into a cellar," she explains, "I wait for him to come out and then ask if I may have his empty sack."

Mrs. Landauer generally gets her bag. But should *you* decide to start collecting ephemera, remember that collectors must be Johnny-on-the-spot. Yet with the kind of imagination and persistence demonstrated by Bella Landauer, you can have a lot of fun and contribute considerably to historical knowledge by collecting modest items that most people ignore.

Poetic Justice

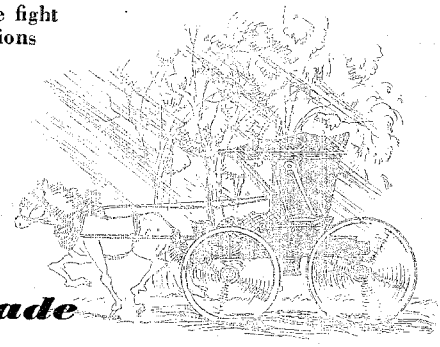
Hughs Aubriot, Provost of Paris, who completed the building of the Bastille, was imprisoned on charge of heresy.

Edward Palmer, a carpenter who built the stocks at Boston, was placed in them himself—for charging too much for the job.

Cardinal La Balue, who invented the Iron Cages, too small to allow the person confined in them to stand upright or lie at full length, first was himself confined in one for eleven years. —Mort Weisinger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At 83, a frontier doctor is still in the fight for better health for America's millions



One-Man Health Crusade

by JACK YARMOVE

ON A SULTRY DAY in 1907, a passenger on a Missouri-Pacific train went slowly down the aisle to the water cooler, trailed by a ten-year-old girl. The man filled the cup and drank from it. He refilled the cup and handed it to the little girl, who also drank. Then they started back to their seats.

On the way the man doubled up with a hacking cough. The little red-cheeked girl looked up sympathetically. Just then the conductor entered the car, stopped at the cooler and filled the same cup without rinsing it. As he lifted it he heard an agitated cry: "Stop!" A little man dashed up the aisle, seized the cup from the conductor's hand and hurled it away.

The little man who startled the conductor and passengers was Dr. Samuel J. Crumbine, then secretary of the Kansas Board of Health. On that train he had suddenly stumbled upon a principal cause of the transmission of tuberculosis, a disease which had haunted him day and night for years.

That same night in Topeka, he set in motion the machinery to abolish by law the common drinking cup. The newspapers and railroads attacked his proposed bill, but Dr. Crumbine vigorously waged his one-man fight. It took him two years to win it, but in March, 1909, the Kansas State Board of Health passed the law. It was the world's first legal injunction against that familiar but sinister disease carrier, the common drinking cup.

By 1911 there was a marked decrease of tuberculosis in Kansas, although the disease continued to gain headway in other states. That was all the proof Dr. Crumbine needed to take his fight against the common drinking cup to the entire nation. Eventually every state in the Union followed the lead of Kansas, and today tuberculosis is at its lowest level in history, despite the steady growth of America's population.

Dr. Crumbine's name isn't as familiar as that of Pasteur or Marie Curie—the movies haven't gotten around to him yet. But he is one of humanity's great benefactors, a pioneer American doctor who has crusaded for better sanitary con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ditions since the turn of the century.

The little doctor—he stands five feet, one inch high—was born in 1862 near Oil City, Pennsylvania, just a month after his father had died on his way home from a Confederate prison camp. His mother was too ill to care for him, so Samuel went to live with a grandmother near Pittsburgh. When he was eight he was sent to the Soldier's Orphan School at Mercer, and remained there until sixteen. Then, with the equivalent of a high school education, he was ready to face the world.

While still in the orphanage, Sam had dreamed of becoming a doctor. With this dream still before him, he worked as a drugstore clerk until he had saved enough money to go to Cincinnati, where he entered medical school after completing the two years' pre-medical study required. A night job as drug clerk gave him a meager living while he worked his way through the next two years with honors.

About this time western Kansas and the great expanse to the Pacific was opening up. New towns were mushrooming in this huge new United States. Sam joined the westward trek and finally hung out his shingle in Dodge City, Kansas, a cow-town so badly in need of doctors that his few years of study were considered sufficient to permit him to practice.

His patients were the familiar characters of a frontier town—cowboys, rustlers, horse-traders and lawbreakers. The unpredictable was part of his daily routine. A call might require two days' travel by horse and buggy, jolt wagon or horseback.

For a few years he continued his harried, hurried practice while his talents steadily ripened. But he was still intent on a medical degree, so he stinted until he had enough money to return East and complete his studies. Then, after he had at last earned his degree, and incidentally acquired a wife, he returned to Dodge City.

IT WAS A UNIQUE period in medical history. The profession had just come of age; germs and germ carriers, a fantastic theory a few years before, were being spotted as carriers of disease.

From every part of the civilized East, thousands of tuberculars passed through Kansas, headed for the Rocky Mountains. They traveled by train, covered wagon and on foot, and all carried the jug of "rock-and-rye" prescribed as the best medicine for the No. 1 dread disease of the time. Dr. Crumbine treated thousands of these living dead, and the ravages of the disease so appalled him that he started extensive research and virtually became a specialist in tuberculosis.

In 1904 he was appointed secretary of the Kansas Board of Health. At that time the State's health office in Topeka consisted only of Dr. Crumbine and a stenographer. Then came the incident on the train which started him on the first of many crusades.

While Dr. Crumbine's fight against the common drinking cup overshadowed his other activities, it was by no means his only important crusade for America's millions. In 1905 he became interested in typhoid epidemics at army camps, especially in Tennessee and Florida. He visited the camps and discov-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ered that flies were carrying a white disinfectant from the camp latrines into the tents where food was prepared. He saw telltale white specks on the flies' legs. If they could carry a disinfectant, he reasoned, they could carry disease germs too.

That started Dr. Crumbine on an extensive study of the common house fly as a carrier of disease. For several years he conducted a campaign against the fly, but he needed a slogan to capture public imagination. One day he found it —at a ball park!

In a closely contested game at Topeka, with the home team trailing, someone shouted "Swat that ball!" Others took up the cry. Something clicked in Dr. Crumbine's mind. "Swat that fly!" was born as a slogan that is still in use today.

In 1911 Dr. Crumbine was elected dean of the School of Medicine at the University of Kansas, receiving the appointment from the hands of his old friend, William Allen White. He held the post for eight years, while continuing to act as secretary of the State Board of Health. His first act as dean was to inaugurate a new course, "sanitary engineering," which resulted in the first union of curative and preventive forces in the field of public health.

When Dr. Crumbine retired from the Board of Health on pension, he was invited to New York City by the American Child Health Association, of which Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, was president. When Hoover became President of the United States, he delegated Crumbine to survey the living conditions of Puerto Rican children. In 1930 and 1931 the little doctor lived in Puerto Rico. He was dismayed by the malnutrition he found among island children and made a desperate appeal for help, but the appeal was lost in political red tape. It almost broke Crumbine's heart.

During his two years in Puerto Rico, however, he started eighty milk stations for children, interested hundreds of girls in becoming practical nurses, and for the first time in the island's history succeeded in interesting women of the upper classes in social welfare work.

Two years ago, on the 35th anniversary of his crusade against the common drinking cup, Dr. Crumbine was guest of honor at a testimonial dinner given by the Kansas Society of New York City. Dignitaries from many fields paid tribute to the little man who had inaugurated a new era in public-health procedure. Dr. Crumbine's response was eloquent in its simplicity. "I cannot reconcile my work with such a lavish tribute," he told the guests. "The public health official does not work for glory but for humanity."

Today, at 83, Dr. Crumbine is still fighting for better health conditions for tomorrow's citizens. Especially he is devoting time and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

energy to the impoverished areas in the Southern Appalachians where tuberculosis is still the greatest scourge, with pellagra, rickets and other malnutrition diseases as runners-up.

He has also gone to the assistance of the Chippewa Indians in Minnesota. On a visit to the reservation, after seeing appalling illness, poverty and medicine-man worship, he said to the public-health agent on duty: "Why don't you train some of these Indian girls in nursing and let them minister to their own people?" The plan was adopted and for the first time intelligent Indian girls entered universities and afterward returned to the reservation to implant faith among their people in the white man's miracle of medicine.

The little white-haired, bespectacled doctor lives modestly with his wife in an apartment on Long Island, near New York City. Their only son died many years ago and their daughter has a home and family of her own.

Dr. Crumbine does not particularly like the word "crusader" when applied to him. "Just call me a pioneer," he says. "I'm still a frontiersman. They didn't die with the Wild West. There will be pioneers and frontiersmen as long as there is human suffering to eradicate."

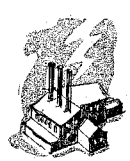
Freak Squeaks

IT WAS too close for the comfort of a little girl of Groton, Connecticut, when a navy plane plunged through her bedroom, leaving her intact but impudently snatching the blanket. Tearing out through the other wall, the plane plunged into a schoolhouse. The blanket, undamaged, adorned the wreckage.

A BURNED-UP baseball fan was Clarence Brown, Jr. of St. Louis, who was one of those traditional bystanders at a sandlot game. Struck by a wild ball, Clarence promptly burst into flames. The batter had scored a bulls-eye on a pocketful of matches.

JITTERBUGS are really rugged in Pittsburgh, where Pfc. Ernest Oliver gaily cut a rug with his fair companion, grabbed for her hand to give her a whirl, missed and whipped on out a window where he plunked down two stories, ricocheted off a shed, hit the street and scrambled right back upstairs in time to dance the next number.

LIGHTNING, with some sort of malevolent craft of its own, played a trick on the owners of a pumping plant in Aurora, Nebraska. The lightning struck and fused together two wires which kept the mechanism right on pumping until it filled a nearby lake to overflowing. The owners never knew what was going on until they got a thumping big bill from the power company.



—GRACE POSTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pictorial History

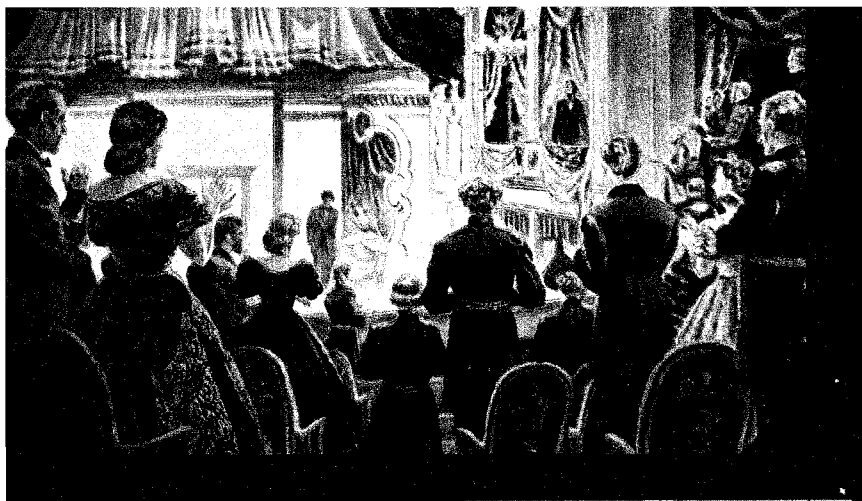
BLOOD ON THE MOON

BY CARL SANDBURG

Illustrations by Harper Goff

Carl Sandburg has here brief
Combine the story of a wildly
night as told in the chapter "Bl
the Moon," in his four-volume
Abraham Lincoln: The War Years
lished by Harcourt, Brace & Co
Accompanying it are paintings a
tic in the finest details—even
wallpaper in the death chamb
capture the drama and the grief
attended Lincoln's death, we p
Carl Sandburg's record as it migh
appeared in the newspapers duri
days following the night when the
was smudged with blood in the s

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LINCOLN ACCLAIMED AS WAR LEADER

Audience at Ford's Cheers His Presence

Washington, April 14, 1865

On Tenth Street between E Street and F, at Ford's Theatre, the President and his wife stepped out of their carriage, followed by Major Rathbone and Miss Harris. The party walked into the theatre at about nine o'clock. An usher led them toward their box. The audience in their one thousand seats saw or heard that the President had arrived. They applauded with handclapping. Many rose from their seats. Some cheered. The President paused and nodded his acknowledgments of their welcome to him.

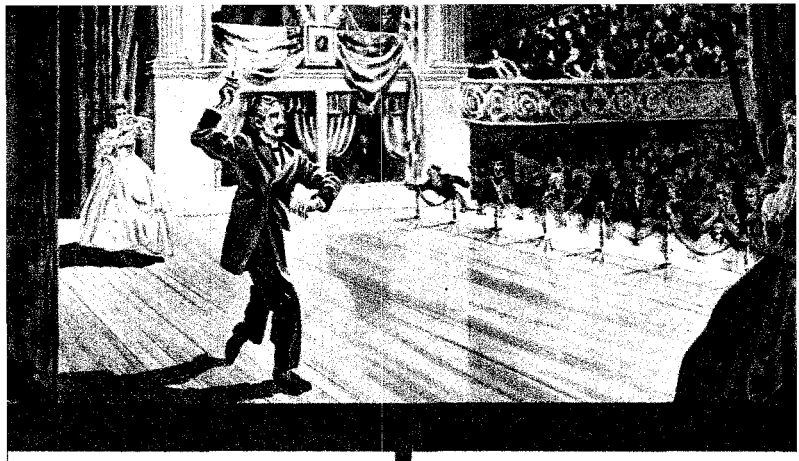
THE PLAY PROCEEDS

Mrs. Lincoln sits close to her husband, at one moment leaning on him fondly, suddenly realizing they are not alone, saying with humor, "What will Miss Harris think of my hanging on to you so?" and hearing his: "She won't think anything about it."

From the upholstered rocking armchair in which Lincoln sits he can see only the persons in the box with him, the players on the stage, and any persons offstage on the left.

This privacy however has a flaw. A few feet behind the President is the box door. In this door is a small hole, bored that afternoon to serve as a peephole—from the outside. Through this peephole it is the intention of the Outsider to watch the President, then at a chosen moment to enter the box.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE PRESIDENT IS SHOT

Throng Celebrating War's End Shattered by Grief

Washington, April 14, 1865

The moment of high fate was not seen by the theatre audience. Only one man saw that moment. He was the Outsider. He had moved softly to the box door and through the little hole he had gimleted that afternoon he had studied the box occupants and his Human Target seated in an upholstered rocking armchair. Softly he had opened the door and stepped toward his prey, in his right hand a one-shot brass derringer pistol, a little eight-ounce vest-pocket weapon winged for death, in his left hand a steel dagger. He raised the derringer, lengthened his right arm, ran his eye along the barrel in a line with the head of his victim less than five feet away—and pulled the trigger.

ASSASSIN INJURED

From the box railing the Strange Man leaps for the stage, perhaps a ten-foot fall. His leap is slightly interrupted. On this the Strange Man in his fine calculations had not figured. The draped Union flag of silk reaches out and tangles itself in a spur of one riding-boot, throwing him out of control. He falls to the stage landing on his left leg, breaking the shin-bone a little above the instep.

Of what he has done the audience as yet knows nothing. Many have seen a man leap from a front seat up on the stage, crying, "Stop that man!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAD ASSASSIN ESCAPES

Horse Was Waiting

EYE-WITNESSES DISAGREE

Washington, Friday, April 14, 1865

Offstage the assassin dashes at break-neck speed, out of an entrance, forty feet to a little door opening on an alley. There stands a fast bay horse, a slow-witted chore boy nicknamed John Peanuts is holding the reins. He kicks the boy, mounts the mare. In all it is maybe sixty or seventy seconds since he loosed the one shot of his eight-ounce brass derringer.

Whether the Strange Man now riding away on a fast bay horse had paused a moment on the stage and shouted a dramatic line of speech, there was disagreement afterward. Some said he ran off as though every second of time counted and his one purpose was escape. Others said he faced the audience a moment, brandished his dagger still bloody from slashing Rathbone, and shouted the State motto of Virginia, the slogan of Brutus as he drove the assassin's knife into imperial Caesar: "*Sic semper tyrannis*"—"Thus be it ever to tyrants."

Moon Was Bloody

Some said the lights went out in the theatre, others adding the detail that the assassin had stabbed the gasman and pulled the lever, throwing the house into darkness. Others a thousand miles from the theatre said they saw the moon come out from behind clouds blood-red. It is a night of many eyewitnesses, shaken and moaning eyewitnesses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DR. LEALE OF ARMY ATTENDS PRESIDENT

HE IS MOVED FROM THEATRE

Aroused Throng Lends Confusion

11 P. M., Washington, April 14, 1865

Packing Tenth Street straight across from the front door of Ford's Theatre is a crowd so massed that there is no hope of a path through for those carrying the President's body unless something is done. The same captain who had managed clearance inside the theatre comes to Leale: "Surgeon, give me your commands and I will see that they are obeyed." Leale asks the captain to clear a passage to the nearest house opposite. Several times they stop while Dr. Leale removes the newly gathered blood clots on the head wound. A barrier of men forms to keep back the crowds on each side of an open space leading to the house. Now comes the report that this house is closed. At the next house, Mr. Peterson's, No. 453 Tenth Street, Dr. Leale sees a man standing at the door with a lighted candle, beckoning them to come in. "This we did," ran Leale's account, "not having been interrupted in the slightest by the throngs in the street; but a number of the excited populace followed us into the house."

There they laid their stricken Friend of Man in the rented room of William Clark, a boarder in the house of William Peterson—on a plain wooden bed—at about 10:45 o'clock, somewhat less perhaps than a half-hour after the moment the trigger of the little eight-ounce derringer was pulled.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD

Mrs. Lincoln and Cabinet Members Were With Him

SECRETARY OF NAVY WELLES'S REPORT

7:30 A. M., Washington, Saturday, April 15, 1865

A little before seven Welles went into the room where a warm Friend of Man was going cold, moving into the final chill that all men at the last must know.

"His wife soon after made her last visit to him," Welles said. "The death-struggle had begun. Robert, his son, stood with several others at the head of the bed. He bore himself well, but on two occasions gave way to overpowering grief and sobbed aloud, turning his head and leaning on the shoulder of Senator Sumner."

The last breath was drawn at 21 minutes and 55 seconds past 7 a.m. and the last heart beat flickered at 22 minutes and 10 seconds past the hour on Saturday, April 15, 1865. Dr. Barnes's finger was over the carotid artery, Dr. Leale's finger was on the right wrist pulse, and Dr. Taft's hand was over the cardium when the great heart made its final contraction.

To a deep river, to a far country, to a by-and-by whence no man returns, had gone the child of Nancy Hanks and Tom Lincoln, the wilderness boy who found far lights and tall rainbows to live by, whose name even before he died had become a legend inwoven with men's struggle for freedom the world over.

The widow was told. She came in and threw herself with uncontrollable moaning on the dead body . . . When later she went away the cry broke from her, "O my God, and I have given my husband to die!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACTOR J. WILKES BOOTH IS ASSASSIN

$50,000 OFFERED FOR HIS CAPTURE

Bowling Green, Virginia, April 26, 1865

The face of J. Wilkes Booth was published with a War Department promise of $50,000 for his capture dead or alive. "Height 5 feet 8 inches," ran one War Department description of him telegraphed nationwide, "weight 160 pounds; compact built, hair jet black, inclined to curl, medium length, parted behind; eyes black, and heavy dark eye-brows; wears a large seal ring on little finger; when talking inclines his head forward, looks down."

LINCOLN AVENGED IN VIRGINIA

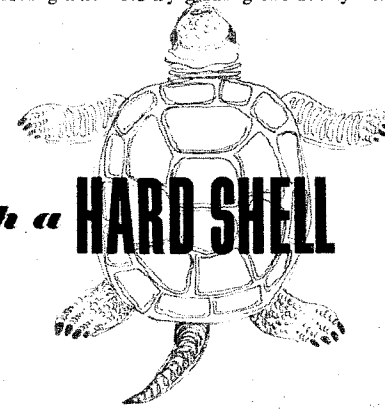
On this morning of April 26, hunte like a wild beast and cornered like a ra and dealt with as though he were trul no more than a rat, J. Wilkes Booth me his end. Near Bowling Green, Virginia in a burning barn set afire from the out side, a bullet drove through his neck bon "perforating both sides of the collar," an he was dragged away from reaching flame and laid under a tree. Water was give him. He revived, to murmur fron parched lips, "Tell my mother—I died— for my country." He was carried to house veranda, there muttering, " thought I did for the best." He lingere for a time. A doctor came. Wilkes Boot asked that his hands might be raised s that he could look at them. So it was told And as he looked on his hands, he mum bled hoarsely, "Useless! useless!" An those were his last words.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Al and Stanton Gould have built a thriving business by gilding the lowly mud turtle

Glamour with a HARD SHELL



by GEORGE BUTLER

TWO ASTUTE New Yorkers, who took the lily-needs-no-gilding story and put it in reverse, have founded a thriving Broadway industry on the premise that all the lowly mud turtle needs to sell itself is glamour. The Gould brothers—Al, the executive, and Stanton, the promoter—comprised an ideal team to underwrite the turtle's career. Eight years ago they began painting turtles and selling them for novelties and pets. Since then, their faith in the creatures has been justified a millionfold.

At least, the Goulds admit having sold a million turtles since they started out on lower Broadway to popularize their hard-shelled product during the World's Fair, and later expanded to several shops in midtown Manhattan, as well as doing a brisk wholesale business with gift shops and ten-cent stores in other states.

The turtles, about the size of a pocket watch, are painted in assorted colors and sell for an average of 45 cents each. The customer may select a name or message he wants inscribed on the turtle's back in indelible ink. But not all the pets are embellished with girls' names. Some have served as animated birthday and wedding announcements, advertisements for shows, and even proposals of marriage. They have been mailed throughout America and to foreign countries, packed in special boxes with ventilating holes and padded with damp moss.

Bing Crosby ordered some for his four boys. Shirley Temple, Deanna Durbin and other film stars have been fascinated by them, and even the staid Chamberlain, Britain's late Prime Minister, had fifty mailed to his grandchildren. But the largest single retail order came from Olsen and Johnson as advertisements for *Hellzapoppin*. The turtles, bearing the show's title and the names of the two comedians, were mailed by the hundreds to prospective theatregoers.

Reasons for buying the slow-moving creatures are legion. Parents often purchase two larger-than-average turtles to take home to the children. A week later they acquire a third one, much smaller, and at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

night place it with its "parents." Next morning the children are jubilant over the baby turtle brought by the "stork."

Some folks, familiar with the Chinese saying that turtles bring good fortune, buy them for luck. Then there are those who, feeling guilty over procrastination in letter-writing, mail turtles with the legend: "I'm as slow as this fellow in answering letters."

The Goulds' most appreciative customer was a father of two children whose purchase of three turtles brought a windfall. Two of the turtles bore the children's names and the third was inscribed "Nana," for a wealthy friend of the family. When Nana visited the home and saw her namesake, she was so impressed by the gesture of friendship that she set up a trust fund for the children's education.

As pets, turtles have a lot to be said in their favor. They are small and docile, eat very little, and tolerate a lot of neglect. A low, hissing noise is the extent of their vocabulary.

THE TURTLES arrive in New York at the rate of fifteen thousand weekly, packed layer on layer in boxes and cushioned in moss. They hail largely from two Louisiana towns where the Goulds maintain turtle farms. In New York the turtles are placed in large vats to await processing by assembly-line methods. The first step is painting the turtles' armor a protective white. The pets are clipped to a yardstick a dozen at a time while an adept young woman with a brush gives them a once-over and places them on a rack to dry. Thick enamel is next applied—red, yellow and blue being the three most popular colors.

If the turtle is fairly large, he's suitable for a birthday or wedding announcement, and appropriate designs are stamped on his back by the decalcomania process. After acquiring store-bought glamour, the turtles are displayed in partially-filled tanks—warm water in winter to prevent hibernation, cool in summer for comfort.

The Goulds sell a special turtle food consisting of dried ant eggs and dried flies, the former coming from Finland and the latter from Mexico. But Al Gould admits that turtles won't refuse bits of raw hamburger.

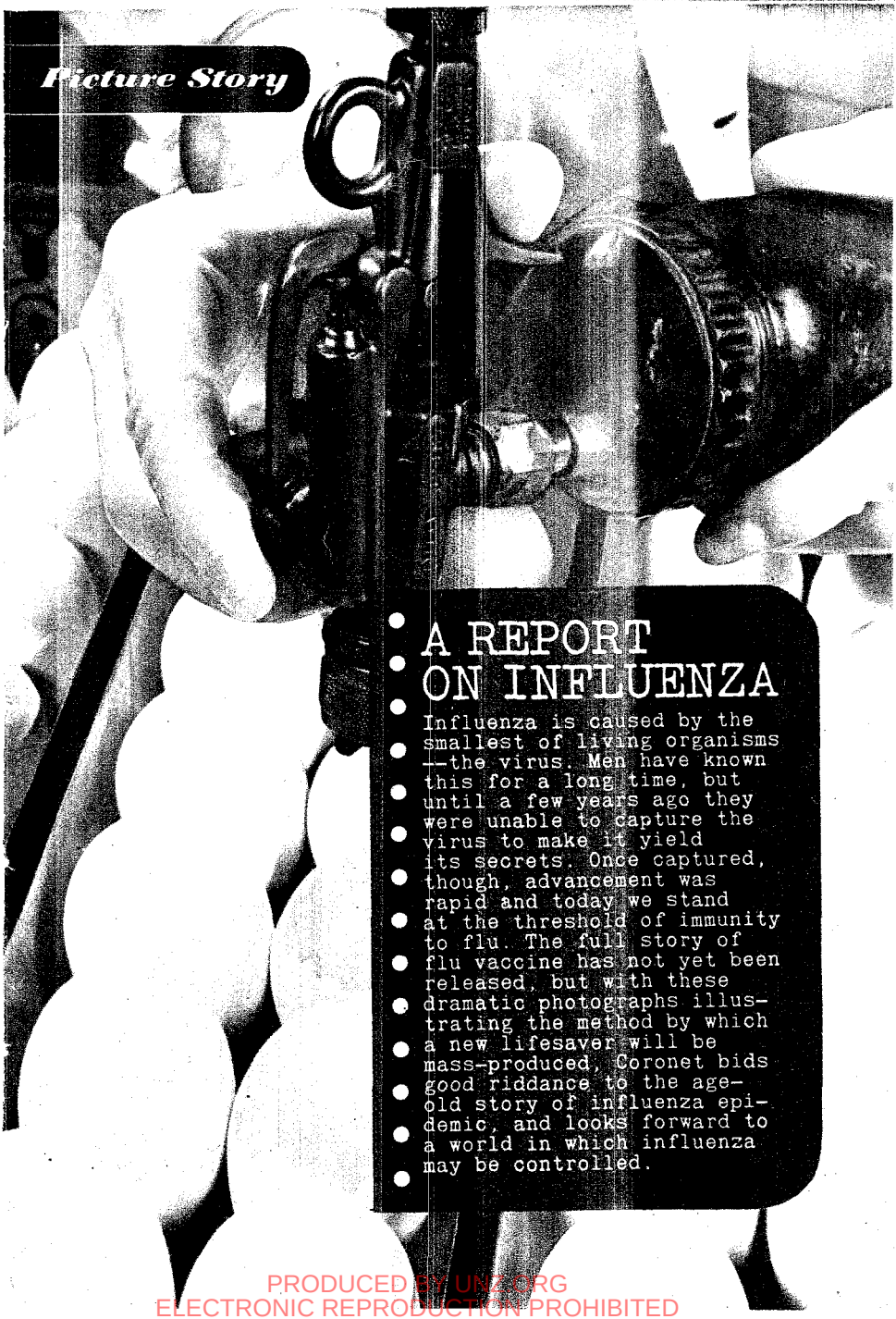
The only other animated novelties the Goulds handle are small alligators. But the "Turtle Kings" complain that they are not very docile, are not obtainable the year round, and don't lend themselves to glamorizing. So from the business point of view, turtles will remain the Gould brothers' true love.

Baby Aviatrix

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Barbara Storm, who lives in Beeville, Texas, is learning her airplane glides, banks and stalls before she learns her ABC's. Barbara has sixty hours in her log book as passenger and is one "Storm" that is always welcome at the airport. —LUCILLE GLASSCOCK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture Story



A REPORT ON INFLUENZA

Influenza is caused by the smallest of living organisms —the virus. Men have known this for a long time, but until a few years ago they were unable to capture the virus to make it yield its secrets. Once captured, though, advancement was rapid and today we stand at the threshold of immunity to flu. The full story of flu vaccine has not yet been released, but with these dramatic photographs illustrating the method by which a new lifesaver will be mass-produced, Coronet bids good riddance to the age-old story of influenza epidemic, and looks forward to a world in which influenza may be controlled.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

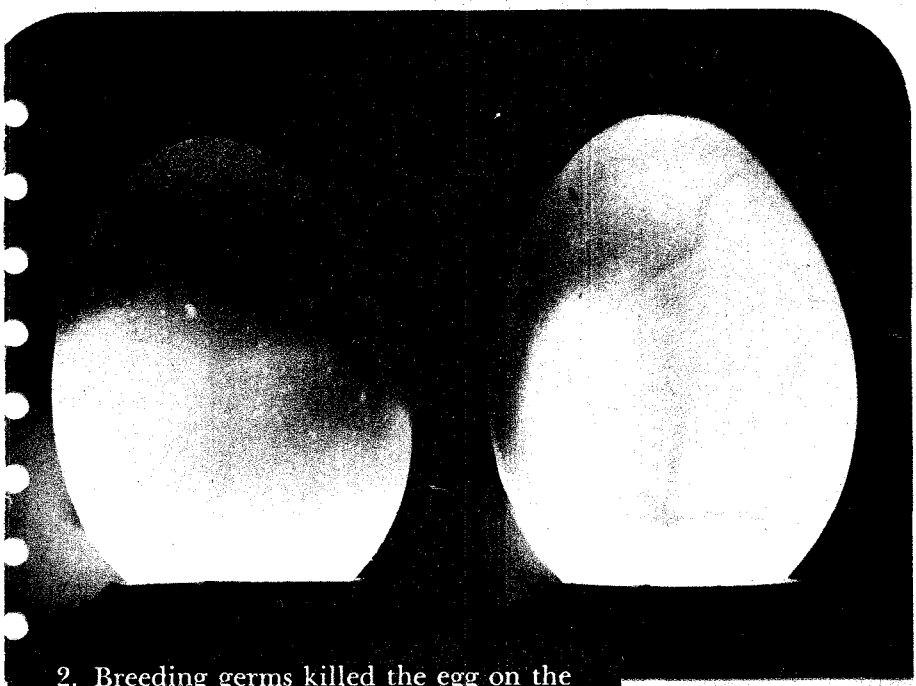
1. For the mass-production of flu vaccine eggs containing live chick embryos are punctured, filled with living flu virus.

HOW INFLUENZA GOT ITS NAME

Like most other diseases caused by microbes, influenza has no known beginnings. Somewhere in the early days of the world the invisible virus of flu made its way from the unseen world into the seen world to work its evil magic wherever men struggled to live life comfortably. Was it a visitation from heavenly beings seeking to chastise men for misdeeds? Perhaps it was, for flu was unexplainable. It swooped down out of nowhere, did its villainous work and disappeared again to be pursued by anxious men.

In the Sixteenth Century the English called influenza ''the knock me down fever,'' for in those years flu was active, and where medicines and protection were lacking a good laugh had to do the work. But the name influenza, itself, comes from Italy. There men blamed most illness on the weather and the influence of cold weather laid many men down on their beds--some never to rise again. So this disease which came with wintry blasts was called simply Influenza--The Influence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



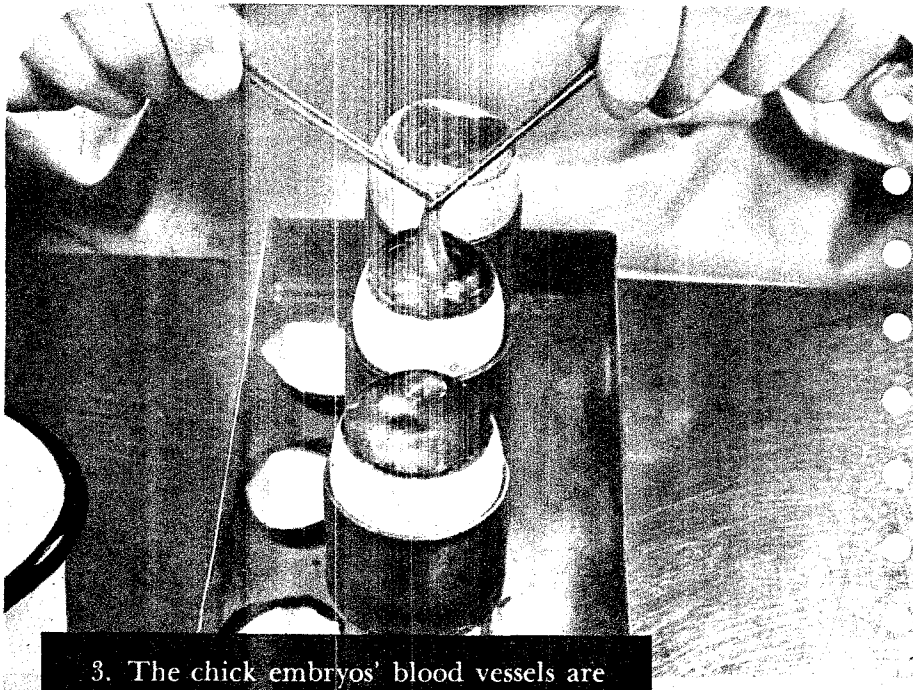
2. Breeding germs killed the egg on the left, but most of the eggs, like the one on the right, live and teem with flu virus.

THE ARMY TRIES A FLU VACCINE In the winter of 1943, when an influenza epidemic threatened America, a commission of Army doctors and scientists came forward with a new and long-awaited vaccine. The promise of this substance was to prevent influenza. They held in their hands the beginnings of safety for men the world over.

Researchers had worked long and hard to find a breeding ground for influenza which would yield enough of the poisonous flu germs to manufacture a life-protecting vaccine. Now they had it. Influenza germs, or viruses, had at last been grown—in the eggs of hens.

The Army's Commission on Influenza went into thirteen colleges and found more than 12,500 soldier-students ready to risk influenza in a test of the new vaccine. Into the tissues of half of these men went the vaccine made of dead flu virus. The other half were not vaccinated. They would be controls. If more influenza turned up in the unvaccinated group than in the vaccinated group, then the Commission would know certain truths—the truths they were seeking.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



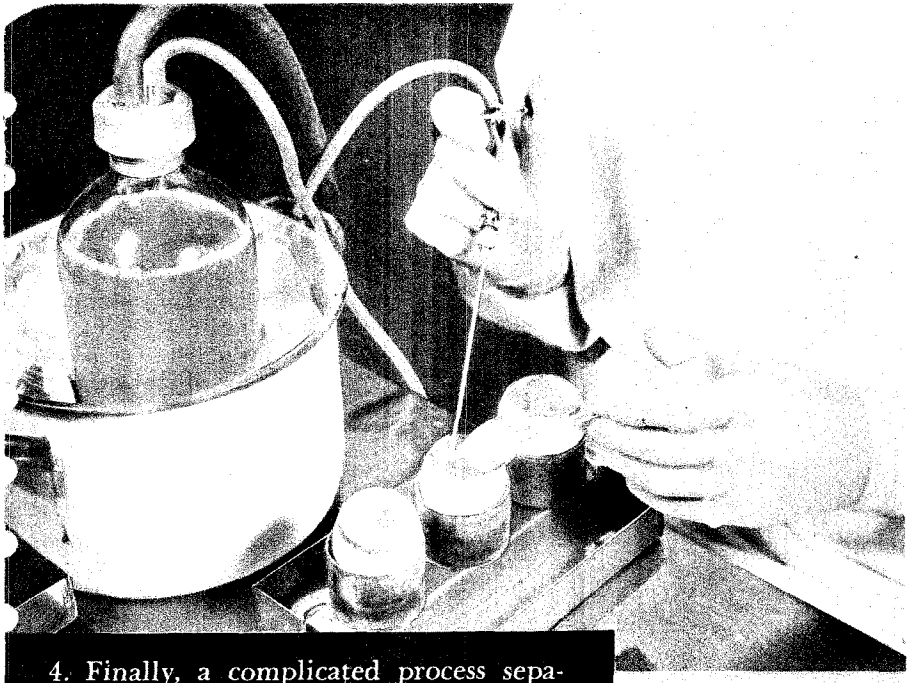
3. The chick embryos' blood vessels are ruptured to release the flu-laden blood, which is drawn off into iced containers.

PROOF THAT IMMUNITY TO FLU IS POSSIBLE

Soon the expected influenza epidemic began to invade the thirteen colleges under investigation. Up at the University of Michigan soldiers showed symptoms of flu. In the New York schools they had it too. In Rutgers and in Minnesota vaccinated soldiers and controls (those not vaccinated) were being attacked by the unseen enemy. Then came the charts, the percentages, the decimal points—all telling the same story about the effectiveness of the chick-grown vaccine.

Of the 12,500 men being attacked by flu, 9.33 per cent got it. But of that 9.33 per cent only 2.22 per cent were in the vaccinated group—and over 7 per cent were in the unvaccinated group. It meant that at the height of an influenza epidemic vaccination with the new substance saved two out of three men from the weakening effects of a disease which leaves human beings open to the ravishings of pneumonia and death. The Commission knew now that justification for use of their vaccine was not far off.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



4. Finally, a complicated process separates the blood from the virus and yields free, dead flu germs for a new vaccine.

IMMUNITY FOR EVERYONE IS THE NEXT STEP

The Army's experiment was one more proof that the influenza virus can be isolated, grown in chick eggs, removed in tremendous batches, killed and injected into human beings. It was *proof* that in the tissues of men the dead flu germ combats the living flu germ and drives it off, providing immunity to flu and protection from epidemic. But the experiment proved something else, too, and that something is holding up mass production of anti-flu vaccine.

Flu is caused not by one particular virus but by a family of viruses. To isolate one and make a protective vaccine out of it is only a small fraction of the job. We must be able to isolate practically any type of flu germ living; then we'll have it. The Army's vaccine, made up of only two types of flu virus, saved lives and it was effective in an emergency. But soon there will be a more inclusive vaccine—a virtually perfect lifesaver. To that day all humanity looks eagerly forward.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kings and Empresses have been numbered among the devoted slaves of tiny felines

Reflections on Kittens

by WARREN BROWN

WHEN PRINCE Potemkin wanted to send a gift to Catherine the Great that would distinguish him from all other suitors, he passed over such obvious possibilities as jewels, perfumes or rich fabrics, and presented her with a kitten. The success of his gift is reflected in history, but it is only one instance of the everlasting appeal of kittens and cats through the ages.

Ben Jonson's favorite excursions were to the fishmonger's to get oysters for his fastidious pet; Sir Walter Scott took delight in encouraging his pet's domination of a bloodhound; Lord Chesterfield left his cat a pension; Victor Hugo, Matthew Arnold, Henry James, the Brontes, Mahomet, Petrarch, Walpole, Gregory the Great and Cardinal Wolsey were other devoted slaves of kittens and cats.

Cardinal Richelieu depended on kittens for relaxation and entertainment. The melancholy that threatened to weigh upon him in an hour of inactivity was always dispelled by the appearance of a basket of frolicsome, tumbling, mischievous kittens. But Richelieu banished his feline jesters as they approached maturity and replaced them with a younger, gayer generation.

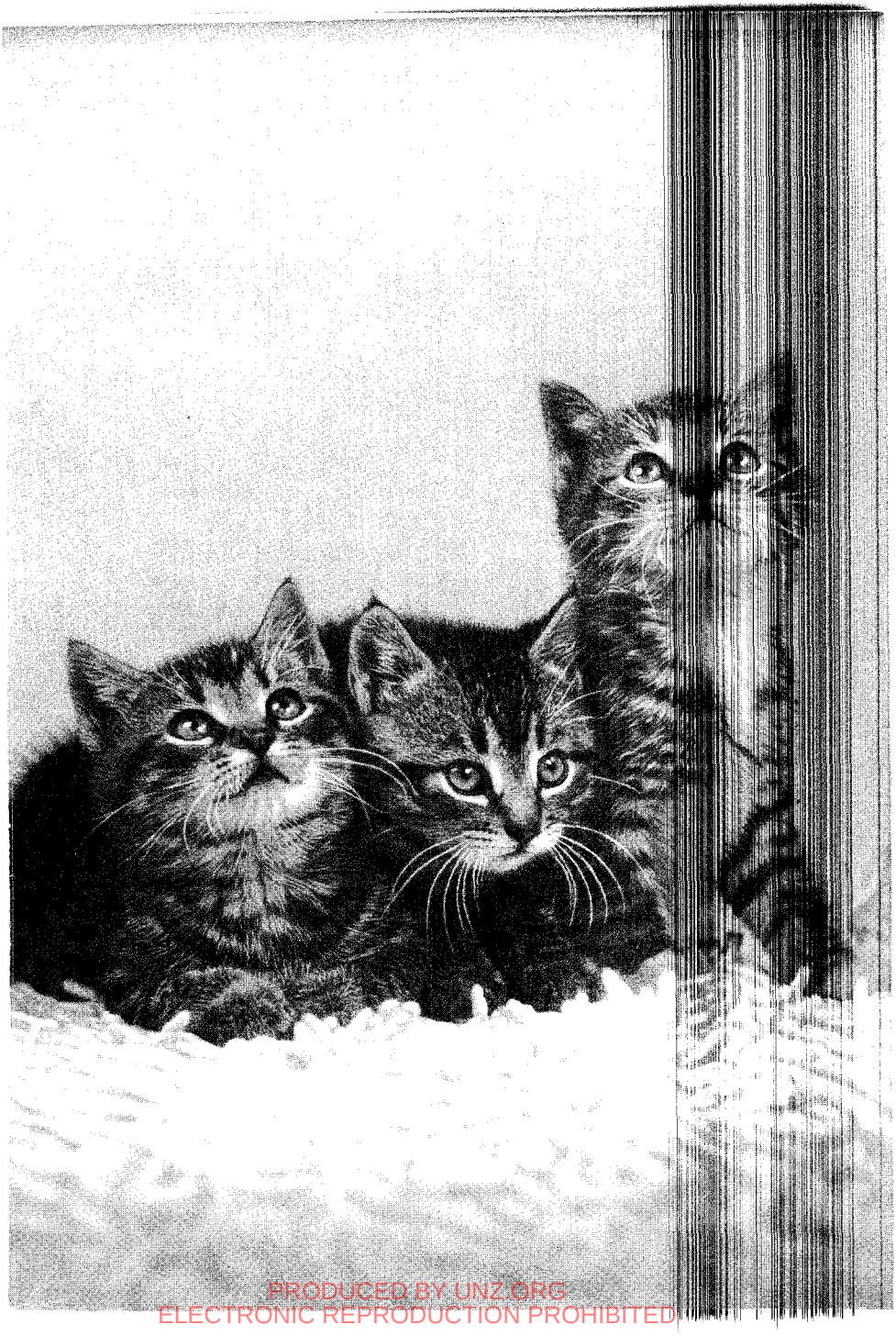
Perhaps the most innocently happy moment of Louis XV's reign was provided by a kitten. The young king, only eight, had been presiding wanly over a tedious, incomprehensible meeting of state when a kitten jumped upon the royal lap and then onto the council table where it rolled and romped amongst papers of national importance.

The Renaissance was the Golden Age for cats; ecclesiastical and royal approval was bestowed upon them, and anyone who amounted to anything in society had at least one of the animals for a pet. One royal lady, an accomplished harpist, insisted her kitten had more than ornamental value; if she played well, the feline purred; if she played badly the animal snubbed her.

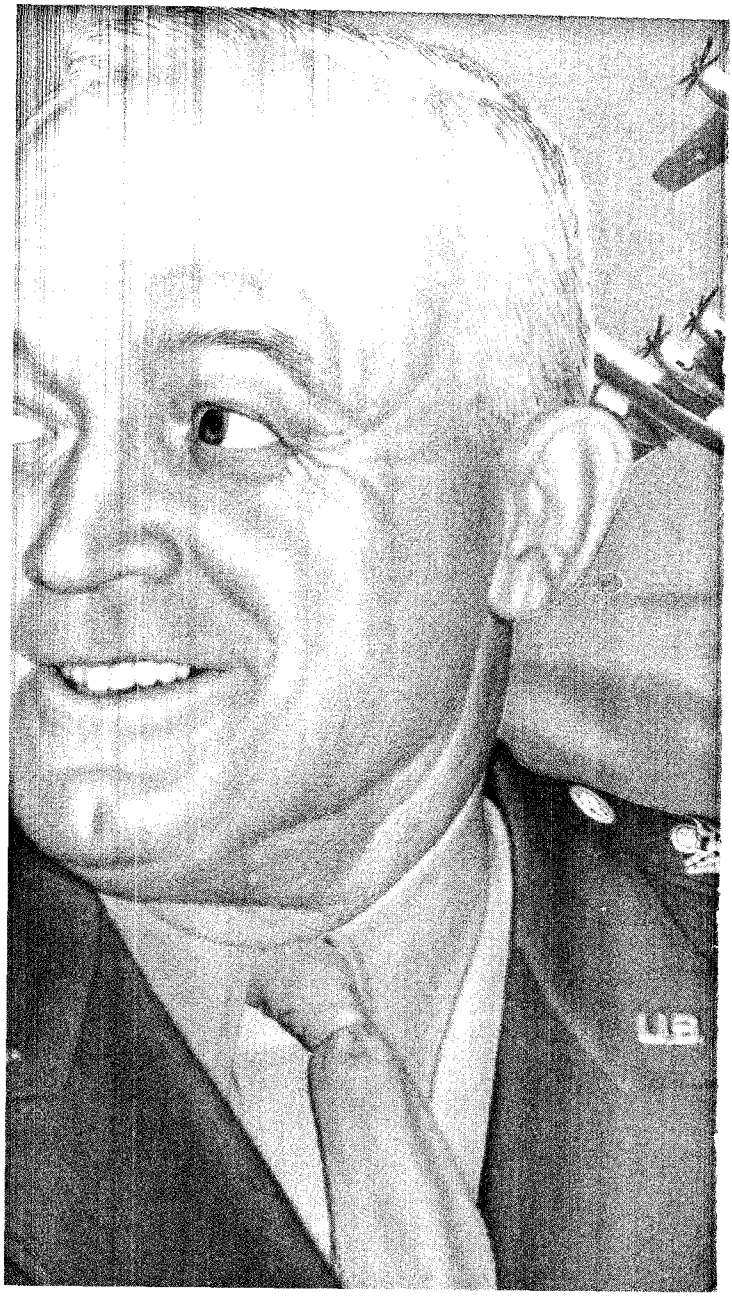
While cats may no longer enjoy the stamp of governmental approval, affection for them has not waned. Not too many years ago, this advertisement appeared in a German newspaper: "Wanted by a lady of rank, for adequate remuneration, a few well-behaved and respectably-dressed children to amuse a cat, in delicate health, two or three hours a day."

Even those who profess to dislike cats weaken at the sight of a kitten. They excuse their weakness with such remarks as "Kittens aren't cold and unfriendly," or "But kittens don't catch birds," seeming to forget that the animals won their owners' affections as kittens but retained them as they grew up to become cats.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Arnold has been fighting for America's safety for almost forty years

Builder of U. S. Air Power

by JAMES MOORE

THE FAMOUS smile which has won General Arnold the nickname of "Happy" is a pleasant front for a shrewd and grimly purposeful character. His real nature shows in his determined stride, his set jaw. He's a fighter. He's been fighting for our safety for almost forty years.

As a young West Point graduate, Arnold became, in 1911, the country's fourth military man assigned to fly. Twice he won the coveted airman's award, the Mackay Trophy.

Then, in 1925, came the trial of General Billy Mitchell for criticizing the neglect of aviation by his superiors. Arnold fought wholeheartedly in Mitchell's defense.

After Mitchell was suspended and reduced in rank, he said: "Fighting from my side of the barricades was an officer whose convictions and courage may help to bring our Air Force to its required strength before the next war comes upon us. He was Major H. H. Arnold. He'll lead the Air Corps. He grew up with airplanes and he has all the essentials of leadership."

But Arnold was exiled to a minor command in the Middlewest. It took him twelve years to fulfill Mitchell's prophecy. In 1938 he was made Chief of the Air Corps, and in the seven years that followed he planned, directed and carried through to smashing victory those theories for which Mitchell had been broken.

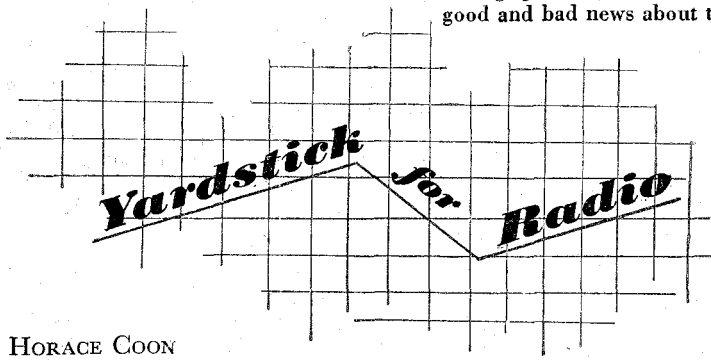
In his direction of the Air Force's gigantic growth, General Arnold's first thought was always for his men. The Training Command he planned and organized turned out, swiftly and safely, the thousands of air crews needed. He demanded, and got, the planes his men needed where and when they needed them. He directed our best doctors and scientists in medical and technological research that kept his men and equipment in the peak of fighting condition.

This wasn't accomplished by a 48-hour week. Even now Arnold is at his desk by 7:30 in the morning. He leaves when the cleaning force comes to work. And he frequently spends the night in a bomber flying to some outlying base which needs his attention.

There are still two major tasks confronting General Arnold. One is to get all his men home as quickly as possible. The second is to plan for the future so powerful an air force that never again shall we be caught as staggeringly unprepared as we were in 1938. This last has been his personal, forty-year war. He has won it, you may feel, but he is determined it should remain won so our country may be safe. Then, indeed, he will be "Happy" Arnold.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hooper poll makes a business of telling sponsors, stars and agents the good and bad news about themselves



by HORACE COON

IF IT HASN'T happened already, sooner or later your phone is going to ring and a pleasant voice will ask: "Were you listening to your radio just now?" When you tell this pollster what she wants to know, you are helping to decide how much a radio star will be paid, what hour he should go on the air, and how much a sponsor should spend.

There are a number of radio surveys conducted throughout the country, but the biggest, most aggressive and the one which claims the highest accuracy in measurement is that run by C. E. Hooper.

In 89 cities, girls employed by him announce by phone: "This is a nationwide survey of radio," and then go on with their questions. Their records are sent to Hooper's New York office, where they are chewed up by tabulating machines. Figures come out that send performers, network executives, advertisers and agencies into a frenzy. Some people scream: "Hooper is wrong!" But nobody has yet been able to prove it.

Hooper is a blond, excitable advertising executive close to fifty who is imbued with a mission: to tell everybody in the radio industry everything except the time of day. When he made his first coincidental survey in 1934—called "coincidental" because it is made during the program, when people are listening—radio networks were selling advertisers an audience of twenty million sets. Radio people cherished the illusion that all those sets were turned on. Hooper told them that, for a given program, eighteen million sets were turned off. Some people resented Hooper's iconoclasm so much they wanted to put him out of business.

Instead Hooper did the impossible. He sold businessmen the one thing they hate most: bad news about their own business. He told them how few people were actually listening to some programs. He told them how few knew the names of sponsors of even some of the biggest programs. Hooper told folks unpleasant facts and got paid for it; he convinced them that to stay in business they ought to know the worst.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hoop" began his business career selling aluminum utensils to housewives during college vacations. Born in Ohio and raised in New England, he went to Amherst and Harvard Business School, sold advertising space for a magazine, worked for an agency. Then with Daniel Starch, a former Harvard professor, he started measuring readership of printed advertising. Later, in his own company, he began applying the same methods to radio programs. He introduced the coincidental technique—asking people "What are you listening to *now*?"—and has used it ever since.

"Luckily we never tinkered with it," Hoop says. "By 1938 we realized that by having left the system alone, we possessed the only continuous rating record in the industry." That was when he launched his present firm on a shoestring. Today he is heading towards a million-dollar-a-year business telling clients things they don't want to hear.

HOOPER had to fight the whole advertising industry to get his method accepted. Top trade associations in advertising are the American Association of Advertising Agencies and the Association of National Advertisers. In 1930 they organized the Cooperative Analysis of Broadcasting and hired Crossley, Inc., to ask people over the phone: "What programs were you listening to yesterday?" That is known as the "recall" method. You'd be surprised at the number of people who can't recall at all.

Hooper set out to buck the associations. His ratings began to get to the public when, in collaboration with the Columbia Broadcasting System, he commenced estimating the number of adult listeners for each of President Roosevelt's fireside chats. These estimates were based on telegraphic reports and rapid-fire tabulations. Publicity-wise Hooper gave the figures to newspapers the following day.

Starting at a low of 6,300,000 listeners on June 10, 1936, Roosevelt wandered over the graphic foothills for four years, then suddenly leaped to 42,500,000 for the "Stab-in-the-Back" broadcast of June 10, 1940. From that moment he continued to climb to the all-time high of 62,100,000 listeners for his War Message on December 8, 1941. Hooper was cocksure about his figures. The Cooperative Analysis people began to doubt the soundness of their method. So they announced they would offer two ratings, one coincidental and one recall. The results were startling.

For the same program, the recall method showed one rating, usually a high one, and the coincidental method a much lower one. Which was correct? It was all very confusing. So the experts came to an obvious conclusion: Hooper had been working on his method for eleven years; perhaps he had something. Reluctantly subscribers turned to Hooper. From 1941 to 1944 his firm's billings increased 416 per cent, his New York personnel shot up from 42 to 180 persons, the word "Hooperating" began acquiring wide usage.

To ask the questions which give Hooper's statisticians an amazing amount of information, C. E. Hooper, Inc., hires ex-telephone girls—women who have retired,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have families, and welcome making money at home, twirling the dial. At certain hours of the day, never before 8:00 A.M. or after 10:30 P.M., they sit at their tables and call a list of numbers.

When they ask: "Were you listening to your radio just now?" they get a variety of answers. Suddenly faced with the question, people often sound not quite bright. Usually they say "Huh?" so the question has to be repeated with the introductory, "This is a nationwide survey of radio." After this repetition they generally get the point of the question.

Usually it is the woman who answers the phone. If the radio is on, the interviewer persists, "To what program were you listening, please?" That often elicits a yell into the next room to find out. "Over what station is that program coming?" is the next question. This is apt to seem complicated so the man may be called to the phone. He usually knows, but what he is not likely to know is the answer to the final question: "What advertiser puts on that program?"

In many cases that question is something of a shocker. The woman says: "What advertiser?" in a tone implying that advertisers don't put on programs. Others suspect a trick. Most people, however, are cooperative. Many answer: "I don't know, I don't listen to commercials." If they do know they shout it triumphantly, as though they expected to go to the head of the class.

One Monday night when a man was asked what program he was listening to he said: "*Fibber McGee.*" Hooper's girl repeated the question and then said: "That program is not being broadcast tonight."

"I know," the man answered. "I have a home recorder. I record it on Tuesday night and then we listen to it every night of the week."

In addition to a clear, pleasant voice, courtesy is one of the primary requisites of a Hooperette. Many people, lonesome and worried, fear the phone will bring bad news. During the war Hooper reporters did not call doctors or nurses. It is the custom to interview adults only.

THE BASIS of the Hooper popularity ratings is continuous measuring in 32 cities where the four networks have stations approximately equal in availability to listeners. During each hour more than 26 hundred homes are called for a period of three weeks—from the 1st through the 21st of each month. Out of each hundred homes perhaps eighty will answer.

Out of the eighty that answer, perhaps thirty have their sets turned on. Of that thirty, possibly fifteen will identify one program correctly, ten another, four still another and one may not know what he's listening to. By such calculating Walter Winchell may achieve a Hooperating of twenty, while *Blondie* gets a score of 10.5.

With such reverence are Hooperatings treated in the trade that in many contracts an entertainer is paid on a sliding scale commensurate with the Hooperating. Thus a star may get eight thousand dollars a broadcast if the Hooperating is ten, but a bonus for every point above that. Then sponsors, advertisers and agents watch the Hooper poll like a Wall Street gambler watches the stock ticker.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Over and over again Hooper has to insist that his ratings are not opinions but simply records of what people are actually listening to. From February to August every year the Hooperatings drop regardless of programs. Then sponsors drop big names, big stars hire new writers. From August to February the ratings climb. More people tune in. Everybody is happy. It happens every year. Not even Hooper can do anything about it.

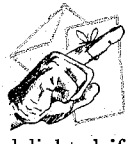
Most pertinent criticism of the Hooper method is that he reaches only telephone families in big cities. But he argues that the poor as well as the rich have telephones today and that his sample is a representative one for the whole country.

A sociologist could find fascinating material in network Hooperatings if he could compare them with the habits of people in previous generations. Children do not go to bed as early today as they used to: a surprising number are allowed to stay up to listen to Bob Hope and other programs after 10 o'clock. To support those who make generalizations about the infantile-mindedness of mass audiences, Hooper reveals the large number of adults who listen to children's programs. One reason, of course, is that children (being tyrants) control the dialing at certain hours. Nevertheless *The Lone Ranger* is proud of his adult following.

Sponsor identification is a headache. Soap-opera listeners are notoriously bad about knowing who is paying for the dramas, but evening programs are also discouraging to those who put up the money. One week *The Aldrich Family* had 61.1 who didn't know the sponsor. For the NBC Symphony the same week, 66.5 didn't know, while the New York Philharmonic had 57.7. But listeners seldom have any doubts about Winchell's sponsor or Phil Baker's, for they not only repeat the name but stick to the same boss year after year.

At present there is no way to measure Hooper except by his own yardstick. The Hooper method may not be the ultimate one. Perhaps it is significant that he is now supplementing it with other methods and services, and developing a mechanical recorder. Network statisticians are hoping to develop some technique that will reveal economic and sociological data about listeners. But they admit that what Hooper does he does well. What he does is to measure a hectic business by using methods that, not so long ago, caused radio people to laugh instead of listen.

Just a Friendly Reminder



A KANSAS CITY woman about to embark on a trip wrote to a New York hotel for an advance reservation. She received a confirmation promptly. The reply read: "We shall be very glad to see you on the date you mention. And we will be delighted if you will bring back the towels which disappeared at the time of your previous visit in 1938."

—PHILIP BEATON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Amateur pilots will soon have their own swank airport in the San Fernando Valley

Utopia for Civilian Fliers

by MICKELL NOVAK AND WALTER SELTZER

AMONG THE MANY people being cast for prominent roles in the post-war world, the amateur flier is close to the top of the list. Books have been written about the private pilot, advertisements feature his likeness, planes have been built especially for his needs, and flight schools are already enrolling him by the thousands.

But no one as yet has given much thought to the obvious problem of where he is going to house, maintain and fly his plane. That is, no one except Marvin E. Whiteman of California, a pioneer in the important business of constructing airports where private fliers, who are not exactly welcome at big municipal fields, can feel at home—and *be* at home.

In the San Fernando Valley, a few miles from the heart of Los Angeles, the first of Whiteman's utopias for amateur pilots is taking shape. Before long the Whiteman Air Park will be completed, including a hotel, guest cottages, a swimming pool, tennis and badminton courts, a café with dance floor, auto-rental service, a miniature movie theatre, riding stables, a line of shiny new planes for sale and hire, and a group of uniformed flight instructors to handle students.

The story of this world-of-tomorrow airport for exclusive civilian use goes back to Pearl Harbor time when Whiteman, a 36-year-old aviation enthusiast who originally hailed from Texas, decided to make his contribution to the war. Being a concrete engineer with processes for finishing cement floors and runways, he offered himself to the War and Navy Departments. His methods were tested and accepted, and Whiteman was ordered to accompany his processes around the country to insure proper installation.

Whiteman, a licensed commercial pilot and owner of a Beechcraft, put his contracts under his arm and headed for the sub-stratosphere. It was this tour of duty that brought him face to face with problems that have been confounding private fliers for years. He found commercial airports taxed far beyond capacity, and while he is not a sensitive soul, it wasn't necessary for a B-29 to fall on him to put

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...e idea that small private ...es are definitely unwelcome at ...ig and busy fields.

"The airliner," Whiteman says, "lands at approximately eighty miles an hour. The private ship comes in at fifty, maybe forty. Here's an obvious incompatibility that the big fields can't fool with. Then there's the question of the little ship with no radio. Its presence at a busy commercial port is dynamite.

"Trying to get repairs on my trip was almost impossible. Housing the ship was another stumbling block, for hangar space was at a premium. Most of the time I had to leave my plane sitting in the open. With dust, rain and sleet, the ship took a beating. Most airfields were miles from any urban center. Public ground transportation was almost non-existent. If you happened to sit down because of weather, there was nothing to do but twiddle your thumbs or write a letter to your congressman."

THUS WAS BORN Whiteman's Air Park. Persistent heckling won for this champion of the private flier the first airfield zoning permit in Los Angeles in eleven years (the fourth field in this so-called center of world aviation!). He acquired 67 acres adjoining Roger Jessup City Park, just a 20-minute drive from downtown, and there, among rolling hills, Whiteman's dream field is arising.

Two runways are already in operation, with fourteen employees on duty. On completion the park will provide hangar space for two hundred ships, an inexpensive maintenance and repair service, sales agencies for "family" ships, plus hotel and entertainment facilities.

The business operates simply. Say you own a four-place plane. For a base rate of approximately 35 dollars a month the plane is housed in a modern hangar. You, your wife and the children automatically become members of the "club," privileged to enjoy the park's facilities.

Familiar with fliers' tastes, Whiteman proposes to make his place attractive. Hence the athletic and social embellishments. "Wives who like to fly," says Whiteman, "get bored once the plane has landed and the husband starts comparing notes with others on the flight line. Turn them loose at my place and there'll be no problem. We can keep them entertained for days."

Several hangars will be devoted to transients, others will be rented by month or year. Robert Cummings, film star who has been a flight instructor in the Army Air Forces, holds the Number 1 membership in Whiteman's club. Others are divided among salesmen, executives, housewives, and even a 76-year-old retired farmer, who is an enthusiastic pilot.

The service staff provides an interesting sidelight. Says Whiteman: "There are thousands of men in the armed forces who have been given the best air training in the world. Most of these boys—and girls, too—are going to stick with aviation. It's from this great talent pool that I am recruiting my help. I'll use more than a hundred veterans in handling just this one field.

"The Air Park is my guinea pig. If it goes over, I'd like to start similar setups all across the country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The possibilities seem unlimited."

In the matter of flight instruction, Whiteman foresees the day when father will take son in hand, brief him on proper technique, then take him up to get the "feel" of flying by handling the controls. Recent changes in the CAB code make it possible for any licensed pilot to teach another person flying rudiments, provided the student also gets ten hours of dual training and permission to solo from a certified instructor.

"Take my own kids, for instance," Whiteman says, gleam. "The twelve-year-ol dles my ship like a veteran. ready to solo now. And the lit girl and the baby boy, five, are as plane-minded as their father."

The Whiteman Air Park is the result of almost twenty years of personal interest, observation and dreaming. From it, one obvious conclusion can be drawn. So long as men have vision and purpose, America's outposts of progress, not only in aviation but in countless other pursuits, are limitless.

Our Children

TOMMY, AGED SIX, was having dinner with his uncle and aunt and had refused a second piece of strawberry shortcake.

"You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite," said his aunt.

"It's not loss of appetite," he replied. "What I'm suffering from is politeness."

—RICHARD EINFELD

A SALESMAN who obviously didn't know little boys very well rapped on the screen door at a house where, just inside and plainly visible, was an eight-year-old painfully practicing his music lesson on the piano.

"Sonny," he inquired pleasantly, "is your mother home?"

The boy gave the salesman a murderous look over his shoulder, then growled, "What do *you* think, mister?"

—PHILIP BEATON

LITTLE JIMMY announced to his grocer that there was a new baby at his house. "Is he going to stay?" the grocer asked. "I guess so," replied the boy. "He's got all his things off."

—DAVID DEUTSCH

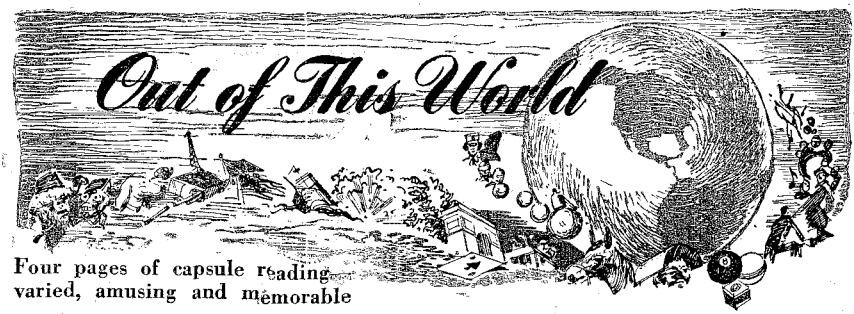
"MOTHER, that horrid Jones boy called me a tomboy," cried nine-year-old Penny with righteous wrath.

"And what did you do?" I asked, noting her torn dress and tear-streaked face, and remembering the Jones boy was twice her size.

"I made him take it back," she said. "I kicked him in the shins and tripped him and sat on his chest and pounded his head in the dirt until he yelled 'You're a perfick lady'."

—ISABEL WAITT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Four pages of capsule reading varied, amusing and memorable

Candy Man Maestro

DURING THE DAY he stands over huge kettles of boiling candy and directs his forty employees to add more sugar or vanilla or chocolate to the bonbon mixture.

At night he dons white tie and tails, mounts the podium of Philadelphia's Academy of Music, and directs seventy musicians of the Philadelphia Orchestra, suggesting more 'cello or flute or tympani in a Victor Herbert melody.

This Jekyll-and-Haydn personality, who has knocked staid Philadelphia off its musical balance with his protocol-shattering hobby, is energetic Max Leon, forty-year-old music lover and candy maker.

Driven by his burning desire to conduct a symphony orchestra, and realizing that most of the existing orchestras already had their regular conductors, Max Leon formed and financed his own orchestra from some of the world's finest instrumentalists, and called it the Philadelphia "Pops" Orchestra.

He rehearses his seventy men each Saturday morning on the fifth floor of his candy factory in the heart of Philadelphia's business district. He had the entire floor converted into an air-conditioned music salon decorated in baby blue, complete with music stands, piano and kettledrums.

Out of most windows in the neighborhood come the sounds of machines and wheels and gears. But from Leon's windows come the strains of Strauss' *Blue Danube Waltz* or some other light classic.

In order that his forty candy-making employees may hear these rehearsals while on the job, Maestro Max had the entire factory wired and equipped with sound amplifiers.

—HENRY KLEIN

Treasures of the Deep

WHEN DICK TRECKMAN and Al Poslusny sailed across Fire Island inlet in New York State on July 5, they expected to return with nothing more than a four-dollar cargo of fresh clams. But when their boat, the *Rose Joe*, struck a floating, sticky mass of gunk, they suddenly recalled tales they had heard of whales coming into the inlets and exuding ambergris, the high-priced essential ingredient of all costly perfumes.

After dark they dragged the sticky mass into Al's yard and made a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hurried trip to the corner druggist. He advised them to submit the stuff to a laboratory.

The laboratory report confirmed their belief. They had found the first ambergris in Fire Island waters in several decades.

This precious substance, incidentally, is a secretion exuded from the alimentary canal by whales that have lived too high. While not a perfume, ambergris has the power to diffuse perfume. And no synthetic concoction has yet been found to replace it.

Worth 55 dollars a pound, the ambergris at first sold rather slowly. Now foreign trade has been able to make its bid for a share of the sticky mass that turned out to be worth thousand dollars.

—STANLEY J. MEYER

$5.00 Bought a Fortune

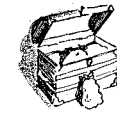
DOWN came the auctioneer's hammer with a resounding thump. "Five dollars bought it!" he exclaimed, and waved a finger in the direction of Charles E. Prince.

A small wooden box at an auction of unclaimed articles stored in a Los Angeles warehouse had been sold. Unclaimed for five years, the box had been the property of a mining engineer last heard from at Carral, Mexico. So Prince paid the amount of his bid, loaded the trunk in his car and hauled it to his home in Pomona. And was he surprised when he pried it open!

Among many personal belongings of the original owner, the box contained two bags of gold dust and nuggets, valued between four thousand and five thousand dollars; a half-carat diamond stickpin, a gold lavalier, a small diamond, and other less important trinkets.

The two bags of gold weighed $241^{7}/_{10}$ ounces. Expecting to sell it, Prince took the stuff to a bonded smelting company. But the Secret Service got wind of the deal, and tied up the box because it had been stored in 1935—at least a year after all gold had been called in by the Treasury Department.

Consequently, Prince's wonderful bargain was placed under seal and handed over to a United States marshal until a ruling concerning its disposal could be secured from the Treasury Department. In the meantime Prince employed a lawyer to look after his interests.



Eventually a ruling was handed down that Prince might have the contents of the box, provided: he pay approximately two thousand dollars income tax on the valuables; negotiate with a licensed gold-buyer to purchase the gold; then have the Secret Service deliver it to the gold-buyer.

—HOWARD KEGLEY

Lincoln Mystery

LINCOLN SCHOLARS and writers can hardly wait for 1947, when more than ten thousand letters written to and by Abraham Lincoln will be opened and made public.

The story behind this secret material, now kept sealed in the Library of Congress, began more than twenty years ago, when Abraham Lincoln's only surviving son, Robert, was living in quiet Manchester, Vermont. One day a friend called

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on him and was ushered into a room littered with large boxes and piles of papers. In the fireplace the ashes of burned papers still glowed.

"What are you doing?" the visitor asked in astonishment.

Somewhat taken aback, Lincoln admitted that he was destroying some of his father's private papers and letters.

The friend was aghast. He thundered that no one had the right to destroy such valuable historical material. Of all persons, he said, certainly the son of the great President should be most interested in its preservation.

Lincoln explained that he did not intend to burn the entire lot. *The papers he was burning were those that contained positive proof of the treason of a member of his father's Cabinet.* In the son's opinion it seemed to everybody's best interest that such evidence be destroyed.

His friend rushed to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, then president of Columbia University, who was stopping in Manchester, and told him what he had seen and heard. Dr. Butler hurried to Lincoln's home and argued vehemently. His words must have been convincing, for Lincoln finally agreed to burn no more of the papers and to turn over the entire collection to the Library of Congress.

However, he made one stipulation: *the letters and papers were not to be made public until 21 years after his death.*

Robert Lincoln died in his Manchester home, July 26, 1926.

Although the documents cannot be unsealed until 1947, speculation as to what they will reveal has already begun.

Will they throw light on the dark conspiracy in the President's Cabinet to which the son referred? Or did Robert Lincoln succeed in destroying all the incriminating papers?

These are questions which will soon be answered.

—James Aldredge

School for Whistlers

"Whistling girls and crowing hens will surely come to some bad ends" says the adage. Today, whistling girls make a pretty penny at it. In fact one woman even went so far as to establish a school to teach people the aesthetics of the properly executed whistle.

This pioneer in the whistling business was Agnes Woodward, and her school, founded in Los Angeles in 1907, is unique among musical institutions. The students start out with scale exercises just like voice pupils. But there the similarity ends. Whistlers range off into the realm of bird life, even developing a sort of bird language of their own.

They begin by learning a bird chirp which is done by simply whistling the word "hew." That's easy, but then come tongue gymnastics. The trill which the canary uses is made by twirling the tongue in the roof of the mouth while whistling the words "three" or "throw" and making a pronounced roll on the "R." The bird yodel comes by action of the tongue on the roof of the mouth while whistling the word "oodle." A successful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

student therefore must learn to somersault his tongue.

The school has its own textbook, *Whistling as an Art*, and its own special music with words coined to illustrate various bird whistles: chirps, hewies, thrup-ees, and quittas. And whistlers are classified as to range and quality: soprano, mezzo and alto, lyric, coloratura and dramatic. There are also various types: the "pucker whistler," "tongue and teeth whistler," and the rarely-found throat or ventriloquial whistler.

Students at the Agnes Woodward School of Whistling, which has been owned and run by Helen Ward Jeffs since 1938, range in age from six to sixty, with young women taking honors for being the most successful students. The usual course is from six months to a year.

Many Woodward graduates are doing professional work in concerts, the theatre, radio and special solo work in churches. And when you hear bird whistles in the Disney cartoons, there's a good chance that the imitator might be Marion Darlington, another graduate Woodward whistler.

Helen Jeffs felt that her bird whistling had reached its peak when she was asked recently to make a recording to teach a recalcitrant canary to sing.

—Grace Poston

Elephants Are Spoiled

It is a well-known fact that the elephant has both a long-lasting memory and incredible strength, but how does he act when he's sick? Well, all elephants act exactly like spoiled children as any expert trainer will tell you.

When suffering from colic, elephants are afflicted with severe stomach-aches. They shiver, tighten up, roll in the dirt, and moan pitifully. The routine cure in this case is a quart of gin and ginger, or some other strong alcoholic beverage. Sometimes when frequent doses are required, an elephant will thereafter spend whole days faking cramps in order to get another "snifter."

Additional stomach troubles are remedied with sugar-coated but vile tasting pills. Although the elephant may take the pill willingly, he soon discovers its true content. He makes his jaws go at great speed as if mashing the pill between his huge teeth. Actually, however, it's tucked in his cheek.

When he thinks the handler is convinced that he swallowed it, the elephant swings his head to one side, flips his trunk over his back, and blows furiously as though chasing flies. During this pantomime the animal surreptitiously spits out the pill as far to the rear as possible. Then off he goes. But the smart handler who knows the trick runs after his charge, takes him by the ear, and leads him back, squealing and stomping. The elephant could easily kill the handler with a sweep of his trunk. But he doesn't. He comes along obediently and stands grunting his misery while the handler again inserts the pill. This time the handler watches until it has been swallowed and makes the beast open his mouth to prove it.

—Carl H. Gibke

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How a trail of forged checks and a torn-up note helped solve the mysterious death of an eccentric Texan in New York

The Riddle of the DEAD MILLIONAIRE

by ALAN HYND

WHEN William Marsh Rice left the Texas oil fields in 1896, at the age of eighty, and took up residence on an entire floor of one of New York's most expensive apartment buildings—the Berkshire, at 500 Madison Avenue—he quickly established himself as one of the city's more fascinating characters.

A widower with no surviving blood relatives, Rice had a liquid fortune of seven million dollars and about five million more in Texas oil lands and real estate. He was a curious mixture of philanthropist and skinflint. He had, for example, founded the William Marsh Rice Institute in Houston, Texas, and contributed half a million dollars annually to its support; yet, after a five-dollar dinner, he would sometimes leave the waiter a five-cent tip.

Rice was a tall, well-preserved man whose frosty face was partially hidden by a luxurious white moustache and chin beard. He was constantly in the company of Charles F. Jones, his thirty-year-old valet, confidential secretary, and food taster. Suspicious that someone was going to poison him, for reasons never made clear, old Rice insisted that Jones—a flabby, pallid individual with vague blue eyes—sample all food before his employer partook of it.

Jones was a handyman in a Texas hotel when Rice took a liking to him and employed him at eight dollars a week. Later, in New York, he faithfully followed his master around the streets. The old man was a hearty eater who suffered from chronic indigestion, and Jones' pockets were always stuffed with bottles of medicine and boxes of pills, which he administered to his employer at regular intervals, no matter where they were. If Jones was even thirty seconds late in giving Rice a pill or a teaspoonful of medicine, the old man would berate him loudly.

Rice's apartment was a soft, shadowy mid-Victorian abode containing more than 200 thousand dollars' worth of furnishings and curios. The millionaire's visitors were limited almost exclusively to old-time cronies from the Texas oil fields. When he was not out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

walking, or clipping coupons, Rice busied himself thinking up things for Jones to do.

The old man was an extremist, too. When, in 1900, he picked up the idea somewhere that bananas would relieve his indigestion, he put himself on an exclusive diet of the fruit, eating as many as nine for breakfast. He soon took to his bed, and his physician, Dr. Walter Curry, was amazed to find his 84-year-old patient still alive when he called each day.

MEANWHILE Albert T. Patrick, a dark, bald lawyer of forty whose deep brown eyes darted around behind thick-lensed glasses, managed to meet and become friendly with the valet, Jones.

At 10:30 Monday morning, September 24, 1900, a clerk in Patrick's law office appeared in the Wall Street banking house of Swenson & Sons with a check for 25 thousand dollars, dated two days previously. The check was payable to Patrick and bore the signature of William Marsh Rice. "Mr. Patrick wants this certified," the clerk said.

Because the lawyer was not known at the bank, an official phoned the Rice apartment. The valet answered. The banker asked to speak to Mr. Rice. "If it's about the Patrick check," said Jones, "that is quite all right. I was here when Mr. Rice made it out Saturday afternoon."

"But I wish to speak to Mr. Rice," the banker insisted.

"Mr. Rice died last night," the valet replied.

The attorney for the bank telephoned George William McClusky, the big, red-faced chief of the Homicide Squad of the New York Police Department.

McClusky, loud and direct, barged into Rice's apartment. "Who are you?" he asked Jones. The valet identified himself. McClusky looked past him to a man sitting on a sofa and eating an apple. "Who's that?" he asked Jones. "That's Mr. Patrick," Jones replied.

"Patrick, don't go away," McClusky ordered. "I want to talk to you later."

McClusky went into the bedroom where the nude body of William Marsh Rice lay on a mahogany four-poster. A somber-faced man stood near the bed. "Who are you?" asked the police officer.

"The undertaker. I've just embalmed the body."

"Who's the doctor in this case?"

The undertaker supplied Dr. Curry's name. The officer then phoned Dr. Curry and asked him the cause of Rice's death.

"Indigestion and a weak heart," said the doctor.

McClusky soon uncovered the fact that four checks, totaling 250 thousand dollars and drawn on two banks, had been made out to Patrick two days previously. The checks bore Rice's name, but bankers familiar with the old man's signature were quick to brand them as forgeries.

"Why did Rice make out a quarter of a million dollars in checks to you when he was on his deathbed?" McClusky asked Patrick.

"He knew he was going to die," Patrick answered calmly. "We had similar views about charity, and I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was to use the money for charitable purposes."

McClusky dismissed the lawyer, but from a front window he signaled a detective in the street to trail him. Shortly afterward, when Jones left the house, he too was trailed.

In searching the apartment for clues, McClusky found several pieces of torn paper in a kitchen garbage pail. When he put them together he found they were a note from Rice instructing Jones that in the event of death the millionaire's body was to be cremated immediately.

Why then, wondered McClusky, had the body been embalmed? He knew that certain poisons in embalming fluids would tend to cover up poisons introduced before death. He phoned the undertaker and asked who had ordered the body embalmed. "Mr. Patrick," the undertaker replied.

A chemical analysis of Rice's body indicated, in the opinion of police chemists, that the old man's lungs were intensely congested from inhaling some gaseous irritant. Traces of mercury were also found in the body.

McClusky knew by now that he could get a forgery conviction. But what he wanted was a murder charge that would stick, so he permitted Patrick and Jones out on a leash, and his men reported that the two were meeting secretly and conversing in low tones.

When McClusky learned that Rice had a safety deposit box, he ordered it opened. In it were two wills. One, dated four years before, left the bulk of the Rice fortune to Rice Institute. A second will, canceling the first and made only three months before, left virtually everything to Patrick. The signature on the second instrument was a forgery.

McClusky next learned that not only had old Rice not been on friendly terms with Patrick, as the lawyer had implied, but that he had known Patrick only by reputation and had hated the man. This hatred had had its origin in Patrick's association with lawyers handling a legal matter *against* the eccentric old millionaire.

It all added up, McClusky reasoned, to an incredibly bold murder plot whereby Patrick, assisted by the valet Jones, had planned to gain control of the Rice fortune. McClusky knew that the State's medical testimony that Rice had not died of natural causes would be disputed by medical testimony for the defense. Therefore it was essential that evidence be obtained corroborating the official suspicions.

Such evidence, though of a circumstantial nature, soon came to light. It was learned that just before his death Rice had planned to send a quarter of a million dollars in cash to business associates in Texas to rebuild property destroyed by fire. It seemed more than a coincidence that Rice, who had

NEXT MONTH

A Treasury of Literary Classics

scenes from six beloved stories illustrated in full color by

DOUGLASS CROCKWELL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been ill but not critically so, should have died at just that time.

Jones, the weaker of the two suspected conspirators, finally broke down under questioning. He confessed that, at Patrick's direction, he had fed old Rice mercury over a period of time so that the lawyer could gain control of the Rice fortune through the forged will. Jones was to have been taken care of by Patrick, according to his confession. When the mercury fell short of the desired effect and the plotters learned that Rice was about to send 250 thousand dollars to Texas, Patrick instructed Jones to chloroform his employer, the valet said in his confession.

The lawyer was convicted of plotting Rice's murder and was sentenced to die in the electric chair. Jones, the principal witness against him, was regarded as a tool of the master plotter and given his freedom. Patrick was removed to Sing Sing and Jones vanished.

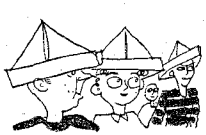
But wait.

Albert T. Patrick began to practice law in the death house of Sing Sing as he had never practiced it before. He started a series of legal maneuvers that won him stay after stay. He hinted that he had been railroaded to prison by powerful interests working behind the scenes on behalf of the dead multi-millionaire. He even charged that Jones had been paid by high police officials to vanish once the case had been cleaned up.

Patrick was at his best, however, in raising delicate points relating to the medical testimony introduced at his trial. He dwelt at length on his claim that the congestion in Rice's lungs, which the state alleged had been caused by chloroform, had really been caused by embalming fluid.

Public opinion began to swing in Patrick's favor. In the furor about the disappearance of Jones and the differences of opinion about the medical aspects of the case, the forgeries and other incriminating evidence were entirely forgotten.

In November, 1912, more than twelve years after the death of the eccentric millionaire, Governor Dix granted Albert T. Patrick a full and unconditional pardon.



Both Wise and Kind

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY came down the steps of his Lockerbie Street home in Indianapolis one day to be confronted by a hunchbacked little boy with a tear-stained face. "Mr. Riley," his voice shook, "you've seen crooked soldiers, haven't you?"

The poet looked around, saw an "army" of youngsters, with wooden guns and swords waiting intently for his verdict.

"Of course I have. Not very many, though," Riley added, "because crooked soldiers are the bravest, the best, and the very, very hardest to get."

—JOSEF CHEVALIER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wisdom is not restricted to man alone; even the tiniest beasts have a share in it

How Animals Fight for Survival

by JIM KJELGAARD

MOST WILD things are constantly persecuted, and especially among the smaller and more inoffensive creatures there is no minute in a day when death might not strike. But few stand meekly by and wait for it.

Consider, for example, the woodchuck, a placid little beast that wants only to be let alone. It digs its burrows in open fields and feeds during the day. A full-grown woodchuck can put up a terrific battle, but the young cannot fight and even the adults prefer to run.

Usually the animal is safe in its burrow, but at times must venture a long way to feed. A slow runner, it can be easily overtaken. As a consequence, a feeding woodchuck threatened by danger knows better than to run to its burrow. Instead, it drops into the nearest of several "chuck holes" it has dug in a feed patch.

For all its size and supposed ferocity, the black bear is one of the shyest of wild beasts. But a bear uses its keen intelligence to get out of dangerous situations. I was once walking up a mountain trail when I heard the rattle of rifle fire and came upon eight hunters. A bear had just run up the mountain. They had seen it run behind a big boulder just below a patch of laurel. The hunters, sure the bear would head for a wooded valley, set out to intercept it there.

I waited where I was. A half hour later the bear emerged from behind the boulder and ran down the mountain in a direction opposite that taken by the hunters.

This instinct for confounding enemies extends to birds, too, and is well illustrated by the Harlequin ducks. More than one inexperienced hunter, shooting at one of a flock, has seen the entire flock drop. But the instant they strike the water they dive, swim beneath the surface, and emerge, flying, out of gun range.

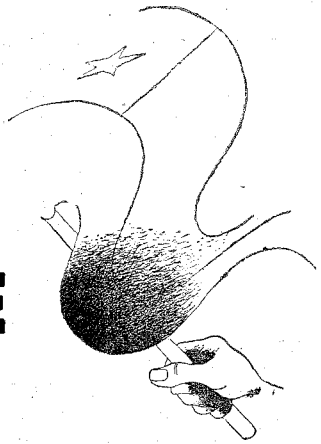
Probably the ingenuity of wild creatures achieves its highest point in the protection of their homes and young. There was the pheasant hen that nested in a farmer's hedgerow and left her eggs only to feed. She skulked about in the grass, revealing herself no more than necessary. Yet she never returned directly to her nest but ostentatiously flew to a patch of milkweed a hundred yards from it. Then she slunk, unseen, down the hedgerow to her eggs. An enemy would have looked for them in the milkweed.

It would be an exaggeration to say that all wild things have a way to circumvent danger. But they usually have a plan which they often put into effect with amazing results.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don Tancredo, the people's champion, has been battling injustice for forty years

Fighting Hero of CHILE



by S. MARTIN

CHILE IS A "political" country. That is, it is mostly run by and for the politicians. And the politicians of Chile, like those in so many mercurial Latin republics, are often corrupt. That is one reason why the goal of Pan-American unity and cooperation cannot be achieved overnight, despite the praiseworthy efforts of well-intentioned people in both North and South America.

Because the situation in Chile is what it is, the ordinary, everyday "little man" of that country talks politics the way his Brooklyn counterpart talks baseball. He knows the score on every public figure. He keeps himself informed on all public matters. He is a great newspaper reader and gossip. Yet he remains, for understandable reasons, a complete cynic.

There is one public figure, however, towards whom he feels no cynicism but only love and respect. On my first day in Santiago I had my shoes shined in the famous Plaza de Armas. The bootblack and a friend were tearing to pieces one well-known personality after another. Finally the bootblack remarked, "I read in *Asiés* that if Chile is ever to get any place we workers must develop a greater sense of responsibility."

"Ah, that's Don Tancredo!" said the other, his face softening. "El canta claro! (He sings clearly!)"

Not only in Santiago but all over Chile people date events from Don Tancredo's various "wars." "Oh, that was when Tancredo was fighting the School Board . . ." "Let's see, that was just after Tancredo exposed the police." "Yes, I remember when he gave us the best bread we've ever had!"

Don Tancredo Pinochet fights with his newspaper, *Asiés* ("It's Like This"), against crooks, political bosses and the prevailing spirit of mañana — "wait till tomorrow."

A people's champion, he looks the part. A bush of white hair caps a long face and a prominent nose. He always wears a gray cotton suit, always carries a walking stick and, except when he sleeps, he is always smoking a vile-smelling cheroot.

Pinochet's daily, *Asiés*, is the smallest but liveliest paper south of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Rio Grande. Its circulation is twelve thousand but it is read by at least four times that number, being passed from hand to hand among people who have virtually no money. Because he lacks space for full news coverage, Tancredo concentrates on events that other papers somehow don't care to print.

Don Tancredo is no flash-in-the-pan-hero. He has been fighting injustice for forty years, against full-sized adversaries. When a large university was building a new engineering school, Pinochet heard that materials were below specifications. The man responsible was a personal friend, one of the republic's ministers. Tancredo grew a beard, put on overalls, got a job on the construction gang. He found the charges were true. The minister, when Pinochet confronted him with the facts, pleaded that exposure would ruin him and his family. Pinochet wept with genuine grief—and published the story. The minister went to jail.

THE RAMBLING Pinochet house in Santiago serves as home, newspaper office, printing plant, school and meeting place. All day people drop in: a judge, a congressman, a poet, a cabinet minister—and always those for whom *Asiés* is written, the ordinary people who call to pay respects, make a complaint or convey a useful news tip.

One afternoon while I was visiting the house a shabbily-dressed old lady came in to tell Pinochet that a congressman had cheated her of 200 thousand pesos. She couldn't afford to sue. When investigation proved she had a case, *Asiés* published an open letter to the legislator, who came perspiring to the house on Lira Street.

"You are an honest man, Pinochet," said the politician. "Here's my side of the case; you be the judge."

Tancredo decided on a settlement of 80 thousand pesos, and it was paid without a murmur. A few days later the old lady called again with a large check. Pinochet refused it. When she mailed it to him, Tancredo gave the check to the republic to start a clinic which bears the name of Tancredo's mother, Isabel Le-Brun, Chile's first feminist leader.

Latin Americans of Pinochet's class consider manual labor degrading. The young Tancredo not only worked his way through Europe as a deckhand, barber and bricklayer, but wrote a book about it.

All Chile read the book, and the best society decided to drop him forthwith. The unrepentant Pinochet opened a school in Santiago, and manufactured furniture on the side. Santiago's Chamber of Commerce decided that so up-and-coming a young man would make a good delegate to the fifth International Congress of Chambers of Commerce, held in Boston in 1912.

The United States was a revelation to Pinochet. Here was a country where manual labor was not scorned, where things were done *today*, not tomorrow! Eager for experience, he got a job in a biscuit factory. Next he sold the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, taught in a Quincy, Ill., high school, and finally directed an International Correspondence School course.

On his return to South America,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tancredo was asked to head Santiago's School of Arts and Crafts, a government vocational college for boys. He accepted, and the crusader was born. Tancredo began by hiring and firing teachers on the basis of ability, heedless of race, religion or politics. Then he installed washing machines in the school's laundry. Since the machines were not used to capacity, this practical democrat invited neighborhood washerwomen to use them. Once they started coming to the school they were enticed into adult education classes.

Tancredo abolished the learn-by-memory system and instituted the learn-by-doing methods he had seen in the United States. "Don't be ashamed to soil your hands," he told students. "Remember Abraham Lincoln. Work is dignified."

Next he installed modern ovens in the school kitchen and taught the students how to use them. Till then Chile had known only the primitive clay oven. When a lockout of bakery workers left Santiago breadless, Pinochet put his students to work and gave the city the best bread it had ever eaten, at lower prices. The workers won a raise and Tancredo won the reputation of being a man who could do anything.

But soon he ran into trouble. In a booklet, *One Year as a Civil Servant*, Pinochet recounted his fight against political corruption in the school. As a result of the booklet, he was fired. Encouraged by his students, Tancredo founded a newspaper whose circulation, at its peak, outstripped all other Santiago papers combined. *La Opinión* was direct and simple journalism; it pulled no punches.

Tancredo exposed Santiago's police chief for owning houses of prostitution and collecting tribute from thieves. The chief threatened him. Pinochet published the threats. He received a box of poisoned candy, was shot at twice, but eventually the chief went to prison.

The editor of *La Opinión* was still a young man, however, and when he found that many of his Santiago friends were living off graft, he became disheartened, abandoned his paper, and went back to the United States to revitalize his faith in democratic processes.

In New York he became managing editor of *El Norteamericano*, first journalistic venture in inter-American friendship. There he met and married Constance Alexander, the paper's circulation manager. When *El Norteamericano* gave up the ghost, Pinochet devoted his time to *Todo America*, a magazine of discussion for students, and soon it was circulating throughout Latin America. To be nearer his people, Pinochet moved to Cuba. There he became widely respected, and, for a little while, well-to-do.

When his wife left to visit her parents in New York, Tancredo locked his beautiful home and went to live in Havana's slums, where his room became a center of discussion and argument. Christmas came. Tancredo ignored the wistful, ragged children as long as he could, then ordered a bakery to give pastries to the children at his expense. But he felt cookies were a small gesture, so he sacked his luxurious home and gave away fur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

niture, books, draperies, linen—even his car. The slums had a real Christmas that year.

Constance Pinochet returned to an empty house. "Never mind," Tancredo consoled her. "We're going traveling." Then he added: "Besides I don't like being rich."

During the '30s the Pinochets traveled through Latin America, Tancredo scourging the people for accepting corruption in government. Then he began to feel the pull of his own country once more. He returned to Santiago and started publication of his little newspaper. Within ten weeks it had eight thousand readers.

That was the beginning of *Asiés*, the "little paper run by a big man." Today, the days of the "little" paper are numbered. *Asiés* is ready to become a full-size newspaper. The new venture will be owned by its readers, and presses are ready to roll. Tancredo's 30-point program for it reads like a Bill of Rights and Reconstruction for the new Chile.

When I told him how the bootblack's friend said: "Ah, Don Tancredo, he sings clearly," he blew his long nose in embarrassment.

"Do you think they would carve that on my tombstone?" he asked.

He seemed very young at that moment, despite his sixty-odd years.

"I think they will," I said. But I am *sure* of it.

New Worlds in Medicine

TOO MUCH bed rest can be harmful, say physicians, reversing an age-old dictum regarding care of convalescents. Particularly in certain types of heart disease does the horizontal position impose greater rather than less strain on the heart. Harvard Medical School investigators found that nine-inch wooden blocks placed under the head of the bed depress the lower part of a patient's body, thereby significantly decreasing the pumping effort of an overtaxed heart.

A NEW METHOD of treating sprains by using a freezing-cold spray of ethyl chloride has been tried with success in 88 out of 100 cases by a United States Army physician. The method, first devised by Hans Kraus, consulting physician of the Australian National Olympic team, induces a surface anesthesia which relieves all pain immediately for a period of ten to twenty seconds. During this brief time the patient is urged to move the injured part, slowly at first, but later with increasing force and speed. The treatment is periodically repeated. In all cases the swelling and stiffness are rapidly reduced and useful motion of the injured joint re-established in an average of three days.

HERE'S good news for poison ivy sufferers. *Tyrosinase*, an enzyme found in mushrooms, oxidizes and nullifies the irritant principle in poison ivy without harming the victim's skin. Two Boston scientists made the discovery. Tests on human guinea pigs showed that when the mushroom extract was added to poison ivy concentrate it either prevented dermatitis or greatly reduced the severity of the itching. —SIGMUND SAMETH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chemicals released from war duties will soon perform their magic for everybody

New Wonders with Suds

by North Clarey

A group of chemicals recently released from wartime duties are about to change the old-fashioned way of doing many things. Called "synthetic organic detergents," they will put more butter on your table, wash your car with hardly a wipe, give you a bubble bath in the hardest water, improve the baking of angel food cake, revolutionize dish washing, take spots off your wallpaper or fleas off your dog, and make a myriad of industrial processes easier, quicker and cheaper. And they will cost no more than ordinary soap.

These versatile detergents, which come in the form of amber-colored liquid, cream-colored cakes, flakes, beads or powder, are non-alkaline and non-acid, and practically odorless and tasteless. They are also mild. Medical tests on patients with skins allergic to soap have shown that a detergent causes no irritation. So if your baby's skin is sensitive, you can safely bathe him with the same powder used to remove grease from your garage floor.

A typical miracle-working detergent with a long chemical name is the sodium salt of an alkyl aryl sulfonate, or R-Ar-SO_3Na. During the war a small amount was added to a mild chlorine rinse to sterilize Army mess kits. Now the same can be done with all kitchen utensils. R-Ar-SO_3Na is also a deodorant, powerful enough to remove the odor of garlic from your hands or sweeten a dog which has tangled with a skunk.

What's more, it's a wetting agent or penetrant. A puff of cotton which floats when dropped into water will sink immediately after a pinch of R-Ar-SO_3Na is added. This penetrating quality not only makes the detergent a boon to the business of dyeing textiles but helps to preserve fresh fruits and vegetables, for the chemical gets into minute air pockets, killing insects and removing dirt.

Because the detergent is non-volatile it will not evaporate. When used to treat bandages during the war, the sterile wrappers remained germ-free for hours after being opened. This same property causes the detergent to make woolens moth-free when washed in a solution of it. And no damage is done to the wool, for R-Ar-SO_3Na is as effective in cold water as in hot, and cleans so quickly that no shrinkage results.

Detergents, being emulsifiers, are used to provide a better "head" for beer, as well as in foam-type fire extinguishers and in bubble-bath preparations. The emulsifying property also works on kitchen grease, breaking it into small particles which wash down the drain. Even cosmetic companies employ deter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gents as emulsifiers to prevent liquid preparations from settling and separating, while petroleum refiners, reversing the process, use them as *de*-mulsifiers to remove water from crude oil.

ODDLY ENOUGH, detergents are neither new nor originally American. The Germans had a good synthetic called Gardinol on the market long before the war, but it cost a dollar a pound and was chemically unstable. By 1930 we had learned enough from the Germans to develop a commercially practical detergent of our own, and by 1942 some two thousand synthetics had been developed, two hundred of them ready for volume production. Then they were swiftly gobbled up by war demands.

Detergents are extremely important to dairymen. Cleaning jobs around the cow barns, which used to be done laboriously with steam, boiling water, chlorine and lye, are now handled in a quarter of the time by mixing detergents with cold water. As a result, more butter has moved to the Grade-A level and to your table.

The same wonder cleaning can be performed in your own kitchen. A tablespoonful of a washing detergent in a sink of cold water will break down the stubbornness of food clinging to dishes or pans, and a quick wipe with a rag finishes the cleaning. A solution of one-half teaspoonful in a gallon of water is enough to wash all the windows in the house, and you can dry them without drawing a second pail of "clear water" for rinsing. The same applies to linoleum or tile floors. There's no danger of slipperiness, and the floor is deodorized once it has dried.

New jobs and industries will be created by the magic properties of synthetic detergents. If they're not yet on sale at your grocery store, be patient. Released from vital wartime duties, they will soon be available at counters everywhere.

A Dime from a Neighbor!

"I WISH I still had the dime my neighbor gave me when I was a little girl!" The old lady in rich black silk, chatting with my mother, didn't look in need of a dime. She lived in a comfortable house next door to ours in Springfield, Illinois.

"It was on a fine, warm Sunday, right after church," she recalled. "Dressed in our white Sunday school frocks, some playmates and I were swinging on my front gate. We were all singing *I Want To Be an Angel*. That was then a popular revival song.

"The tall man who lived in our block stopped on his way home from church to listen. The smile-lines around his eyes grew deeper. 'Pshaw!' he laughed. 'You little girls in your fluffy white dresses are as near angels now as you ever need to be!' Then he reached in his pocket and gave us each a shiny dime. Of course we ran right down to the corner store and bought candy. But I wish now I had kept that dime from our neighbor, Mr. Abraham Lincoln."

—FRANCES FOWLER ALLEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A haunting, beloved song is part of our rich heritage from the pioneer West

HOME ON THE RANGE

by EDWIN AFFRON

THE LEGENDARY old West—land of broad frontiers and broad visions, of endless journeys in covered wagons and ox carts, of gorge and waste and river and mountain—that West will never die, any more than dreams and hopes and human emotions can die.

And the same nostalgia which weaves its spell around the men of our pioneer West also surrounds the roistering ballads and dreamy folk songs which tell in undying terms the history of an era that will forever be fresh and alive.

They are the songs that were first sung by men with banjos and guitars; men who made music for their dances, their religion; men who saw the West opened up and recorded its history in a rich heritage of melody.

Wanderers venturing alone into the wilderness, they found solace for their loneliness in raising their voices against the prairie and forest track, along new rivers, in an outburst of song.

First they sang the old familiar tunes, tunes they carried with them in their hearts; then they improvised new songs that fitted the new lives and the new adventures they were carving out for themselves. As a continent flourished and grew, enriching a nation, our songs grew with it, enriching our hearts and our lives.

Today those songs have crossed the boundaries of the West to sweep across the nation, across the world. Those songs have brought joy and happiness and a longing for the wide open spaces to men in the cities and towns and hamlets up and down the continent.

Oh, give me a home
Where the buffalo roam

The words were written by a pioneer in a little cabin in Kansas. But they did not stay there, for they captured the imagination of men everywhere.

Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

A song hummed and played and sung by millions of men and women and children. It was a favorite song of a great President, a man whose eyes were lifted to far horizons, to beautiful visions of universal brotherhood. And where better might we look for such visions than in the universal brotherhood of song? *Home on the Range.* Its meaning is clear to all men, its spirit nourishes the world-wide longing for space—lots of space—in which to live and breathe and dream.

Douglass Crockwell's painting on the opposite page, inspired by *Home on the Range,* is another in a series by favorite American artists interpreting favorite American songs.

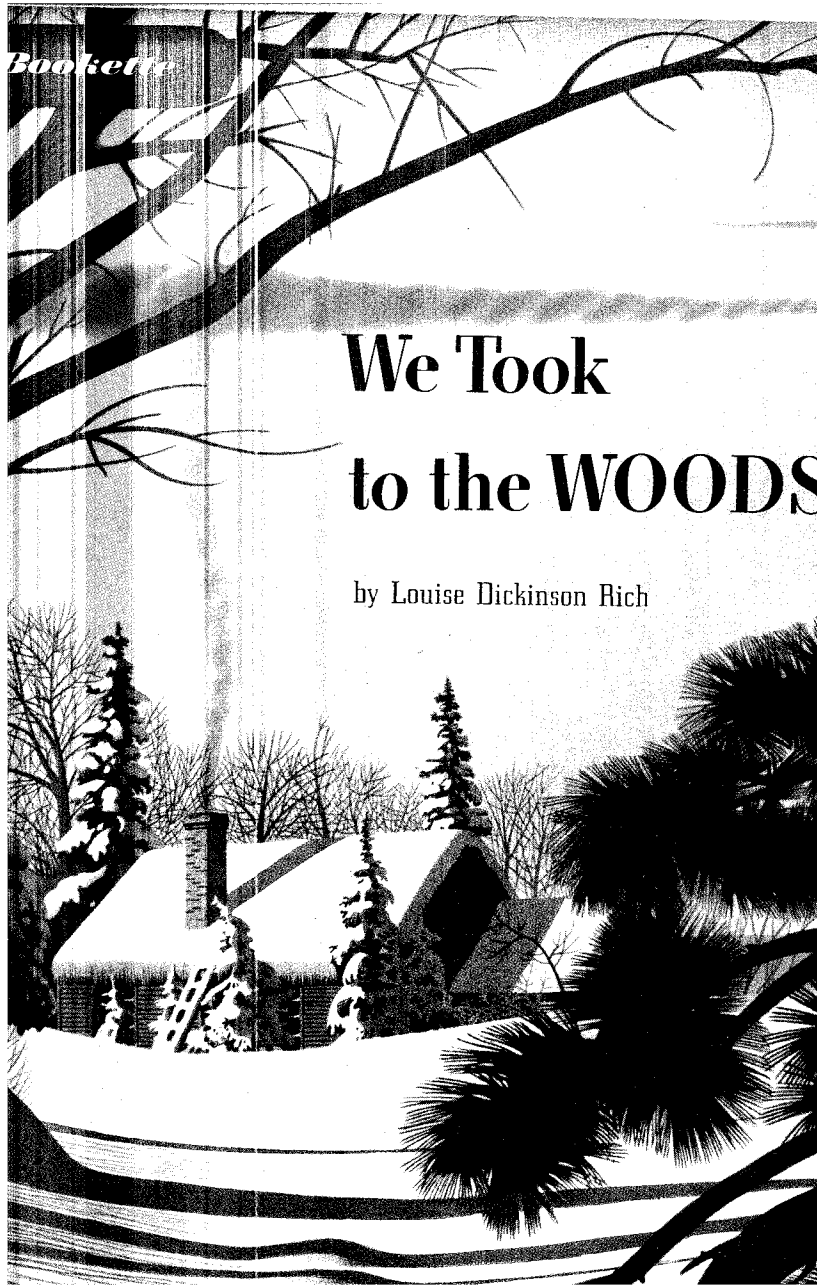
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

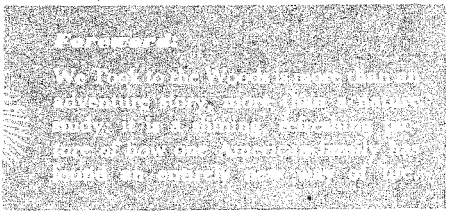
Bookette

We Took to the WOODS

by Louise Dickinson Rich



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



We Took to the Woods

by LOUISE DICKINSON RICH

DURING MOST of my adolescence —specifically between the time when I gave up wanting to be a railroad brakeman and definitely decided to become an English teacher—I said, when asked what I was going to do with my life, that I was going to live alone in the Maine woods and write.

Of course, I found out later that most young people plan to do something of the sort. The only difference in my case is that, grown to womanhood, I am living in the Maine woods and I am writing. It's a queer feeling to wake up and find that your dream has become a reality.

There are differences, of course. My idea was a little log cabin in a spacious park. There is nothing park-like about this northwestern part of Maine. Here, between two ranges of mountains, lies a high, wild valley that holds the Rangeley Lakes. The country is criss-crossed with ridges, dotted with swamps, covered with forest. There are few people living here, and no roads down to what we call the Outside. There are a few trails, but travel is so difficult that the lakes have remained what they were to the Indians, the main thoroughfare.

I like to think of these lakes coming down from the North like a gigantic staircase to the sea. I wish I could make you see them—long, lovely, lonely stretches of water, shut in by dark hills. The trees come down to the shore, the black pine and spruce streaked with the light green of maple and birch. There is nothing on the hills but forest; nobody lives there but deer and bear and wildcats. The people keep close to the lakes, building their homes in narrow clearings made by pushing the trees a little way back from the river.

When I say we live in a cabin in the woods, I am speaking loosely. Forest Lodge, our home in a clearing on Rapid River, is in the woods all right, but actually it consists of one cabin, one shack, one large house in cracker-box style, and an assortment of lean-tos, work shops and what are euphemistically known as outhouses.

The latter are necessary because we have no plumbing. We get our water from the river and a spring; we do our bathing in wash tubs. It is no hardship to use the outhouses in the summer. But in the winter, when the snow is knee deep, the wind howling, and the temperature ten below zero, it is a supreme test of fortitude to leave the fire's warmth and go plunging out into the cold. We like to think, however, that it builds character.

There is another difference between my youthful dream and reality. I was going to live alone—remember? I don't. Besides Ralph, my husband; Rufus, my four-year-old son; and Gerrish, our hired man, there is Sally, Ralph's six-

Condensed from the book *We Took to the Woods*, published at $3.00 by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York City. Copyright, 1942, by Louise Dickinson Rich

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teen-year-old daughter by a previous marriage. A stepdaughter could be a thorn in the flesh, which Sally certainly isn't. And there are Tom and Kyak, the cat and dog.

Tom, whom we got from a lumber camp, is big and tough and mean. His idea of an average day is to get up at noon, trounce the dog for looking at him, chase a deer away from the clearing, then set out the two miles for Middle Dam, there to visit his girl, a neighbor's tabby, after half murdering her other suitors.

Kyak, however, is strictly an Art Animal. His grandmother was with Byrd at the South Pole, his great-grandfather helped carry the serum to Nome. If they could see him, they'd turn in their graves. He is a Siberian husky with a white wolf mask and a pluming tail; but he is completely non-functional. Try to put a harness on him and he will lie down with all four feet in the air. Try to teach him to retrieve game and he will look sorrowful and broken. Even as a watch dog he's no good. There's no use trying to do anything with him except love him.

Around the blank space on the map where we live are some towns. Andover is one, with a post office whence comes our mail. Upton is another—our civic center where we send Sally to school and where we vote. But most of the land around here is wild, unorganized territory —just big squares on the map.

We do, however, have a telephone line, although it isn't a line in the modern sense of the word. It is a fifteen-mile-long wire, frail and uninsulated, strung haphazardly through the woods by the private lumber company for communication with their camps. We are hitched on to it only because they once cut down some of our trees by mistake, and extended this courtesy as reparation.

If it hasn't snowed lately, or the wind hasn't blown trees across the line, or the wire hasn't sagged wearily into a brook, we can, by cranking the battery-box on the kitchen wall, talk to our nearest neighbors, the Millers. Or we can talk to Cliff, an old hermit who lives down on Umbagog Lake. But that's about all. Forest Lodge is truly isolated from the Outside.

That's why people ask so many questions when they come out of the woods and find us here.

One question that always crops up is: "Doesn't the river get on your nerves?" The dull roar, like the surf, seems to shake the air, and you find yourself raising your voice higher and higher above it. But after a while you don't even hear it. Finally, all the places in the world that are away from the sound of furious white water seem empty and dead.

On Making a Living

WHENEVER I run across someone who seems to exist as a lily of the field, neither toiling nor spinning, I like to find out how it's done. Since we would seem to be in that class ourselves, I consider "But how can you make a living up there in the woods?" a legitimate question. By no imagination could our two acres be rated as a farm. There is no place of business within a day's hard journey. We

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don't like to kill things, so our trapping is confined to a "trap line" for mice and rats, run by Gerrish and Rufus. How we keep body and soul together is a mystery to the uninitiated. At times it is a mystery to us.

We make a living in a variety of ways. For one thing, there's the taxi and transport service we run with our "fleet" of four junky cars which we have acquired in local deals or inherited from our days Outside. People always ask how we got all these cars here, there being no highway. We reply that we took them apart and packed them in on our backs. Gratifyingly, we are often believed. But we really brought them in over the ice or rafted them in on scows.

In winter, woodsmen who are leaving the lumber camps call on us to haul them and their gear over the only road in this region—the five-mile stretch to Middle Dam. If all goes well, the charge is one dollar.

After Thanksgiving the road gets more treacherous as the snow gets deeper and it becomes easier to slide into a ditch. The passenger then is obliged to help get the car back onto the road, and the rate goes down to 75 cents. Sometimes it vanishes utterly, for you can't charge a man for spending half the morning with his shoulder to a 1929 truck, getting his clothes plastered with flying snow.

The hey-day of the transport business is summer. That is when the canoe trips go through here. No camper wants to carry a canoe five miles; it would take all day. We can do it in half an hour, if we're lucky. Sometimes we're not lucky. A motor will run hot, and quit; wheels may slither off into a bog. Then the job takes a full twelve hours.

Ralph, who is known in these parts as "an ingenious cuss," has hauled all sorts of things across the Carry Road, from a rubber fold-boat to a steel launch. He has hauled woodsmen suffering from third-degree burns, all manner of cuts and fractures, pneumonia, and delirium tremens. He has hauled newsreel men to cover river races, and fire wardens to fight forest fires. In fact, Ralph never knows what kind of odd hauling job he's going to meet next.

I have difficulties, too. I don't much like to cook. But once in a while I have to take boarders. This usually happens when our larder is at its lowest ebb, as it was last spring, when we had just enough food to last until the ice went out and the first supply boat came in. One morning the phone rang. A man's voice said pleasantly:

"Mis' Rich? This is Ban Barnett. I'm down at Sunday Cove with a crew of three. We walked in over the trail to fix Carry Road. We'll stay at your place two-three days, like always."

"Did you bring any food?" I asked with regrettable lack of hospitality.

"Food? Holy God, Mis' Rich, we had all we could do to get ourselves through that swamp!"

I fed them for three days, and ever since I have believed in the miracle of the loaves and fishes. We had pea soup, which is filling. We had baked beans. I sent Gerrish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fishing, and we had trout and salmon. We had corn-meal mush and molasses and the last of my home-made jam. We had dandelion greens and fiddle-heads, those strange fern fronds that taste like swamp water. Oh, I fed ourselves and the crew, and we all survived. But when the supply boat came in, I had just enough food left for one solid meal.

I STILL take boarders when I have to, but I'd rather do something like knitting. I can knit while I read, thus staving off boredom and creating an illusion of great efficiency. When I get my own family's sweaters and mittens and socks done for the winter, I knit for whoever will pay me—neighbors, visitors, anyone. Also, I sew on buttons and patch clothes for woodsmen, whenever lumbering operations are going on. I don't sew very well, but I do better than most lumberjacks.

Another income item: Ralph's a guide, although he doesn't work at it much. Of course a guide has to be a good woodsman, canoeman and emergency doctor, and the state of Maine ascertains that he is before issuing a license. But he could never earn a living if he didn't also make the grade with the sports as "quite a character." A Maine guide has a picturesque legend to uphold, and, boy! does he uphold it.

A few livid scars are a great asset. Maybe as a barefoot boy he stepped on a rake, but the holes make swell bear-trap scars. Maybe he cut his hand peeling potatoes, but it sounds much better to say a beaver bit him. Maybe he fell downstairs and gashed his forehead, but when he's asked about it he can tell of his Big Fight with the lynx. They all make good stories around the campfire.

Oh, those evening campfires! The sports, pleasantly tired, are stretched out. All around lies the wilderness, dark and sinister. Back in the bush a fox barks, a deer crashes away. Suddenly, that real character, Bobcat Bill, strolls up from the ebon lake and throws an armful of logs on the blaze. A loon raises its blood-curdling cry and laughs its crazy laughter. In a flash of a buck's tail the old magic begins to work.

"Never hear one of them critters," Bobcat Bill drifts easily into his act, "but what it 'minds me of one time when I was lost up on them big caribou barrens. That's how I come by this here scar on my shoulder. Reason I was up in there, a feller met foul play——"

I'm making guides sound like a bunch of frauds, and I don't mean to. They work hard and long. But like all merchandisers they're obliged to give the customer what he wants, and the sport wants adventure. So what's the answer? Atmosphere, plus illusion.

The other thing that we do for a living is write. We spend the most time on it, derive the larger part of our income from it. But writing is hard work, and don't let anybody tell you otherwise. It's hard on the eyes, the back, the disposition and the nail polish. It's hard on the nerves too. You never know whether the editor will hold his nose, or cheer and send a check.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But that's another story. . . . Upon reflection I conclude that probably the best short answer to "How do you earn a living?" would be "From hand to mouth."

When Life Slows Down

WHAT PEOPLE really mean when they ask us if we live here the year 'round is, "But good Lord! Certainly you don't stay during the winter? You must be crazy!" I would have thought so myself—before I tried it.

When I was a child I used to hate winter, because it meant school. After I grew up I still hated it, and I think that now I know why. In civilization we try to combat winter. We plow the sidewalks so we can wear low shoes, and the roads so we can use cars. We heat every enclosed space and then, inadequately clad, dash from one little pocket of hot air to another. Naturally it doesn't work. You can neither remodel nor ignore a thing as big as winter.

In the woods we don't try to. We just let winter be winter, and any necessary adjustments are made in ourselves and our way of living. We can't dress, for example, for a day in the house. We have to go outdoors continually—to fetch wood, to get water, to hack a steak off the frozen deer hanging in the woodshed, or for a dozen other reasons. Outdoors is just another, bigger, colder room. When we get up in the morning we dress with the idea that we'll be using this other room all day.

On the Outside, life takes on pace with winter. It is the season of parties and theatres and lots of other gay things. Here life slows down, just as the world around us slows down. The leaves fall. Spruce and fir stop growing and stand dormant, their slim tips pointing to the grey sky. To people Outside, "the forces of nature" is a convenient phrase. To us they are a reality. We know we can't control them. We only hope we can outmaneuver them.

The first maneuver is circumventing the freeze-up—that in-between period in fall when the lake ice is too thick to put a boat through and too thin to support a man or car. Whatever we are going to need for two or three weeks we have to bring in before the freeze starts. Tea, coffee, sugar, flour—I go over the list in my sleep. Oatmeal, canned meat and fish, fruit and vegetables.

But the real problem is fresh meat, eggs and butter. If we bring them in too early and the weather warms up, we have the most horrible phenomenon known to the thrifty Yankee heart—the spoiling of good food. If we cut the margin too fine, we wake up some morning and find ice forming on the lakes. So we watch the barometer and thermometer and the thickness of Kyak's pelt and listen to the radio weather broadcasts and rush out at all hours to hold a wet finger to the wind. Sometimes we guess right, sometimes we don't. So far we've managed to survive the consequences of our errors.

Luckily for our sanity, the deer-hunting season furnishes a distraction around freeze-up time. Of course, everyone in here goes hunting. It isn't sport with us,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though. We want and need the deer meat. But Ralph figures that by the time he has caught up with a deer and shot it and dragged it out, estimating his time at the local wage-rate of 35 cents an hour and taking into account expenditure of shoe leather and ammunition, the meat comes to ten dollars a pound. He'd rather eat old goat and be done with it. So he goes hunting only when I drive him out, almost at the point of his own gun.

The real excitement of the deer season isn't hunting deer, though. It's hunting deer-hunters. It's always the same, every year. Usually it starts at dusk with a phone call. "Say, you ain't seen anything of a couple of hunters? Yeah, they're stayin' here. Went out this mornin' and they'd ought to have been back an hour ago. Well, sort of keep your ears open. . . ."

The procedure for finding lost hunters is always the same. First comes a period of swearing at anyone dumb enough not to get out of the woods before dark. The next thing Ralph does is walk up the road so he can hear the hunters' signal shots and determine their direction. Then he fires two answering shots and starts walking that way, and keeps on walking until he hears more shots. This may continue for an hour or most of the night. The first time it happened it was exciting, but after years of it, it has become a nuisance.

After the hunting season is over and the lakes have frozen, we can settle down to winter, which consists primarily of the problem of keeping ourselves warm and fed. The first thing to tackle is the fuel situation. Wood has to be sawed into four-foot lengths, split, and piled for hauling when the snow gets deep enough.

Gerrish and Ralph do most of the work, but the proudest moments of my life come when Gerrish sidles up to me and mumbles, for fear of hurting Ralph's feelings, "You got time this afternoon to give me a hand? I got an old son-of-a-gun of a yellow birch to saw up." You see, I'm a much better hand on a two-man cross-cut saw than Ralph is.

A two-man cross-cut is a blade five feet long with removable handles. The sawyers take their stances at either end and pull the saw back and forth. Different people have different methods to increase efficiency, but by the time Gerrish and I have the cut well started, I'm into my natural swing and don't have to think about methods. Particularly I do not think about the fact that we are sawing a log in two.

These are the things I do think about: first, how good this exercise is for the waistline. Then I look around and think how lovely the woods are in winter, with lavender tree shadows lying like lace on the snow, and evergreens standing up black and stiff all around. Everything is still and sharp as an etching in the thin winter sunlight.

I think of the deer that will be coming in by moonlight and how glad they'll be to find a new tree down. They can browse all night on the buds. I look at the sawdust coming out in spurts with every stroke of the blade. If it happens to be a white birch with a red

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heart, the sawdust is lovely on the snow—pale gold and warm rose.

The wood problem is still with us when Christmas comes along. Christmas in the woods is much better than Christmas on the Outside. We do exactly what we want, not what we have to do because the neighbors will think it's funny if we don't. We don't have any synthetic pre-Christmas build-up. We don't even have a Christmas tree. It seems silly, with hundreds of square miles of fir and spruce around us, to cut one down, shake the ice and snow from its branches, and hang them with popcorn strings and cheap tinsel. We have our Christmas tree outdoors. For the birds we hang suet and crusts on the branches of one of the trees in the yard.

With no chance to shop for gadgets, we have to make a lot of our presents, and the rest we get from what is known here simply as Mail Order. To our neighbors I give mittens, hand-made by me with the recipient's initials knit into the back. To city people who have fireplaces I send net bags full of the biggest pine cones I can find, to be used as kindling. I make balsam pillows, collecting old-fashioned patchwork quilts for the covers. You can think of a lot of things to make out of nothing, if you have to.

After Christmas, what we call "the long drag" sets in. The sun rises late over a snow-covered world. The eastern sky flames red, and the whole world turns rose. Steam, rising from the churning open river, has been freezing all night long on every tiniest twig, until walking to the kitchen over the squeaking snow is like walking through a fabulous wood where all the trees are wrought silver encrusted with diamonds.

During the short space between sunrise and sunset, a lot of things have to be tended to. There are the daily chores, chief of which are filling the woodboxes, bringing in the water and shoveling snow from the paths and steps.

Dusk draws in early. We come in about four o'clock, light the lamps, and settle down. I know all about the inconveniences of kerosene lamps—filling them every morning, trimming the wicks, keeping the chimneys bright. But they give such a soft, golden light that it's worth the bother. I love lamplight, our kind of lamplight.

Winter, to look forward to, is a long, dark, dreary time. To live, it's a time of swirling blizzards and heavenly high blue-and-white days; of bitter cold and sudden thaws; of hard work outdoors and long, lamp-lit evenings; of frost patterns on the windows and deer tracks in the snow. It's the time you expected to drag intolerably, and once in a while you stop and wonder when the drag is going to begin. But somehow it never does. There's always something to keep it at bay.

Then one day there's a patch of bare ground on a sunny slope, the dog goes wild with the smell of spring, and someone says the break-up ought to come early this year. The break-up! But good heavens, the lakes only froze a couple of weeks ago. Well, a little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than that, maybe. Let's see—Why, it's time to tap the maple trees and overhaul the cars and clean house!

The next thing you know the smelts are running in the river and the loons have come back. It's time to clean up the vegetable garden and paint the boats, and the consensus is that the ice will be out by next Tuesday.

Next Tuesday! Where *has* the winter gone? . . .

No Need To Be Chic

IN THE WOODS, the clothing problem causes me little concern. One of the reasons I like to live here is that I don't have to try to be a snappy number. I couldn't anyway, no matter where I lived. My idea of the ideal costume is slacks worn low on the hips, and a cotton shirt with the sleeves rolled up and the neck-band unbuttoned. I look thoroughly sloppy, but it doesn't matter. Ralph and Rufus love me—I hope—for my good nature. There wouldn't be even that about me to love if I had to try to be chic.

Ralph's wardrobe is about as limited as mine. He prefers canvas pants the whole year through and refuses to have riding or ski pants. Rufus wears overalls and cotton shirts in summer, ski pants and sweaters in winter. Sally is the best dressed member of the family. She goes Out to school, so she has to have the usual quota of dresses, shoes, and street coats. At her age these things would matter, even if she never went Outside.

In this matter of clothes, one thing that interests me is the false notion held by city people that you can get wonderful bargains in the country. There aren't any wonderful things in country stores, for any amount of money. Country stock consists of cheap clothes, cheap food, cheap everything, for cheap items are all that country people can ordinarily afford.

I buy homespun yarn, and it sounds like one of those marvelous bargains; but it isn't. It's harsh and unevenly spun. For socks and mittens it's all right, but when I want to make a nice sweater for Ralph, I send away to the Mail Order for some decent yarn.

The truth of the matter is that in spite of the accepted version of the countryman eating the best foods and being clad in the best wools, the softest leathers and the deepest furs, country people are fed and clothed more poorly than city people, class for class. But you don't mind cheap clothes if everyone else wears the same.

And there are other things that contribute to health besides a balanced diet—fresh air and sunlight and lack of nervous tension. I think that whether you're better off in the country or in the city depends, in the final analysis, on where you'd rather be. You're best off where you're the happiest.

There are drawbacks to living off the beaten path, but there is one thing that offsets any number of drawbacks: if you can stand this life at all, your marriage has a much greater chance of success than anywhere else.

I believe that a great many marriages fail because there is no true dependence between the part-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ners thereof. Somehow, when a well-dressed, sleek and contented male says to his wife, "I need you!" it's hard to believe. When, however, Ralph comes into the house with his shirt torn and blood dripping from a gash in his arm, and shouts, "Damn it, where are you? I need you!" he's obviously telling the truth. It's a terribly trite thing to say, I know, but most of us have to be really needed to be happy.

Is it, then, necessary to live the hard way, just so you can feel you are needed? For me, yes. I have to have things demonstrated in material terms that I can easily understand.

THE TRUE Yankee answer to the question, "Aren't the children a problem?" is, of course, another question: "Aren't children always a problem?"

The problem starts with getting them born. In the case of Rufus, I planned to go Outside to have him; but he wasn't supposed to be born until the first of the year. Meantime I pursued my program of "business as usual," and the usual business of a lovely December 17 turned out to be sliding on the pond's glare ice. The sliding was perfect. We fell down dozens of times, which may have had something to do with Rufus' premature arrival. I don't know. I felt quite all right.

I woke up in the middle of the night with a stomach ache. Only it wasn't a stomach ache. It was an emergency. There were no lights on the Ford, and I didn't have a bag packed. We couldn't get to the Outside. I took one look at Ralph's face and saw that he was ten times as alarmed as I was. It was the best thing that could have happened to me. Suddenly I felt very brave and confident. All I had to do was give Ralph something to occupy his mind.

"You'd better heat a lot of water," I said. I didn't know quite what for, but I remembered that in books people always heated water.

He went away to the kitchen. Soon he came back and said he wanted a blanket to warm over the stove before he put it in the laundry basket. "Got to have some place to park the kid," he explained, and I stopped worrying about him. Plainly he was functioning again. I told him where to find the blanket, and he went away again. When he came back five minutes later, he was a father.

"Don't you wash new babies?" I asked.

"Nope. You grease them."

I don't know to this day how he came by this bit of knowledge, but he was right. He folded his new son in a bath towel and went away with him, while I lay in bed and worried. Then Ralph came back.

"Did you get him greased all right?" I asked anxiously.

He looked offended. "Certainly! I should hope, after all the pistons I've oiled in my lifetime." . . .

Pistons, mind you!

"What did you use?" I asked, horrified. "Motor oil?"

"Olive oil, naturally."

"Where did you get it? We haven't any olive oil."

"I've got a can. Use it to make fly-dope."

Well, why not? I could see from where I lay that I was going to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mother of another mechanic and fly-fisherman.

"He's all right, and he's all there," Ralph went on. "Fingers, toenails, hair, everything. . . . But say, what am I supposed to do with all that hot water? . . ."

And so Rufus missed his chance of having a doctor look him over. I guess it didn't do him any harm. And he's never seen a doctor from that day to this.

Now, I'm not stupid enough to recommend that children be born with only their father in attendance. But it didn't do Rufus any harm. In fact, I would say it did him good—not because he was oiled like a piston but because from that moment on his father had a very special feeling for him. Ralph can't think of himself only as the guy who buys Rufus' clothes and food and administers spankings. Fundamentally he is always the guy who tied his son's umbilical cord and greased him, when there was no one else to do it. That is something I wouldn't want Rufus deprived of for all the hospital treatment in the world.

Nor can I bring myself to believe that our children are hopelessly handicapped because they bathe in wash tubs in front of the stove, read by kerosene lamps, and sleep in unheated bedrooms. Soft living isn't important to them, because it never has been. Perhaps the best thing we can give them in a world where material things are becoming more and more precarious is a tough-fibered indifference to heat and cold and comfort and discomfort.

I want my son to know that Freedom and Democracy don't mean a thing unless they are tied up with memories of things he has loved ever since he can remember—things like the sound of the river, and the way Kyak dozes in front of an open fire, and the picnics we've held on the lake shore.

He must remember from experience that America is the place not only of equal opportunity, not only of universal suffrage, not only of lofty conceptions far above a boy's ability to comprehend, but the place where he walked with his father down a woods road one evening and saw a doe and twin fawns; or the place where he came in from playing in the snow and found the kitchen warm and fragrant and his mother making popcorn balls. . . . That's all that I can give him—that's all that I dare to try to give him. . . .

So Much To Do!

WE ARE OFTEN asked if we never get terribly bored here and I'm a little diffident about telling the truth. Everyone is bored sometimes. It's a very painful illness, completely undeserving of moral censure. But be that as it may, the answer still is no. We're almost never bored.

In the winter we work too hard. In the summer we still work hard, and there are always distractions to fill the chinks between jobs—things like guests and fishing and swimming. Nobody could be bored in autumn, when the air is like wine and the hills are hazy tapestries with the red and gold thread of the frost-touched maple and birch embroidering a breath-taking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

design on the dark fabric of the evergreens. The lakes then are unbelievably blue. All the things you've meant to do all summer but didn't get around to suddenly start crying to get done, and the days aren't long enough to crowd them all in before the first snow.

As a matter of fact, I have few opportunities even to think about boredom. Ralph and Gerrish are forever needing a third person to lend a hand in one of their projects, and I'm invariably elected. A plank has to be held while they saw it, or the combined weight of the two of them is not enough to push a crippled car and will I please come and lean on it, too?

Or they want me to be handy with a cant dog in case a motor they are shifting from one cradle to another starts to tip; or to block up a rock as they raise it; or take down the figures while they scale a pile of pine logs; or read a spirit level while they do the leveling. If it isn't one thing, it's another. So as far as I personally am concerned, boredom just can't exist.

WHEN PEOPLE ask that familiar question, "Aren't you ever frightened in the woods?" the answer is always the same: there's nothing to be afraid of in the woods—except yourself.

Whether it's a bear, a wildcat or a rabbit, animals in the woods aren't looking for trouble. They don't have to. Their lives are nothing but one trouble after another. The sentimental view is that wild animals live an idyll, doing what they want, wandering happily through woodland glades, and sleeping where night overtakes them. Actually the poor devils live in a constant state of terror.

They can starve or freeze in winter. They are fly-ridden in summer. Men and larger animals constantly harass them. Their young may be taken from them by any number of means, all violent. I pity all animals, but especially wild animals, from the bottom of my heart; and it's very hard to be afraid of anything that arouses one's pity.

Probably the cutest, sweetest animals in the woods are newborn fawns. They aren't red like their mothers, but spotted tan and white, so that when they stand still —as they instinctively do in the face of danger—they look like just another patch of sun-dappled shadow. There is nothing quite so defenseless as a fawn, so Nature takes over its protection until it can at least outrun its enemies. Not only can a fawn become practically invisible, but it has no scent. A dog that can smell a deer a half-mile away will pass a fawn almost within touching distance, and never turn its head.

One summer day, when Ralph was coming home in our old Model T, he broke over the crest of Wangan Hill, and there in the middle of the road was a doe with a fawn that couldn't have been more than hours old. Its spots were bright and it wavered on delicate little legs. Ralph skidded to a halt just as the doe jumped clear. But the fawn couldn't jump. It was too little and weak and confused. It went down in the road and lay supine, even when Ralph bent over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it. Even when he ran his hand along its spine, it gave no sign of life except an uncontrollable shrugging of the loose skin on its back.

Obviously it would go on lying there until snow flew unless something were done, so Ralph started to carry it to the side of the road. Then it came to life. Legs flew in all directions. It was like trying to cuddle an indignant centipede, Ralph said later. He put it in a hollow by a large rock, and leaped into the Ford.

The first thing I knew about the affair was when I heard the car come into the yard and Ralph shouting for me to come quick and ask no questions. On the way back to Wangan Hill he explained what had happened. But the hollow by the rock was empty.

Then we looked up. There, not twenty feet away, were the doe and fawn, standing in a patch of sunlight. The little fellow was standing perfectly still while its mother lapped it from head to tail, to get the obnoxious human smell off it. They both stared at us gravely, then the doe wheeled and trotted away, her child galloping obediently at her heels. If I'd been a mother then—which I wasn't—I'd have known that this was all that could have happened. There have been times since when Rufus didn't smell exactly like a lily, but I've never considered abandoning him for that reason. . . .

Skunks are horribly maligned animals. Everyone shuns them, for odoriferous reasons. Everyone accuses them of various crimes, such as hen-killing and egg-sucking. Actually they do no damage at all; on the contrary, they are enemies of vermin and are among man's best country friends. A skunk will never attack until he is sure he's in danger. I wish more people would be nice to skunks. We were, and it paid—after we adopted a baby skunk that Ralph found in the woods. Rollo, as we dubbed him, was a perfect house pet.

We never made any effort to confine him, so it couldn't last forever. He was free to come and go as he pleased. We even untacked a corner of the kitchen screen-door so he could get in and out at will. Never, in all the time he was with us, did he make the slightest smell in the house. But as he grew older he began to revert to nature, and the skunk nature is nocturnal.

When we went to the woodshed in the dewy morning for kindling, we would often meet him coming home from a night's ramble. Then for a while he wouldn't come home for two or three days, and finally he didn't come home at all. We'd meet him sometimes a mile down the road, and he'd run up to us and we'd pick him up. He never forgot us. We just grew apart.

Finally we stopped seeing him altogether. I don't know what happened to him—whether he wandered away or whether he met with an accident. Very few wild animals die of old age. One thing we were glad of then—that if he did meet death in any of the swift wilderness forms, at least he was able to go down fighting. We hadn't rendered him defenseless.

One legitimate worry of life in the woods is sickness and accidents. Fortunately, woods life is very

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

healthful. We are never sick, literally. If ever medical science wants data on the common cold, we're the persons to supply it. We do all the things that are supposed to cause colds—like walking through snow with our clothes sopping, or not changing wet shoes, or lying on damp grass, or sitting on cold stones—and the only time we have colds is when someone brings them in from the Outside.

We don't have things like mumps or measles, because people with such ailments aren't fit to travel in here. What it amounts to is that we are living in a sort of reverse quarantine, with the germs locked out instead of in. It's wonderful.

Almost every accident that can happen to you in the woods is avoidable, and soon you learn to avoid them. You have to, with a doctor no nearer than twenty miles. If you happen to get cut with an axe, all you can do is try to stop the bleeding, disinfect the wound—probably with salt as that is most easily available—and tie it up. If you can't stop the bleeding you can send for the doctor, but almost certainly the bleeding will have stopped by itself, or the patient will have bled to death, before the doctor can get in.

Burns are fairly common in the woods, and they're almost always the result of carelessness, too. You can easily get burned pouring kerosene to boost a slow fire, or by tripping over the cat while carrying a kettle of scalding jam, or by unscrewing the radiator cap of a boiling car, or in any one of a dozen other foolish ways. When burns occur, we apply our sole remedy—compresses of strong, cold, freshly-made tea. This may sound like witch-doctoring, but it's really the standard tannic-acid treatment. Burn patients always get well if they stick faithfully to our tea treatment.

You can also break bones in the woods by not paying attention to what you are doing or where you are going. You can drown, by the same method, or freeze to death, or smash yourself in the rapids, or lose yourself in the forest. It always boils down to the same thing, though—you weren't using good judgment. So I insist that, apart from forest fires, there's nothing to be afraid of in the woods except yourself.

In Touch with the World

I KNOW PERFECTLY well what people mean when they say, "I should think you'd get frightfully out of touch!" But it's a silly expression all the same. I don't see how anybody, actually, can be "out of touch." So I reply sourly, "Out of touch with what?"

The answer is always the same, and always a little vague. "Oh, the new books, and plays, and music. You know, culture and world affairs. Your own sort of people . . ."

There's no answer to that except "Oh, nuts!" The reasons I feel like saying "Oh, nuts!" are manifold. Just as a starter, I have often read more new and old books during the preceding year than my interlocutor and, I might add, read them with more attention and appreciation. I don't have to do my reading, you see, for any other reason than my own enjoyment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then, too, ... ually do have time to read those books that I always planned to read but never got around to, or that I have read once hastily—in the days when I lived in civilization and had to read the books "everybody" was reading or else suffer looks down the nose. I memorize a lot of poetry too, so I'll have something to say to myself on long walks. A poem to repeat, either aloud or silently, will help you over a hill or a long mile as surely as a neighbor who stops his team and gives you a lift.

As for world affairs, I don't see how people living in the cities can know much more about them than we do. If living in civilization meant that they were in the confidence of the world's great notables, maybe yes. But as a matter of fact they know only what they read or hear, and that's exactly what we know.

We have a radio, of course, and so if we wanted we could hear news broadcasts every half hour or so. But we have too much else to do; and since ours is perforce a battery set, we have to consider before turning it on whether what we are about to hear is worth running down the battery. It's amazing how much you can eliminate under those circumstances.

Another thing that I am happily aware of being "out of touch" with is the world of fashion. It's wonderful to sit up here in the woods and look at the advertisements of clothes and hats that I don't have to wear.

No, we poor Riches live in the woods and don't have plays and music and daily contact with sophisticated minds and a round of social engagements. All we have are sun and wind and rain, and space in which to move and breathe. All we have are the forests, and the calm lakes, and time to call our own. All we have are the hunting and fishing and swimming, and our good neighbors, and each other.

We don't see pictures in famous galleries. But the other day, after a sleet storm, I saw a pine grosbeak in a poplar tree. The setting sun slanted through the forest and held bird and tree in a celestial spotlight. Every twig turned to diamond-encrusted gold, and the red of the bird's breast glowed like a huge ruby. I could only stand still and stare. And then I repeated to myself something I once learned when studying Emerson:

"If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how men would believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the City of God which has been shown!"

NOBODY EVER asks me, "Is this life you are living worthwhile?" That's a question that I ask myself occasionally. I ask it when I get up on a 20-below-zero morning to find the stove in one of its sullen moods. I ask it when, at the end of a long hot summer, everyone in Middle Dam has used up his ice supply and I want a glass of ice water. I ask it when Rufus, all snowy and rosy, comes in from a day with his lumberjack pals and croons lovingly, "Mummy nice old son of a gun." I ask it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when I look at my hands, with their short nails, calloused palms and oven burns across the backs. The answer is always, "No. It's not worth it."

But "Is it worthwhile?" is not a question I ask myself when I am in a boat in the middle of the lake, watching gulls inscribe their white scrolls against the sky. I don't ask it when I see a deer drinking at Long Pool, or hear a loon laugh, or when I compare Rufus with other children of his age and discover he's two inches taller and five pounds heavier.

I don't ask it when I get a check for a story, or when old friends come to visit us, or when we all sit on the porch in the evening and watch the tide of dusk rise from the valleys up the hills and across the sky. The stars come out one by one, and the moon swings up above the dam, changing the river to a road of restless gold.

Why did we come to live here in the first place? We thought it was because we liked the woods, because we wanted a simple, leisurely life. Now, looking back, I think we were unconsciously seeking a lost sense of our own identity. Glancing over the last six years, I can see myself as I was and realize how living here has changed me. Certainly I am happier, more at home in this world we have created, than ever I was in that vast and confusing maelstrom that we call civilization.

What we have achieved here is not important to the world. All we've done is to take a slice of wild land and force it to produce; to take some ramshackle buildings and make them livable; to take land and buildings and two diametrically opposite personalities and make them into a home.

Last summer a visitor asked Ralph a hypothetical question: "If you had a million dollars, what would be the first thing you'd do?"

Ralph thought for a long time, and I wondered whether it would be an island in the South Seas or a ranch in the Argentine. Finally he said slowly: "Well, that's a hard question. I can't make up my mind whether a bathroom or a new roof for the woodshed comes first."

I'd spend my million on Forest Lodge too, except for a fund I'd invest in letting the kids see the world. I'd send them everywhere and let them taste everything, so they'd come to know what we have here to value. Content is the knowledge that you aren't missing a thing worthwhile.

I know that many people couldn't feel that, living here, they grasped all the best of life. So for them it wouldn't be the best. For us, it is. And that's the final answer.

CREDITS

Photos: Page 28, Official U.S. Army Photo; 53, 54, Frederic Lewis; 55, 60, 67, Pix, Inc.; 56 (top), Jacques, Black Star; 56 (bottom), 58 (top and bottom), Wide World Photos, Inc.; 57, 62, 63 Max Peter Haas, European Picture Service; 59 (top), Acme Newspictures, 59 (bottom), Bradley Smith; 61, Witman, Black Star; 64, Black Star; 65, Roger Coster, Rapho-Guillumette; 66 (top), U. S. Navy, Frederic Lewis; 66 (bottom), Floyd Elbert Stone, Frederic Lewis; 77, Bob Leavitt, Pix, Inc.; 78, Stanley Lazarus; 113-117, David B. Eisendrath, Jr. and Parke, Davis & Co.; 119, Constance Bannister, 4th Cover, W.B. Tyrrell, FPG.

Verse: 2nd Cover: From *Dreams in Homespun* by Sam Walter Foss, copyright 1925 by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Illustrators: 2nd Cover, Arnold W. Ryan; Page 27, James Chapin, Associated American Artists; 103-110, Harper Goff; 120, Robert S. Sloan; 145, Douglass Crockwell; 146, Stanley Ekman; 3rd Cover, Joseph Feher.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Between these Covers

Service with Rice: The telephone in our Chicago office rang in an offhand manner on a dullish Friday afternoon a couple of weeks ago, and one of the girls picked it up. A man's voice answered and, of course, our girl sat up expectantly. It was a rich voice and excited. "Say," it said, "I've just got into town and I want to get married!" Our girl's heart bumped a couple of extra bumps. "Who *is* this?" she cried.

Well, after a little talk it turned out that the man with the voice was a constant reader and a contributor of fillers. He had come to town to marry the girl who was waiting for him, but he was not familiar with our town and he thought that we might be. He needed a church and a license and all the fixings in a hurry. Our girl told him to sit tight and not to fret. Immediately she dashed around the office picking up volunteers, and quicker than you can throw a handful of rice she had two witnesses, a bridesmaid, a best man, a minister, a church, a light snack for the wedding party, and a batch of flowers. The license quickly followed and Saturday afternoon the happy couple were married. Monday morning we all nibbled at left-over wedding cake.

The whole affair went off so well and so easily that we at first suspected our girls might be professional wedding-arrangers on the side. They aren't, but they *are* sticklers for service to readers and on this job have probably set up a record which isn't likely to be duplicated anywhere.

Ladies and Gentlemen: At the Riverdale Country School for Boys, in New York, a history teacher told ***Robert N. Farr*** (*Cigarette Paper: A New U.S. Industry*, page 72) that he would never be a writer. Farr was fourteen years old then. The following year, at fifteen, he was press agent for concert-singer Margaret Speaks, writing hundreds of pieces for her European concert tour . . . In 1930 ***Eula McClary*** (*For Every Town, a Pied Piper*, page 45) was a ghost-writer for Count Felix von Luckner, the World War I German menace to Allied shipping. She was also the "first woman to fly over New York City," the author of several silent motion pictures, one of the first to publicize the value of vitamins, and public relations counsellor for everything from the Chicago Grand Opera Company to a knitting group.

Warner Brothers, needing an actress to play the part of a badgered London slavey in their movie *Confidential Agent*, discovered just the girl in ***Wanda Hendrix***, our Valentine Cover Girl. Even the toughest of critics were so impressed by her talent and beauty that you'll surely be seeing much more of her . . . ***Carl Sandburg*** (*Blood on the Moon*, page 103) is not only among the best of our Lincoln experts, but he is considered, in many circles, the finest poet of modern American life. There is, in fact, little question that Sandburg is already among America's literary immortals. Now in his late sixties, he has retired to Flat Rock, North Carolina, to complete his first novel in a climate warmer than his beloved Midwest's.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

"How would you like to own a lot fronting right smack on the Pacific Ocean? You can have one, free, with each set of our books."

That was the selling approach in 1912 of house-to-house canvassers who offered encyclopedias at 125 dollars a set, with an ocean-front lot thrown in as a premium.

A book jobber had visited Huntington Beach, California, then a quiet town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, and learned that sugar-beet land, more than two miles inland, could be had for fifty dollars an acre. He bought several hundred acres, split them twelve lots to the acre, and gave the lots—which cost him $4.17 each—to all who purchased his books.

All that summer book agents drove through the rural districts of Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, offering "the greatest bargain in books the world has ever seen."

Thus the overzealous jobber, who had picked up thousands of sets of a reprint encyclopedia for a song, unwittingly presented many of his customers with a prize that later netted them a small fortune.

In the 1920s, some of the lots were selling for two thousand dollars each, and owners who refused to sell were receiving as much as 150 dollars a month in royalties. For those encyclopedias struck oil!

Two small but enterprising Los Angeles companies—the Globe Petroleum Corporation and the Reliance Oil Company—combed the records for owners from whom they could lease or buy the lots. When Globe's first well came in at Huntington Beach for four thousand barrels a day, it was appropriately named Encyclopedia No. 1.

—Howard Kegley

Now hear two Coronet programs . . . the Coronet Story Teller, sponsored by Kellogg, Monday through Friday morning, 11:30 EST, 10:30 CST, 9:30 MST, 10:00 PST. And the Coronet Front Page, featuring last minute headlines and top human interest stories of the day, 9:55 p.m., EST, Monday through Friday. Both aired over your local American Broadcasting Co. station.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED